# TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES

## THE IDW COLLECTION V11

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UNIVERSE #16:
"FROM THE HEART, FOR THE HERO" ..... pg 06
script by CHRIS MOWRY art by GIANNIS MILONOGIANNIS
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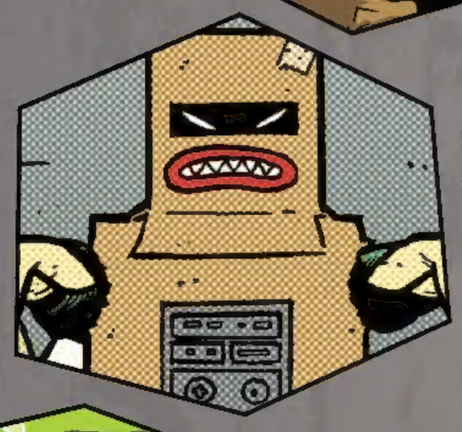
UNIVERSE #17:
"FROM THE HEART, FOR THE HERO" ..... pg 28
script by CHRIS MOWRY art by GIANNIS MILONOGIANNIS
colors by LOUERN KINDZIERSKI letters by SHAWN LEE

UNIVERSE #16-17: "TRICERATOTS!" ..... pg 50
script by ERIKA ANDERSON art by MICHAEL DIALYNAS
letters by CHRIS MOWRY & SHAWN LEE

ISSUE #76 ..... pg 60
story by KEVIN EASTMAN, BOBBY CURNOW, & TOM WALTZ
script by TOM WALTZ art by DAMIAN COUCEIRO
colors by RONDA PATTISON letters by SHAWN LEE

ISSUE #77 ..... pg 82
story by KEVIN EASTMAN, BOBBY CURNOW, & TOM WALTZ
script by TOM WALTZ art by DAMIAN COUCEIRO
colors by RONDA PATTISON letters by SHAWN LEE


UNIVERSE #18: "MONSTER HUNT" ..... pg 104
script by PAUL ALLOR art by TYLER BOSS
colors by RONDA PATTISON letters by SHAWN LEE

UNIVERSE #18: "MUTAGEN MAINTENANCE" ..... pg 126
script by CALEB GOELLNER art by MICHAEL DIALYNAS
letters by SHAWN LEE

ISSUE #78 ..... pg 132
story by KEVIN EASTMAN, BOBBY CURNOW, & TOM WALTZ
script by TOM WALTZ art by DAMIAN COUCEIRO
colors by RONDA PATTISON letters by SHAWN LEE

UNIVERSE #21:
"HOW WOODY SPENT HIS TRICERATON INVASION" ..... pg 154
script by CALEB GOELLNER art by PABLO TUNICA
colors by PATRICIO DELPECHE letters by SHAWN LEE

ISSUE #79 ..... pg 160
story by KEVIN EASTMAN, BOBBY CURNOW, & TOM WALTZ
script by TOM WALTZ art by BRAHM REVEL
colors by RONDA PATTISON letters by SHAWN LEE

ISSUE #80 ..... pg 182
story by KEVIN EASTMAN, BOBBY CURNOW, & TOM WALTZ
script by TOM WALTZ art by BRAHM REVEL
colors by RONDA PATTISON letters by SHAWN LEE

UNIVERSE #21: "LOST CAUSES" ..... pg 204
script by PAUL ALLOR art by MARK TORRES
colors by RONDA PATTISON letters by SHAWN LEE

UNIVERSE #22: "LOST CAUSES" ..... pg 226
script by PAUL ALLOR art by MARK TORRES
colors by RONDA PATTISON letters by SHAWN LEE

UNIVERSE #22: "DANGEROUS WATERS" ..... pg 248
script by ROSS MAY art by CHRIS JOHNSON
colors by MARK ENGLERT letters by SHAWN LEE

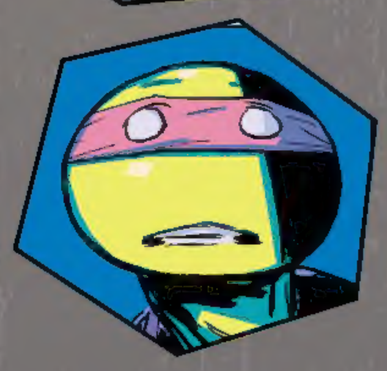
UNIVERSE #23: "NOBODY CARES" ..... pg 254
script by RICH DOUEK art by BRAHM REVEL
letters by SHAWN LEE

ISSUE #81 ..... pg 260
story by KEVIN EASTMAN, BOBBY CURNOW, & TOM WALTZ
script by TOM WALTZ prelude script by BOBBY CURNOW
art by DAVE WACHTER prelude art by PABLO TUNICA
colors by RONDA PATTISON letters by SHAWN LEE

ISSUE #82 ..... pg 286
story by KEVIN EASTMAN, BOBBY CURNOW, & TOM WALTZ
script by TOM WALTZ art by DAVE WACHTER
colors by RONDA PATTISON letters by SHAWN LEE

ISSUE #83 ..... pg 308
story by KEVIN EASTMAN, BOBBY CURNOW, & TOM WALTZ
script by TOM WALTZ art by DAVE WACHTER
colors by RONDA PATTISON letters by SHAWN LEE

ISSUE #84 ..... pg 330
story by KEVIN EASTMAN, BOBBY CURNOW, & TOM WALTZ
script by TOM WALTZ art by DAVE WACHTER
colors by RONDA PATTISON letters by SHAWN LEE



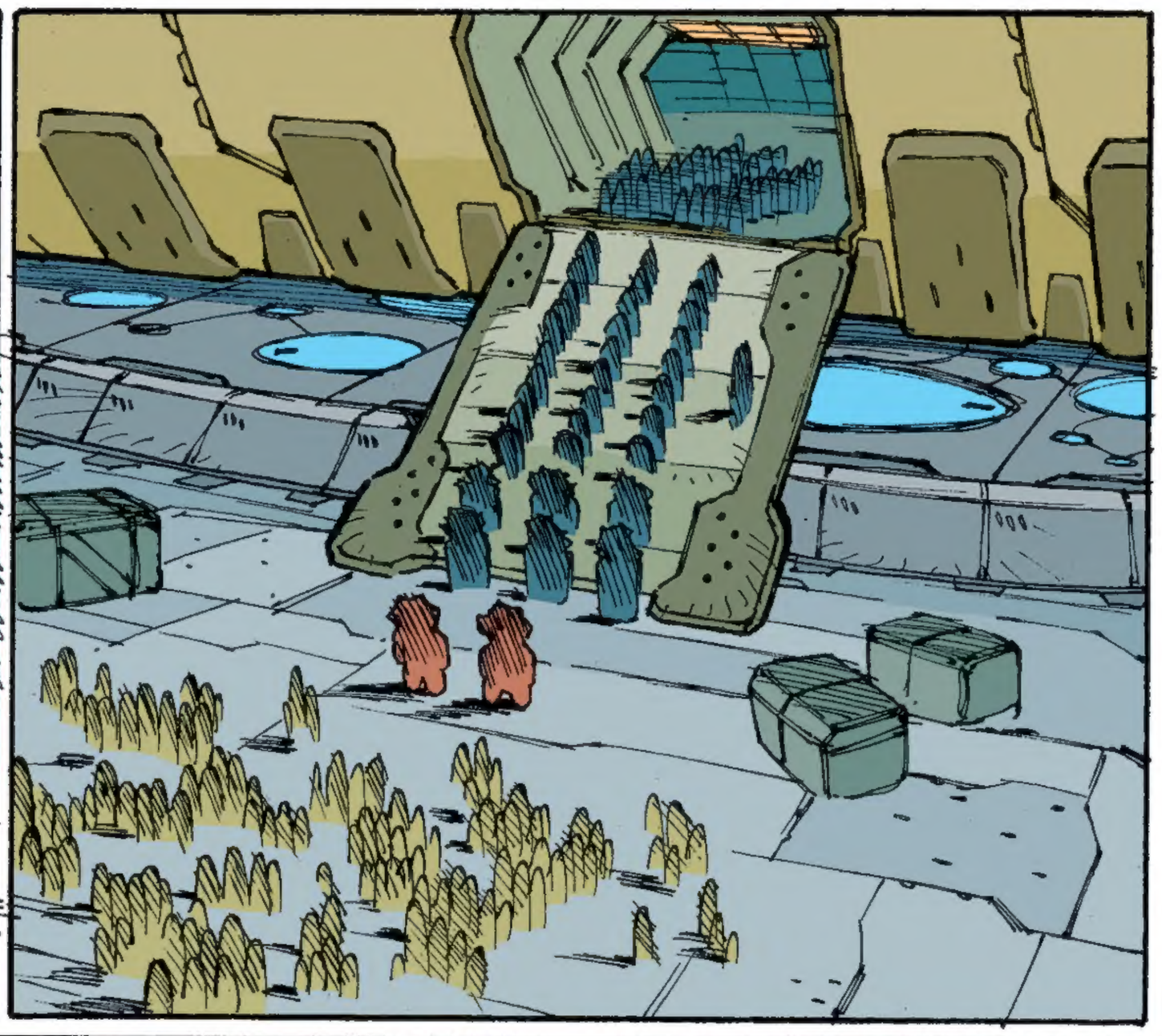
MACRO-SERIES: DONATELLO ..... pg 352
script by PAUL ALLOR art by BRAHM REVEL
colors by CRIS PETER letters by SHAWN LEE

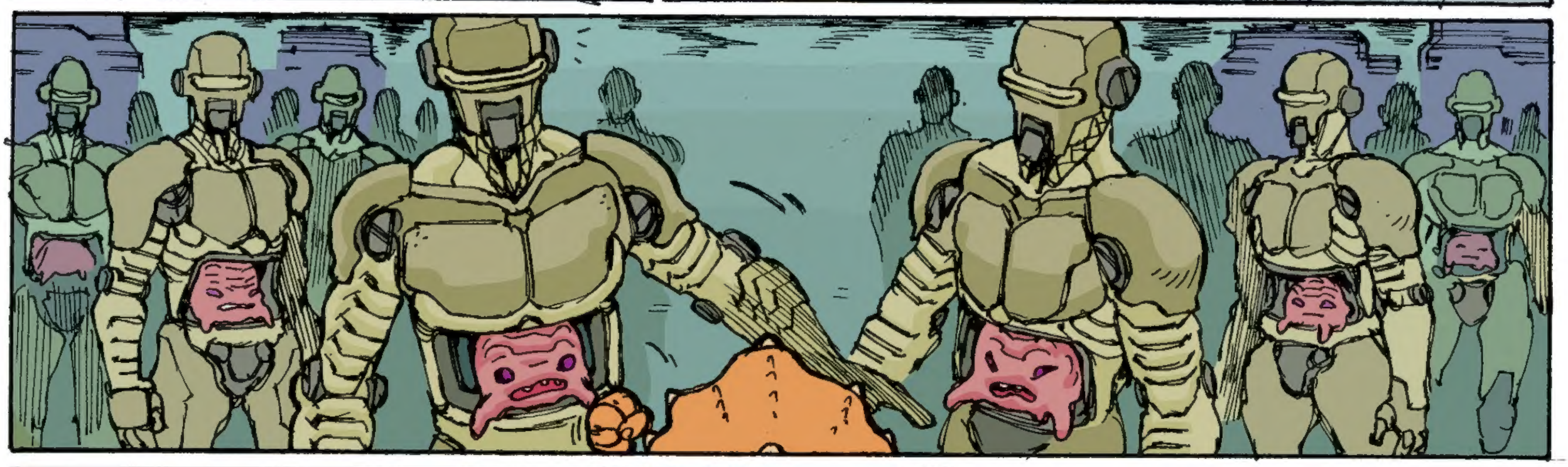
art by FREDDIE E. WILLIAMS II
colors by JEREMY COLWELL

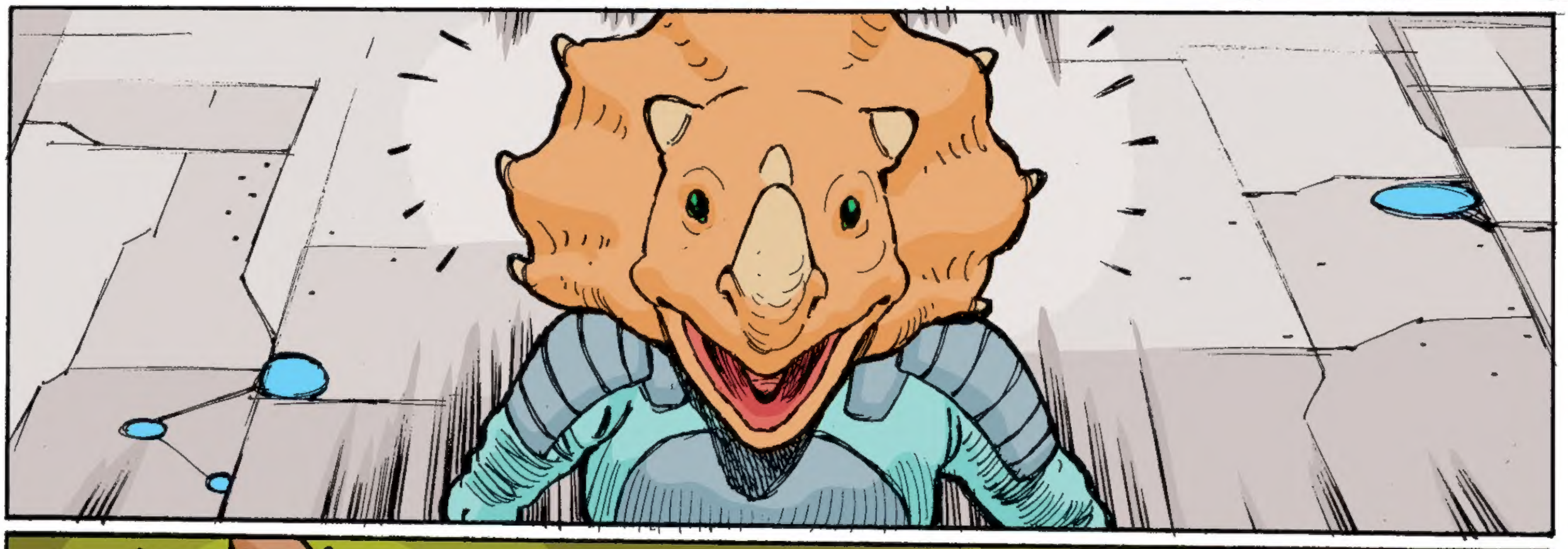
UNIVERSE #16
"FROM THE HEART, FOR THE HERO"

DIMENSION X. THE PAST.

# FROM THE HEART, FOR THE HERD







KA-ROOM

YEARS LATER.

GENERAL ZOG. SIR.

YES, CAPTAIN?

SIR, WE'VE DRIVEN THE *LAST* OF THE SEPARATISTS OUT FROM WHERE THEY WERE HOLED UP. GIVE THE ORDER AND *MY* PLATOON WILL JOIN THE FIGHT.

OUTSTANDING, CAPTAIN. WHICH *PLATOON* IS ENGAGING THEM AT THE MOMENT?

*COMMANDER ZOM'S* PLATOON, SIR.

MUSTER YOUR TROOPS FOR DEPARTURE.

AS YOU COMMAND, SIR. WE'LL STAND BY IF YOU NEED US.

THERE'S NO NEED. CARRY OUT YOUR *ORDERS*.

AND UNFORTUNATELY FOR OUR ENEMIES...

"...COMMANDER ZOM IS CARRYING OUT HERS."

<WHAT DO WE DO NOW? THEY MOWED THROUGH OUR *FORWARD* LINES LIKE THEY WEREN'T EVEN THERE!>

<*SHHH!* I'M THINKING.>

<IF WE CAN GET TO ONE OF THE *SHUTTLES*, WE MAY JUST BE ABLE TO GET AW—>

FZZASH

<*AAAAACK!* *WHERE* DID THAT COME FROM?!>

<THEY'RE *BIG*. NO WAY IT CAN HIDE. DOES IT HAVE A CLOAK? PLEASE TELL ME IT DOESN'T HAVE A CLOAK!>

YEAAARRRGH!

FIGHT OR SURRENDER, THAT'S YOUR *CHOICE*. BUT IF YOU ARE TRUE *WARRIORS* AS WE ARE...

...THEN YOU'LL *FIGHT*.

FZZASH

HRRGH

REEAAARGH

COMMANDER?

YES, SERGEANT?

COMMANDER, THE BATTLE IS OVER. WE'VE FOUND NO EVIDENCE OF ANY SURVIVORS.

GREAT WORK. *GENERAL ZOG* WILL BE PLEASED TO HEAR—

THAT WE'VE *WON?*

A WIN, INDEED. BUT OUR VICTORY COMES AT A *COST.*

WE'VE LOST SOME OF OUR *HERD.* AND ALL FOR A NEW UTROM GARRISON.

SERGEANT, GO HELP WITH THE RECOVERY OF OUR FALLEN WARRIORS. THIS ROCK IS NO PLACE FOR THEIR FINAL REST.

YES, GENERAL.

LET ME TAKE A LOOK AT THAT.

CONCUSSION BLAST. YOU GOT LUCKY.

DID THEY FIGHT WELL AT LEAST? LUCKY SHOT? OR WAS YOUR *FOCUS* ON SOMETHING ELSE?

THEY FOUGHT OKAY. AND MY FOCUS WAS SHARP, DON'T *YOU* WORRY.

AND *WHY* WOULD I WORRY?

BECAUSE I *KNOW* YOU. I KNOW *HOW* YOU *THINK*.

DESPITE NOT SHOWING IT... *ESPECIALLY* IN FRONT OF THE OTHERS.

MY THOUGHTS ARE THAT OUR GREATEST COMMANDER ON THE BATTLEFIELD IS BOTH *SAFE* AND *SUCCESSFUL*. AND THAT'S IT.

AND YOU EXPECT ME TO *BELIEVE* THAT?

MAYBE. COME ON, LET'S HEAD HOME.

"AHH, GENERAL ZOG."

KRANG. WHERE IS EMPEROR QUANIN? OUR ARMY HAS WON ANOTHER BATTLE AND AGAIN HE'S NOT HERE TO GREET US.

IT'S GENERAL KRANG, ZOG. YOU FORGET THAT A LOT.

MY APOLOGIES, GENERAL. WHERE IS YOUR FATHER? VICTORY IS OURS, BUT THE HERD HAS SUFFERED.

HE'S TENDING TO OTHER MATTERS. YOU REALIZE IT PAINS ME EVERY TIME YOU CALL HIM THAT, DON'T YOU?

I'M SORRY FOR YOUR LOSS, I TRULY AM. WE'LL REPLENISH YOUR PLATOONS IMMEDIATELY.

YOUR PERSONAL GRUDGE IS EXACTLY THAT. WE LOST MORE TROOPS ON A MISSION DEEMED EASY. EACH LOSS AFFECTS THE HERD, KRANG. EACH LOSS AFFECTS ME.

DON'T DWELL ON IT TOO MUCH, GENERAL. TRICERATONS FIGHT, AND TRICERATONS DIE. THIS IS HOW IT IS.

AND MANY DID TODAY. THEY FOUGHT AND DIED AS WE ALL DO... FROM THE HEART, FOR THE HERD.

WELL, THEN CONGRATULATIONS ON BEING THE STRONGER ONES.

MEET ME IN MY QUARTERS WHEN YOU ARE THROUGH WITH YOUR ARCHIVING. THAT IS ALL.

EVERY TIME WE SPEAK, THE MORE I JUST WANT TO *SMASH* HIM.

YOU'RE JOKING, RIGHT? AND PUT US ALL AT *RISK?*

WHY DON'T YOU, THEN?

ZOG, YOU HAVE THE HERD IN MIND. ALWAYS. WE KNOW THIS.

WE TRICERATONS HAVE FOLLOWED YOU OUR ENTIRE LIVES.

BUT I WOULDN'T ASK YOU TO FOLLOW ME ON A PATH TO OUR *DESTRUCTION.*

YOU KNOW THAT IF I RAISED A HAND TO HIM, WE'D ALL BE DEAD.

LOOK AT THOSE WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES TODAY.

THEY DID IT FOR YOU. THEY DID IT FOR OUR HERD.

WE DID IT FOR THE EMPIRE. IT'S EASY TO FEEL REWARDED WHEN YOU'RE *NOT* ON THE FRONT LINES. OUR VICTORY IS THEIRS, TOO.

WHAT IF THE REWARD WAS SOMETHING WE'VE YET TO KNOW? *FREEDOM?*

EVERY BATTLE WON IS A TRIUMPH FOR THE HERD. THE UTROM EMPIRE FLOURISHES AND EXPANDS. AND—

—AND WE CONTINUE TO FIGHT FOR THEM. WE MOURN OUR DEAD, THEIR LEGACIES ENDING UP AS AN ARCHIVED ENTRY.

WHAT IF WE ACTUALLY WON SOMETHING FOR US INSTEAD OF LOSING THE ONES WE CARE FOR?

THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE FOR ALL OF US. FOR YOU AND ME AT LEAST.

THE EMPIRE DOESN'T *THINK* THAT WAY. SINCE YOU'RE SO WORKED UP, COMMANDER, *YOU* CAN ENTER THE NAMES IN THE ARCHIVES THIS TIME. KRANG'S WAITING FOR ME.

COMMANDER? WHY ARE YOU WALKING AWAY? WAS IT THE *WORDS*... OR MY *TOUCH?*

BOTH, ZOM. LET'S TALK LATER. I *CAN'T* DEAL WITH THIS RIGHT NOW.

AND YOU'LL *NEVER* BE ABLE TO ON YOUR OWN.

KRANG.

GENERAL. I'VE TOLD YOU BEFORE TO ADDRESS ME AS GENERAL. I DO IT FOR YOU, YOU CAN DO IT FOR ME.

YOU WANTED TO DISCUSS SOMETHING, GENERAL?

LET ME JUST ADJUST THIS— THERE. THAT'S BETTER.

I WANTED TO CONGRATULATE YOU, ZOG. YOUR VICTORY HAS PROVIDED THE UTROM EMPIRE WITH ANOTHER WORLD TO POPULATE.

IT'LL PROVIDE A STRONG FOOTHOLD FOR *EXPANSION* INTO THAT REGION. WE'VE BEGUN RELOCATING A GARRISON THERE AS WE SPEAK.

THE HERD FOUGHT WELL, AS IT ALWAYS DOES.

WITHOUT A DOUBT, GENERAL. YOU *TRICERATONS* ARE PERFECT. POWERFUL, FEARLESS, AND OBEDIENT.

THE HERD SUPPORTS EACH OTHER.

AND IT'S THE UTROM EMPIRE THAT GIVES YOU FREEDOM AND LIFE. *WITHOUT* US, YOUR SPECIES WOULD NOT EXIST.

YOU KEEP US ALIVE, AND WE KEEP YOU ALIVE. FAIR TRADE, I'D SAY.

A CLONED ARMY. YOU CALL THAT "FAIR?"

HOW ELSE WOULD YOU HAVE SURVIVED THIS LONG? WE UTROMS WENT TO GREAT LENGTHS TO PERFECT YOUR KIND AND SHAPE YOU INTO WHAT YOU ARE TODAY.

OUR EMPEROR WOULD HAVE YOU EXECUTED FOR SPEAKING THE WAY YOU HAVE, BUT I FORGIVE QUIPS LIKE THAT. IT'S WHY WE GET ALONG SO WELL, ZOG.

I KNOW YOU DON'T LIKE HIM, KRANG. TELL ME AGAIN WHY YOU'RE *NOT* IN CHARGE?

IN DUE TIME I *WILL* BE, ZOG. ALL IN DUE TIME.

LIKE A SUN SETTING AND RISING, IT'S INEVITABLE. ALL IT TAKES IS TIME AND PATIENCE.

AND I'M RUNNING *OUT* OF PATIENCE WITH HIM. THE LAST TIME HE WAS LIKE THIS, YOUR KIND WAS NEARLY WIPED OUT HAD IT NOT BEEN FOR YOU.

ME?

YOU WERE OUR ONLY TRICERATON LEFT. TOO YOUNG AND WEAK TO GO ON A MISSION QUANIN ORDERED. YOU WERE THE SOLE SURVIVOR OF AN ARMY WE SPENT YEARS DEVELOPING.

THE *FIRST* HERD.

YES, THE FIRST OF YOUR KIND.

"KILLED BY A FORCE *STRONGER* THAN QUANIN ANTICIPATED. HE SENT THEM OUT ANYWAY.

"BUT WE HAD *YOU*. AND I PERSONALLY OVERSAW YOUR TRAINING, MAKING YOU THE WARRIOR YOU ARE TODAY."

"WITH MY HELP, OVER TIME YOU TRAINED THE OTHERS OF YOUR KIND. TEACHING THEM WHAT YOU KNEW, WHILE ANOTHER GENERATION WAS MATURING. YOU WERE THEIR *LEADER*.

"YOU KNEW THIS. YOU AVENGED THOSE THAT YOU HAD LOST. YOUR FIRST *VICTORY* AGAINST A MALIGNOID SWARM WAS A STEP FORWARD FOR YOUR TEAM, BUT YOUR LEADERSHIP PAVED THE WAY FOR THE UTROM EMPIRE TO GROW."

AND TO THIS DAY AS THE GENERAL OF THE 21ST DEEP SPACE DIVISION, YOU'RE THE ONE IN CHARGE.

AND WHEN I'M IN CHARGE AND QUANIN IS GONE, THEN YOU AND I WILL...

...WELL, LET'S JUST SAY THAT IT WILL BE DIFFERENT FOR THE BOTH OF US. SOON.

WHATEVER YOU SAY, GENERAL.

LET'S CALL IT A NIGHT, GENERAL.

THE HALL OF ARCHIVES.

THAT'S *ENOUGH* FOR ME. I'M CLOSING UP AND YOU'RE LEAVING.

MY APOLOGIES, *SUPERVISOR MIFOR*. THERE ARE A LOT OF NAMES. I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE WAITING FOR ME.

I'M NOT. PREPARING A NEW BATCH OF YOUR TROOPS TAKES SOME TIME. BUT I'M LEAVING NOW AND SO ARE YOU. HOW HARD IS IT TO ENTER YOUR INFORMATION?

EACH NUMBER WAS ONE OF *US*. THE HERD DESERVES A BIT MORE TIME, DO THEY NOT?

THEY'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE, COMMANDER. IT CAN WAIT UNTIL TOMORROW.

GENERAL ZOG WOULD DISAGREE IF HE WERE HERE.

I AM THE CUSTODIAN OF THESE ARCHIVES, COMMANDER. I *DO* HAVE SAY IN WHAT GOES ON HERE, YOU KNOW!

I'M ASKING FOR A FEW MORE MINUTES.

JUST HURRY AND LOCK UP WHEN YOU'RE DONE. YOU'RE THE *LAST* ONE ON THIS FLOOR.

THANK YOU.

THANK YOUR GENERAL. AND OURS. KRANG ALLOWS YOUR KIND TOO MUCH FREEDOM.

FOR THE NUMBERS OUR HERD HAS LOST OVER TIME, HE SHOULD.

YOU TRICERATONS. SO FULL OF STRENGTH AND HONOR... BUT REALLY LACKING IN MANNERS.

FIFTEEN MINUTES OR YOU'LL BE ANSWERING TO EMPEROR QUANIN, COMMANDER!

THANK YOU, SUPERVISOR.

SIGH

HOW MANY?

AIH

ORIGIN

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ORIGIN-[illegible]
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0017AB

IT CAN'T BE...

FILE 206DD1

I ALMOST FORGOT TO LOG OU—

—WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

UNAUTHORIZED USAGE OF A SUPERVISOR'S TERMINAL IS A *PUNISHABLE* OFFENSE, COMMANDER! IT'S *TREASON!*

YOU'LL BE PUT TO DEATH FOR THIS! I'M CALLING SECURITY!

YOU'VE JUST MADE THE *BIGGEST* MISTAKE, COMMANDER.

NO...

...NOT YET.

"DEAR ZOG:

"YOU TOLD ME THAT THE EMPIRE DOESN'T THINK THE WAY THAT I DID. THAT THE BELIEF IN SOMETHING MORE FOR US WAS NOT IN THEIR INTEREST.

"I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT YOU WERE NOT WRONG. I'VE LEARNED THAT TONIGHT.

"THEY DON'T CARE FOR US. IN THEIR EYES, WE'RE THEIR CREATIONS... FODDER FOR THEIR OWN SELFISH NEEDS.

"THEY DON'T CARE FOR ANYTHING BUT THEMSELVES AND WHAT THEY GAIN. THEY DON'T CARE FOR YOU. THEY DON'T CARE FOR ME. AND THEY DIDN'T CARE FOR YOUR *PARENTS*, ZOG. YOUR *NATURAL* PARENTS.

"THERE IS SO MUCH I WANT TO TELL YOU, BUT I ONLY HAVE TIME TO SEND THIS. BEFORE I'M DISCOVERED, I HAD TO LET YOU KNOW. THE HERD CAN HAVE A FUTURE. IT NEEDS TO HAVE A FUTURE.

"WHAT I DO NOW, I DO *ALONE.* THE RISK IS TOO GREAT FOR EVEN *YOU* TO TAKE. SOMEONE LIKE ME CAN BE REPLACED.

"BUT IT'S A RISK I TAKE FOR YOU AND ME. ONE LAST *MISSION* FOR ALL OF US."

"FROM THE HEART, FOR THE HERD...

"...KRANG WILL DIE."

art by JAKE SMITH

art by FREDDIE E. WILLIAMS II
colors by JEREMY COLWELL

UNIVERSE #17
"FROM THE HEART, FOR THE HERO"

KRANG'S PALACE. UTROMINON.

NO, ZOM...

...THIS ISN'T THE WAY.

BESIDES, HE'S PROBABLY SOUND ASLEEP.

HOW DID YOU FIND ME?

ASIDE FROM YOU TELLING ME WHAT YOU WERE GOING TO DO? WELL, I DID TEACH YOU MOST EVERYTHING YOU KNOW.

AND SEEING HOW THOSE TWO WEREN'T POUNDED INTO PULP, I FIGURED YOU WERE TAKING A MORE DISTANT APPROACH TO THINGS.

WE NEED TO TALK. BUT NOT HERE.

COME ON.

WE'VE GOT A PROBLEM ON OUR HANDS.

I KNOW. I'M SORRY, I JUST PANICKED AND—

I WASN'T TALKING ABOUT THAT. I MEAN *US*. OUR *KIND*.

WE DESERVE BETTER.

OUR HISTORY. IT'S ALL LIES, ZOG.

WE NEED TO GET TO THE ARCHIVE CENTER.

NOT JUST TO CLEAN UP THE MESS YOU MADE, BUT I NEED TO SEE THOSE FILES. I NEED TO SEE THE TRUTH WITH MY OWN EYES.

I'M JUST GLAD I FOUND YOU IN TIME.

UTROM ARCHIVES CENTER.

01 03 04 05 06

I'M STILL IN SHOCK.

I TOLD YOU THAT IT'S A LOT TO TAKE IN.

I MEAN THE FACT THAT YOU WERE ABLE TO STRAIGHTEN THIS ROOM UP BEFORE YOU LEFT.

WHAT DID YOU DO WITH THE BODY?

I WAS GOING TO INCINERATE IT, BUT I DON'T HAVE ACCESS TO DO THAT.

THAT CAN WORK IN OUR FAVOR, ACTUALLY.

IT CAN?

I HAVE AN IDEA. WE NEED TO GET YOU OUT OF HERE. WE NEED TO GET AS MANY OF US AS WE CAN OFF OF THIS PLANET.

BUT IT HAS TO HAPPEN SOON. TONIGHT.

WE WON'T LIVE UNDER THEIR RULE, I PROMISE YOU THAT, ZOM. BUT I'M NOT READY TO SACRIFICE ANY ONE OF OUR HERD BY STAGING A FULL-ON ASSAULT.

YOU HAVE DOUBT, ZOG. THAT'S NOT LIKE YOU.

IT'S NOT DOUBT. IT'S FEAR. FEAR OF LOSING YOU.

WHAT? I THOUGHT THIS WAS OUR TIME. OUR CHANCE TO TAKE CHARGE OF OUR OWN FUTURE.

YOU SEE THE SAME THING I DID. THE TRUTH IS RIGHT THERE ON THAT SCREEN.

BUT WE'LL FIGHT AT EACH OTHER'S SIDE. AND WE WILL WIN.

NO. YOU WON'T BE HERE.

I WILL FIGHT WHEREVER OUR HERD IS THREATENED, GENERAL.

AND YOU'LL FOLLOW OUR CODE AS WELL. AS LONG AS I'M YOUR GENERAL, I'LL GIVE THE COMMANDS, ZOM.

YOU HEARTLESS—

ZOM, HEAR ME OUT.

ALL THAT YOU SAW. ALL OF THE LIES, AND YOU STILL CHOOSE NOT TO ACT.

LET ME GO. I'LL HANDLE THIS FOR US.

WE WILL HANDLE THIS, ZOM. BUT WE HAVE TO GATHER THE HERD FIRST.

I HAVE A PLAN. BUT WE NEED TO ALL BE IN THIS TOGETHER IF IT'S GOING TO WORK.

TRICERATON BARRACKS.

TRICERATONS!

WE FACE A TURNING POINT THIS EVENING. A PIVOTAL TIME FOR OUR KIND THAT FORCES US TO ACT IS UPON US, AND TONIGHT WE MUST MAKE A CHOICE.

FORGE OUR OWN PATH AND FIGHT FOR OUR FREEDOM, OR REMAIN SLAVES TO THE UTROM EMPIRE.

I CHOOSE TO FIGHT. FACTS HAVE SURFACED ABOUT OUR HISTORY THAT LEAVE ME WITH NO CHOICE BUT TO STRIKE BACK.

WE'VE BEEN TOLD THAT WE WERE CLONES. AND MOST OF US ARE, BUT THERE WAS AN ANOMALY BEFORE. A NATURAL BIRTH BETWEEN TWO OF OUR OWN KIND. I AM THAT ANOMALY.

AND MY PARENTS— ALONG WITH OTHERS— WERE KILLED WHEN THEIR SHIP WAS DESTROYED.

BY ENEMY FORCES THEY SAID. BUT I THINK IT WAS BECAUSE THE SAME UTROM MASTERS THAT WE NOW SERVE FELT LIKE THEY WERE LOSING CONTROL. THEY NEEDED A NEW START TO RECLAIM DOMINANCE OVER THAT HERD...

...SO THEY PURGED IT. MURDERED THEM TO START AGAIN WITH A NEW HERD.

US. AND EACH OF US ARE TRULY UNIQUE. NOT CLONES. INDIVIDUALS.

TONIGHT, ZOM DISCOVERED THEIR SECRETS.

AND BEFORE THEIR ARCHIVIST COULD SOUND AN ALARM, ZOM KILLED HIM IN SELF-DEFENSE.

TIME IS OF THE ESSENCE. OUR WINDOW TO REACT AND GAIN ANY OPPORTUNITY IS RAPIDLY CLOSING, SO WE NEED TO ACT NOW. MY PLAN IS SIMPLE. WE DIVIDE THE HERD TO PROTECT OURSELVES AND STRIKE WHEN THE MOMENT IS RIGHT.

TWO TEAMS WILL DEPART. SOON. LEAVING THIS PLANET TO ENSURE THAT HALF OF OUR HERD IS SAFELY AWAY FROM HERE. THE REMAINING HALF WILL LEAD THE ASSAULT AGAINST THE UTROMS IN THE FOLLOWING DAYS.

COMMANDER ZOM WILL LEAD THE INITIAL TEAM, ENGAGING THE UTROM GARRISON THAT JUST ARRIVED IN YESTERDAY'S COMBAT ZONE.

THE SECOND TEAM WILL PROVIDE BACKUP SHOULD ZOM'S TEAM NEED IT.

WE'LL NEED A LOCATION TO FALL BACK ON IF WE LOSE GROUND HERE, SO THAT PLANET WILL DO WELL FOR US.

WITH SEPARATISTS RALLYING ACROSS THIS GALAXY AND THE UTROM EMPIRE SPREADING THEMSELVES THIN, NOW IS THE TIME TO FIGHT. WE CAN FIND ALLIES IN THOSE THAT WE'VE THOUGHT OF AS ENEMIES. AND WE CAN FIND STRENGTH AND COURAGE IN ONE ANOTHER.

I'M ASKING YOU AS YOUR LEADER TO TAKE UP ARMS AND JOIN IN THE FIGHT. ONLY TOGETHER WILL WE FINALLY HAVE WHAT OUR ANCESTORS NEVER HAD... FREEDOM. WE HAVE THE CHANCE AT A NEW LIFE, BUT WE NEED TO FIGHT FOR IT. WE NEED TO FIGHT FROM THE HEART...

...FOR THE HERD!

LOOK AT THEM.

I KNOW. NOT ONE OF THEM SPOKE OUT AGAINST THIS.

NO, I MEAN THEM.

WE COULDN'T HAVE BEEN THE ONLY ONES IN THE HERD, ZOG.

I SUPPOSE NOT. LOOK, THERE'S NOT A LOT OF TIME TO SAY GOODBYE, SO I'LL JUST SAY TRUST ME. IT'LL WORK OUT.

I KNOW. BUT I JUST HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT SPLITTING OUR FORCES LIKE THIS.

IT'S ONLY TEMPORARY. IN A FEW DAYS' TIME, IT WILL ALL GET SORTED. JUST GIVE ME THAT TIME. BUT YOU HAVE A RIDE TO CATCH.

WHAT?!

THESE ARE YOUR SOLDIERS, ZOG. AND YOU LET THIS HAPPEN?

THEY ASSASSINATED ONE OF OUR ARCHIVISTS! I WANT THEIR HEADS!

COMMANDER ZOM IS IN PURSUIT OF THE TRAITORS NOW, GENERAL.

THEY STOLE A SHIP. ONE OF MY SHIPS! I KNEW I SHOULD HAVE KEPT GUARDS AT THE LANDING ZONE.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT THIS TREASON, ZOG? I WANT ANSWERS!

GENERAL, I'M JUST REPORTING WHAT I WAS TOLD. COMMANDER ZOM WAS IN THE ARCHIVES ROOM WHEN ONE OF THE PLATOON CAME IN FIRING.

I CAN ONLY ASSUME THAT HE WAS UPSET OVER ONE OF OUR LOSSES.

UPSET OVER YOUR LOSSES? REALLY? DO I LOOK STUPID TO YOU?

NO, GENERAL KRANG. IT WAS ONLY A GUESS AS TO WHY THIS HAPPENED.

I WANT ZOM TO BRING IN THAT SOLDIER ALIVE, GENERAL. THAT WAY I CAN DEAL WITH HIM. OR ANYONE ELSE THAT'S INVOLVED.

I'LL LET HER KNOW, GENERAL. NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, WE HAVE A LOT TO DO.

ZOG. I CAN STILL TRUST YOU, YES?

OF COURSE, WHY DO YOU ASK?

I JUST WANT TO KNOW THAT YOU'RE ON MY SIDE IS ALL.

IF THERE IS ANY THREAT TO YOUR LIFE, I'LL BE RIGHT THERE WITH YOU, GENERAL.

YOU CAN COUNT ON THAT.

SERGEANT, HOLD BACK AND MONITOR THE PALACE. LET ME KNOW IF THEY ADD MORE GUARDS OR IF KRANG IS ON THE MOVE.

YES, GENERAL.

I NEED TO SIGNAL COMMANDER ZOM...

... AND TELL HER THAT WE'RE READY.

BEEEEP BEEEEP

GO AHEAD, COMMAND.

COPY THAT.

GOOD LUCK, DEAR ONE.

TRICERATONS, WE'RE LANDING. GET READY.

"MY DEAR ZOG."

"I WISH YOU WERE THERE WITH US.

"THERE WITH ME.

"WE HIT THEM FAST, JUST LIKE WE DO. THEY HAD NO IDEA WE WERE THERE.

"WE HAD THE DROP ON THEM BEFORE THEY STARTED TO FIGHT BACK."

"OUR FIRST TARGET WAS THEIR COMMUNICATIONS ARRAY.

"BUT EVEN WITH OUR FIRST LOSS THERE...

KA-THOOM

"...WE HAD OUR FIRST VICTORY.

"THE HERD FOUGHT HARDER THAN I'VE SEEN THEM FIGHT BEFORE.

"YOUR WORDS SANK IN, ZOG. YOU INSPIRED THEM."

"IT WAS A BATTLE THAT WOULD CHANGE OUR LIVES...

"...AND THINGS WOULD NEVER BE THE SAME AGAIN."

KRACK

SKLRRCH

"BUT BEFORE WE KNEW IT...

"...WE HAD WON.

"NEXT UP WAS THE WAITING. WAITING FOR YOUR SIGNAL."

"WE WAITED FOR DAYS, EVENTUALLY JOINING UP WITH OUR SECOND PLATOON.

"WHEN WORD CAME THAT YOU STARTED THE WAR, WE ALL CONTINUED TO WAIT.

"IT KILLED ME TO SIT BACK AND WONDER WHAT WAS HAPPENING.

"FINALLY WORD CAME BACK THAT YOU HAD WON. WE HAD NO DOUBT THAT IT WOULD HAPPEN, BUT THAT MESSAGE WAS MUSIC TO MY EARS.

"YOU WON. WE WON. WE HAD OUR NEW LIFE.

"AND THEN...

"...YOU WERE GONE."

"I BROKE RANK AND GAVE THE ORDER TO RETURN.

"WE HAD HEARD THAT YOU WON, YET WERE NOWHERE TO BE SEEN.

"I FIGURED IT WAS SAFE TO COME BACK AND I WAS RIGHT.

"OUR YOUNG ONES WERE UNHARMED, THANKFULLY.

"WE TOOK THEM UNDER OUR WATCH TO MAKE SURE THEY STAYED PROTECTED.

"THE HERD MADE ME THEIR NEW LEADER. WELL, AT LEAST UNTIL YOU RETURN. AND I KEEP TELLING MYSELF THAT YOU WILL.

"BUT UNTIL THEN, I HAVE TO LEAD US AWAY FROM THIS PLANET IF NEED BE TO GIVE OUR HERD A CHANCE.

"I'M LEAVING YOU THIS TO LET YOU KNOW THAT WE'RE ALIVE THANKS TO YOU AND YOUR DESIRE TO HAVE US BE FREE. WE SURVIVED AND WILL THRIVE THANKS TO YOU.

"I WILL NEVER FORGET YOU, NOR WILL THE HERD. AND I WISH THAT ONE DAY YOU WILL JOIN US AGAIN AND WE—YOU AND I—CAN START OUR NEW LIVES..."

"...NO MATTER WHERE THAT MAY BE."

END.

COVER 2

LOGO HERE

GIANNIS

TRICERATONS ARTIST EDITION CVR 11/8/2017

art by GIANNIS MILONOGIANNIS

art by GIANNIS MILONOGIANNIS

UNIVERSE #16-17
"TRICERATOTS!"

# TRICERATOTS!

TRICERATON TRAINING COMPOUND ALPHA: UTROMINON

WHERE ARE WE GOING, COMMANDER GREL?

TODAY, YOU START DROID-BASED COMBAT TRAINING.

I'M FIRST!

NO. I'M FIRST BECAUSE I'M OLDER.

BOOP!

YOU DON'T KNOW THAT.

WELL, I'M TALLER.

INTRODUCTORY COMBAT. LEVEL ONE...

...BEGIN.

UMPH!

KLAWK!

POW!

BZZT!

AARGGHHH!
I GOT HIM!
HERE! TO ME! I'LL GET HIM.
NO. I'LL CATCH HIM. I'M TALLER!
PT!

GREL?

GENERAL ZOG. HOW NICE OF YOU TO JOIN US.

BACK TO YOUR BARRACKS AND WE WILL PICK UP AGAIN TOMORROW.

THEY STILL HAVE A LOT TO LEARN ABOUT DISCIPLINE.

AS DID YOU.

TRICERATON BARRACKS: UTROMINON.

COME ON, ZAPH.

FOR THE HERD!

SWAP!

THE HERD NEEDS US!

OOOOOH!

OFFICER ZOLA, PREPARE MY SHIP FOR BATTLE!

WHAT? YOU'RE NOT IN CHARGE.

THIS IS ZOM'S SHIP. YOU CAN'T BE ZOM. YOU'RE A *BOY!*

RRRR!

I WANT TO BE OUT OF HERE AS SOON AS ALL REMAINING PLATOONS ARE CONFIRMED ON BOARD.

AYE, AYE, CAPTAIN!

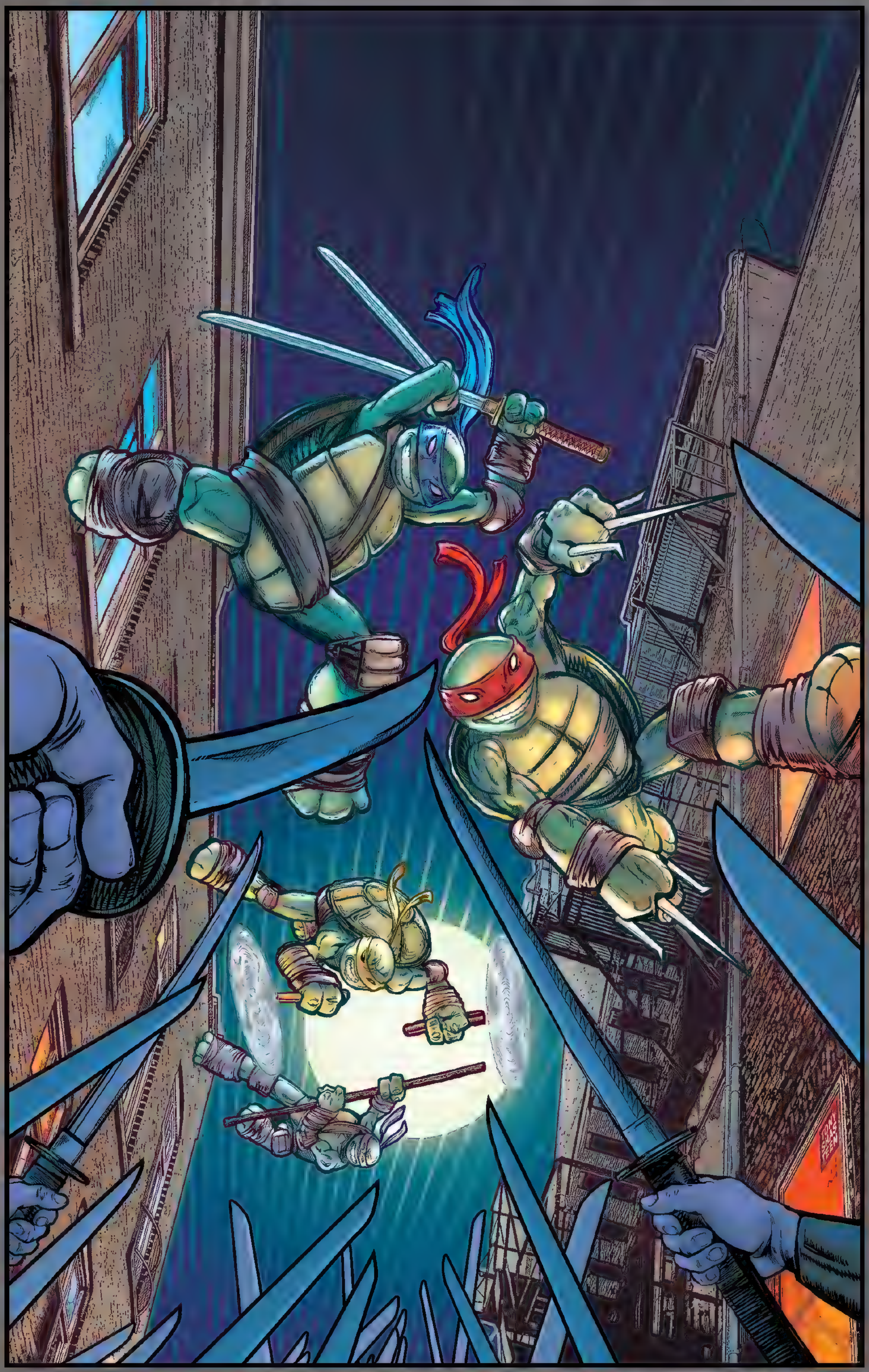
HISSS

WHAT DID YOU DO?!

WHAT DID *YOU* DO?

GOOD LUCK, CAPTAIN ZOM.

END.



art by TONY SHASTEEN

art by DAMIAN COUCEIRO

ISSUE #76

NOW.

4

SNIFF SNIFF

KOOM

CRIB, SWEET CRIB!

I BETTER *SHUT DOWN* THE SECURITY SYSTEM BEFORE THIS HAPPY HOMECOMING TURNS HOSTILE.

YEAH—I AIN'T IN *NO MOOD* FOR LASER TAG OR ANY *OTHER* STINKIN' SURPRISES RIGHT NOW.

GYAH!

WHOMP

*PEPPERONI...* GIRL! IT'S... *HEH,* THAT TICKLES... IT'S GOOD TO SEE *YOU* TOO!

WAIT. HAVE YOU BEEN *SWIMMIN'?*

WE CAN'T LEAVE YOU BEHIND AT *ALL,* YOU LITTLE SNEAK.

4

*UH,* GUYS... LOOKS LIKE PEPPERONI'S NOT THE *ONLY ONE* WE CAN'T LEAVE BEHIND.

CHECK IT OUT.

...A FEDERALLY MANDATED *LOCKDOWN* REMAINS IN EFFECT FOR TWENTY NEW YORK CITY BLOCKS AS *MILITARY SPECIAL FORCES* UNITS MOVE IN TO SEEK OUT AND COUNTER *TERRORIST CELLS* FOLLOWING THIS MORNING'S *SURPRISE ATTACKS*.

ALTHOUGH NO TERRORIST GROUP HAS CLAIMED *RESPONSIBILITY* FOR THE ATTACKS, POLICE OFFICIALS ASSURE US THAT THE SITUATION IS *UNDER CONTROL* AND THE ATTACKERS WILL BE BROUGHT TO *JUSTICE* QUICKLY.

CNS

BREAKING NEWS

20 BLOCK LOCKDOWN IN EFFECT - GOVERN
RESPONSE TO SURPRISE TERRORIST ATTA

THE NYPD HAS RECENTLY RUN A NUMBER OF *JOINT OPERATIONS* WITH THE MILITARY UNITS *RESPONDING* TO THE ALLEGED TERRORISTS AND I HAVE THE UTMOST *CONFIDENCE* IN THEIR ABILITY TO *DEFEAT* THE THREAT—

—UNTIL THEN, CITIZENS WHO REMAIN IN THE MANDATORY LOCKDOWN ZONE ARE ADVISED TO STAY *INDOORS* AND *AWAY* FROM WINDOWS UNTIL AN *OFFICIAL* ALL-CLEAR HAS BEEN GIVEN.

AMATEUR VIDEO

LIVE

FOX NEWS CHANNEL

DETECTIVE KARA LEWIS
NYPD

GUYS... WHAT THE *HECK'S* GOIN' ON?

*WHAT'S* THAT YOU WERE SAYIN' 'BOUT A *HAPPY HOMECOMIN'*, DON?

LOOK AT THE *INSIGNIA* ON THE SIDES OF THOSE VEHICLES.

THAT'S THE *EARTH PROTECTION FORCE*.

AND THOSE "TERRORISTS" LOOK AWFULLY *FAMILIAR*, TOO.

SOMETHING *OBVIOUSLY* HAPPENED AFTER WE LEFT DIMENSION X.

*BESIDES* US GETTIN' TRAPPED WITH THOSE GHOST GUYS?*

YES, RAPH— SOMETHING WITH THE *TRICERATONS*. WE NEED TO FIGURE OUT *WHY* THEY'RE ON EARTH STAT.

* See TMNT/Ghostbusters 2 – B.C.

BUT FIRST, WE NEED TO FIND OUT IF *APRIL'S* OKAY.

DONNIE, CAN YOU GET A *HOLD* OF HER ON THAT THING?

WAY *AHEAD* OF YOU.

tap tap tap tap tap

PING

*UM*... OKAY, SHE *ALREADY* RESPONDED.

SHE SAYS SHE'S AT *TCRI* WITH *DR. STOCKMAN*... AND THAT THEY'RE *BOTH* FINE.

OH, MAN, *THAT'S* A RELIEF.

YEAH— ABOUT *APRIL*, AT LEAST.

SHE ALSO SAYS THEY *CAN'T LEAVE* DUE TO THE MANDATORY LOCKDOWN.

THEN WE NEED TO *GO TO* THEM. SOMETHING TELLS ME WE'RE *GONNA* NEED SOME OF STOCKMAN'S *TECH HELP* BEFORE THIS IS THROUGH.

LOOKS LIKE CLAN HAMATO'S *DOWN TIME* IS GONNA HAVE TO WAIT.

WITH THE LOCKDOWN IN EFFECT, THERE *WON'T* BE MANY PEOPLE OUT, BUT WE'RE *STILL* NINJAS—SO *STICK* TO THE SHADOWS AND STAY *OUT* OF SIGHT.

YEAH, BUT... CAN WE SLIP *OUTTA* THE SHADOWS LONG ENOUGH TO GRAB A SLICE OF PIZZA?

I KNOW THERE'S AN *ALIEN INVASION* GOIN' ON AND EVERYTHING, BUT I'M *STARVING!*

EARLIER.

BOOM

LIEUTENANT TROKK, THIS IS *COMMANDER ZOM*. TELEPORTATION *COMPLETE* AND THE LANDING PARTY HAS *ARRIVED*.

WE'RE *HOME*.

COPY *THAT*, COMMANDER...

...I'VE GOT THE FLEET IN *STAND-BY* ON THE *FAR SIDE* OF THE PLANET'S MOON.

NOT "*THE*" PLANET, TROKK—"*OUR*" PLANET.

YES, YOU'RE *RIGHT*, COMMANDER. MY MISTAKE.

I'LL *AWAIT* FURTHER ORDERS. IN THE MEANTIME, PLEASE BE CAREFUL ON *OUR* PLANET, MA'AM.

I'LL BE IN CONTACT ONCE THE *INITIAL RECONNOITER* IS FINISHED.

ZOM OUT.

HOW WE *LOOKING*, SERGEANT GORD?

GOOD TO GO, COMMANDER. ATMOSPHERIC AND GRAVITATIONAL READINGS LINE UP WITH *WHAT* WE WERE EXPECTING.

THE AIR'S BREATHABLE AND THE GROUND'S WALKABLE... *ALL* WITHIN SURVIVABLE RANGES.

WE SHOULD ADJUST QUICKLY.

ALMOST LIKE IT WAS MADE JUST FOR *US*, HEY, SERGEANT?

ROGER THAT, MA'AM.

WE'VE GOT *MOVEMENT* BELOW, COMMANDER...

...NATIVES.

THEY ALL APPEAR TO BE OF THE EARTH *HUMAN* VARIETY. I HAVEN'T SPOTTED ANY OF THE *REPTILIAN* FORMS WE MET ON NEUTRINO.

THAT SHOULDN'T BE A PROBLEM, *CORPORAL SHERP.*

IF THE EARTH HUMANS ARE AS *WARLIKE* AS OUR INTEL INDICATES, WE SHOULD FIT *RIGHT* IN.

GORD, WITH ME—AND STAY RIGHT BY MY SIDE IN CASE I NEED *IMMEDIATE DATA* FROM YOU.

YES, COMMANDER.

THE REST OF YOU, *REMAIN* UP HERE AND KEEP A *CLOSE* WATCH.

WE MAY BE COMING IN PEACE, BUT THERE'S *NO WAY* TRICERATONS SACRIFICE THE HIGH GROUND.

EVER.

ALL RIGHT, SERGEANT, *HERE* WE GO—

—TIME TO MEET OUR *FELLOW* EARTHLINGS.

COMPUTER & PORTABLE DEVICE SERVICE CENTER

Tobacco Prince

JUPIOCA

VOICE

GREETINGS. I AM *COMMANDER ZOM* OF THE TRICERATON SPECIAL FORCES, AND *THIS* IS MY SCIENCE SPECIALIST *SERGEANT GORD*...

Radiojack

...AND *WE* ARE YOUR *FRIENDS.*

UTER DEVICE CENTER

Tobacco PRINCE

EZ PAWN CORP

RUN!

MONSTERS!

NYC

DINER LUNCH

LA MELA

ONE WAY

WHAT ARE THEY DOING? WHAT'S *HAPPENING*, GORD?

I *BELIEVE* IT'S CALLED "UTTER HORROR," COMMANDER...

...FOR *US*.

NO— WAIT!

WE'RE NOT GOING TO *HURT* YOU!

KRSSH

LOOKS LIKE THEY DON'T *NEED* OUR HELP FOR THAT, MA'AM.

THIS IS *MADNESS.*

OH, I COULDN'T AGREE MORE— THAT'S *NO WAY* TO GREET SURPRISE GUESTS.

HELLO.

I AM *AGENT BISHOP.*

AND *WE* ARE THE *EARTH PROTECTION FORCE.*

AT LAST— *WARRIORS*, AND ANOTHER *REPTILIAN* AS WELL.

COME, GORD.

BUT, COMMANDER, DO YOU THINK IT'S *SAFE* TO—

RELAX, SERGEANT...

"...WE MAINTAIN THE *HIGH GROUND*, REMEMBER?"

*GREETINGS*, AGENT BISHOP. I AM COMMANDER ZOM OF THE TRICERATON SPECIAL FORCES.

YES, COMMANDER— I *HEARD* YOUR PROCLAMATION EARLIER.

WE'VE BEEN *TRACKING* YOUR GROUP EVER SINCE OUR SATELLITES *SPOTTED* YOUR CRAFT NEAR THE MOON.

I MUST APOLOGIZE FOR THE UNFORTUNATE *WELCOME* YOU RECEIVED BEFORE.

IT SEEMS OUR PLANET'S *GENERAL POPULATION*, AS MUCH AS THEY *CONSTANTLY* PROFESS *OTHERWISE*, IS *NOT* QUITE *READY* FOR EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL VISITORS.

DELI GRILL

FOR YOUR OWN SAFETY, *LEAVE* THIS AREA IMMEDIATELY! THIS IS AN *OFFICIAL* E.P.F. OPERATION!

WHAT THE *HECK'S* THE E.P.F.?

SCREW *THAT*—WHAT THE HECK ARE THOSE *DINOSAUR DUDES?*

WE, TOO, APOLOGIZE FOR ANY CONFUSION *WE* CAUSED. WE MEANT *NO* HARM— WE HAVE COME PEACEFULLY.

AND *YET* YOU COME BEARING *ARMS*.

LIKE YOU, WE ARE *WARRIORS*, AGENT BISHOP. TO TRAVEL *ANYWHERE* WITHOUT OUR WEAPONS WOULD BE TO TRAVEL WITHOUT A VERY *PART* OF OUR BEING.

I SEE. AND MAY I ASK *WHERE* IT IS YOU'VE TRAVELLED FROM... AND *WHY* YOU'VE COME TO NEW YORK CITY?

THIS CITY'S *COORDINATES* WERE PROVIDED TO US BY *THOSE* WHO *SENT* US HERE. OUR HERD HAS ARRIVED VIA AN *INTER-DIMENSIONAL PORTAL* FROM DIMENSON X...

...TO *RECLAIM* AND *RESETTLE* OUR HOMELAND.

IS *THAT* SO?

YES—

"—OUR *ANCESTORS* EXISTED ON THIS PLANET *MILLIONS* OF YEARS AGO.

"BUT THEY WERE *STOLEN AWAY* BY THE UTROM EMPIRE AND *TAKEN* TO DIMENSION X.

"IT WAS THERE THAT OUR PEOPLE WERE *GENETICALLY ALTERED* AND *FORCED* TO BE *SOLDIER SLAVES* FOR THE UTROMS IN THEIR ENDLESS WAR OF EXPANSION."

BUT THE RECENT *DOWNFALL* OF THE EMPIRE HAS MADE IT POSSIBLE FOR US TO FINALLY *RETURN* HOME.

AND THERE IS *NOTHING* MORE PRECIOUS THAN HOME, *IS* THERE?

WELL, IT CERTAINLY SEEMS YOUR KIND HAS BEEN THROUGH *A LOT*, COMMANDER. I FIND YOUR RESILIENCY IN THE FACE OF SO MANY *HARDSHIPS* TO BE ADMIRABLE.

I SHOULD MAKE YOU AWARE, HOWEVER, THE UTROMS ARE *KNOWN* TO US—

"—A SMALL GROUP IS CURRENTLY ISOLATED ON *BURNOW ISLAND* IN THE ATLANTIC OCEAN."

BUT REST ASSURED, THE E.P.F. HAS THEM UNDER A *TIGHT WATCH*. YOU WON'T NEED TO *CONCERN* YOURSELVES WITH YOUR FORMER SLAVE MASTERS ANYMORE.

NO—YOU ARE AMONG *FRIENDS* NOW. HECK, WE EVEN SPEAK THE *SAME* LANGUAGE.

YES... OUR TECHNOLOGY ALLOWS FOR *THAT*.

AND I'D VERY MUCH LIKE TO LEARN *MORE* ABOUT THAT TECHNOLOGY.

ANYWAY, FEEL FREE TO *LOWER* YOUR WEAPONS AND MAKE YOURSELVES AT HOME.

DID YOU *HEAR* THAT, GORD?

YES, COMMANDER. *HOME*.

OH, AND ONE *OTHER* THING, COMMANDER—

"—YOU NO *LONGER* MAINTAIN THE HIGH GROUND."

GO! GO! GO!

WHAT ARE THEY—

FIRE!

COMMANDER, WE'RE *TAKING FIRE*—

—IT'S A *TRAP!*

YOU LYING—

ATTACK!

FLY, GORD!

BAM BAMBLAM BLAM

EEEEEEEEE

NO YOU DON'T!

VOOP

UFF!

SMSSH

LOCALIZED EMP... COWARDS.

COMMANDER! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?!

SERGEANT, I *TOLD* YOU TO *FLY* TO THE OTHERS...

...I'LL HANDLE THINGS *HERE!*

DAMMIT.

SERGEANT GORD! THAT *BIG GUN'S* GOT US PINNED DOWN.

NOT FOR *LONG!*

WAIT— *NO!*

KRRRNK

AAAAAH!

BIG GUN'S *DOWN!*

*ADVANCE!*

DESTROY THEM *ALL!*

HOW PATHETIC IS *THIS*?!

FIRST YOUR KIND *FLEE*, THEN YOU CALL YOURSELVES *FRIENDS*... THEN YOU ATTACK *WITHOUT* CAUSE!

HUP!

WHOMP

WEAK, *TRAITOROUS* CREATURES.

PERHAPS. THOUGH, I PREFER *UNPREDICTABLE*.

*FRY* THAT THING, PRIVATE!

AYE, *AYE*, SIR!

*GYAAAHH!*

*COMMANDER!*

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA

YAHH!

I'VE HAD JUST ABOUT *ENOUGH* OF YOU!

ZZAP

MAYDAY! MAYDAY!

BADOOM

FINE...

=KOFF= =KOFF=

...I'LL DEAL WITH THIS *MYSELF.*

DID YOU *REALLY* THINK YOU'D BE *WELCOME* HERE, ABOMINATION?

NO!

KRRRRNCH

GORD!

MONSTER! YOU *KILLED* HIM!

KRAK

GUH!

NOW YOU DIE!

THEN THIS *ENTIRE CITY* DIES!

NO.

CHNK

SHP

FMP

SHKK

THIS CITY BELONGS TO THE *FOOT CLAN.*

art by KEVIN EASTMAN
colors by TOMI VARGA

art by FREDDIE E. WILLIAMS II
colors by JEREMY COLWELL

UNIVERSE #18
"MONSTER HUNT"

MIDTOWN EVACUATION CENTER. DURING THE TRICERATON INVASION.

RIGHT THIS WAY, EVERYONE. JUST PROCEED IN AN ORDERLY FASHION, AND YOU'LL ALL BE ASSIGNED—

BUT WE DON'T EVEN KNOW *WHY* WE'RE BEING EVACUATED! WHAT *DID* THAT TO OUR—

YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME EVEN IF I TOLD YOU.

WHICH I'M NOT AT LIBERTY TO DO.

HALEY, WHAT'S THAT?

WHAT?

THAT!

MONSTERS.

MOM! MOM, *MONSTERS!*

PROBABLY THE SAME *DINOSAUR MONSTERS* WE SAW BACK AT HOME. UP—

HEY...

WHERE DID THEY GO?

THERE *ARE* NO MONSTERS, TODD!

NOT HERE AND NOT BACK AT HOME.

NOW'S JUST— IT'S *NOT* A GOOD TIME FOR IMAGINATION.

I'M TRYING TO *PROTECT* YOU. AND THAT'S A LOT HARDER TO DO WHEN YOU BELIEVE IN THINGS THAT AREN'T REALLY THERE. OKAY?

OKAY...

WE'LL JUST FIND THEM ON OUR *OWN*.

LOOK! HUMANS! LET'S DUCK INTO THIS ABANDONED BUILDING TO AVOID THEM!

THIS ABANDONED BUILDING THAT THEY'RE ALL ABOUT TO *POUR INTO!*

I'LL ADMIT, IT WASN'T THE BEST IDEA WE'VE EVER HAD.

BUT I'M MORE CONCERNED ABOUT WHAT WE DO ***NEXT***. WE CAN'T LET THESE HUMANS SEE US!

YEAH! NO ONE CAN KNOW WE EXIST. EXCEPT CASEY AND APRIL.

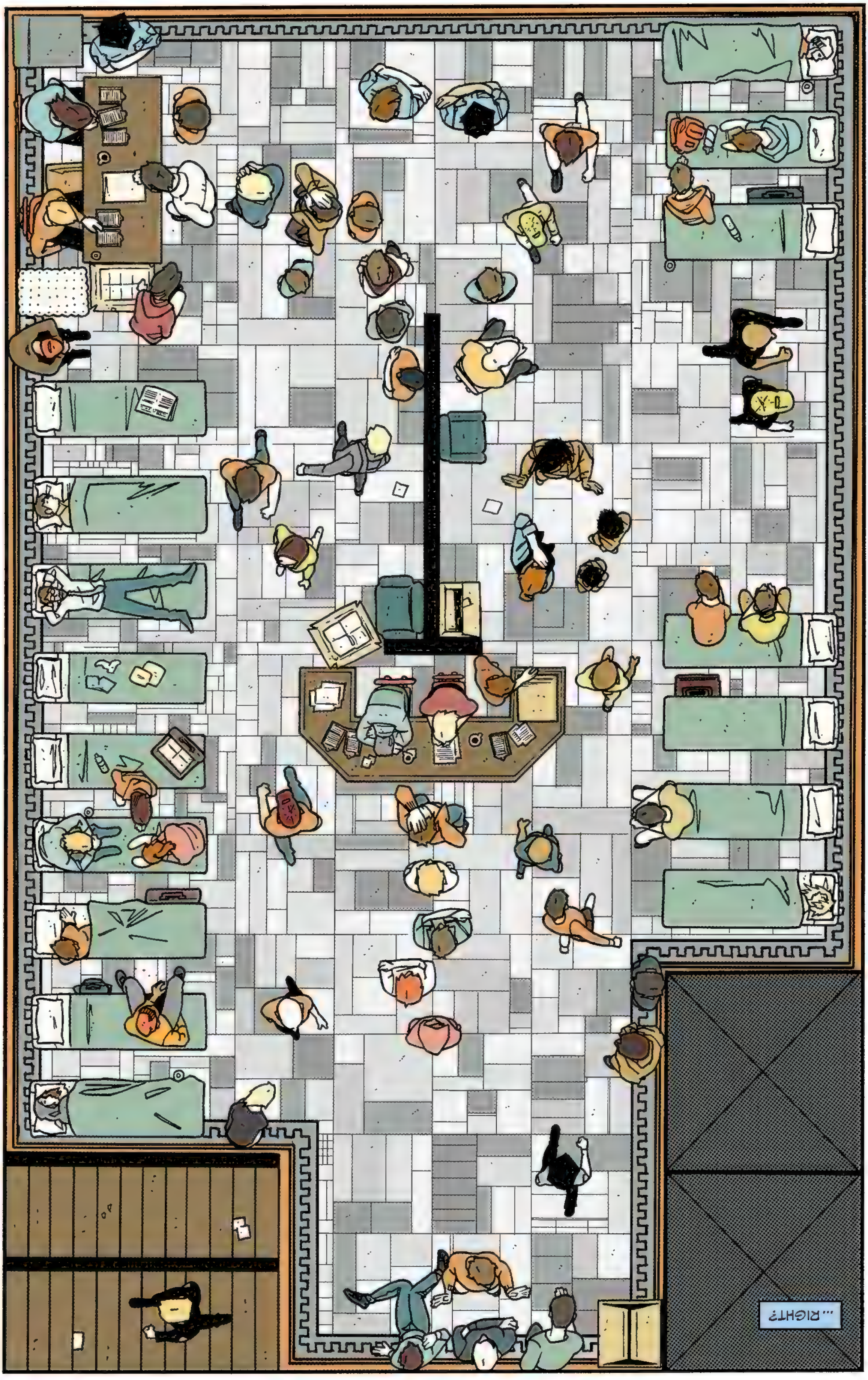
AND HAROLD. ANGEL. WOODY, OF COURSE.

LINDSEY BAKER. EVERYONE IN THE FOOT CLAN, AND MOST OF THE—

*WHOA!*

THE POINT IS, NONE OF ***THESE*** PEOPLE KNOW. SO PLAN A IS TO SNEAK OUR WAY PAST THEM.

WE'RE NINJAS. THAT SHOULD BE SIMPLE ENOUGH...


X-L
...RIGHT?

PLAN A.

SHH.

CUSTODIAL ARTS CLOSET

ALRIGHT, IF THE SIXTY OF YOU WOULD JUST FOLLOW ME—

—LUNCH WILL BE SANDWICHES. PRE-MADE, BUT WITH OIL AND VINEGAR, KETCHUP, MUSTARD—ALL THE FINEST CONDIMENTS THAT THE EMERGENCY MANAGEMENT AGENCY HAS TO OFFER.

OKAY, NOW LET'S TALK ABOUT BATHROOM PROTOCOL.

THE PLUMBING IN THIS BUILDING IS QUITE ARCHAIC, SO ALL BATHROOMS ARE EQUIPPED WITH PLUNGERS, ON THE OFF CHANCE YOU RUN INTO SOME—

MONSTERS! WE KNOW YOU'RE OUT THERE AND WE'RE GOING TO FIND YOU! YOU DESTROYED OUR HOME, BUT WE'RE *NOT* GOING TO LET YOU—

*STOP* THAT! YOU NEED TO QUIT GOOFING AROUND, AND LISTEN TO THE *RULES*.

WE COULD BE HERE A VERY LONG WHILE.

LET'S... LET'S JUST SKIP PLAN B FOR NOW.

"...AND SCARE OUR WAY OUT!"

OKAY, SO PLAN B IS SO TOTALLY OBVIOUS, GUYS!

THOSE KIDS THINK WE'RE MONSTERS, SO WE DRESS UP AS MONSTERS...

OKAY... IT MIGHT BE TIME FOR *PLAN B*. SO IF ANYONE HAS AN IDEA, NOW'S THE TIME TO—

SHHHH—

HURRY!

THEY'RE *MONSTERS*, TODD.

MOM'S GOING TO BE *SO* MAD. MAYBE WE SHOULD GO BACK AND LET—

AND BACKING DOWN ISN'T AN OPTION, ANYMORE.

CUSTODIAL ARTS CLOSET

PLAN C.

WHAT KIND OF BUILDING HAS NO ROOF ACCESS?!

PLAN G.

YEP... HE'S STUCK.

PLAN M.

PLAN Q.

WE SHOULD HAVE GONE WITH THE CATAPULT.

AND MY CHILDREN SHOULD BE *BACK* BY NOW!

WHAT KIND OF POLICE FORCE CAN'T FIND *TWO LITTLE KIDS* IN ONE BUILDING? WE CAME HERE FOR *SAFETY* AND *STABILITY*. INSTEAD MY CHILDREN ARE STILL MISSING, AND ALL YOU CAN SAY IS—

LET ME ASSURE YOU, OUR OFFICERS ARE *COMBING* THE BUILDING FOR—

IS THIS THE COMPLAINT DESK? BECAUSE THE DANG-OLE *TOILET* WON'T FLUSH! AND—

THERE SHOULD BE A PLUNGER IN EVERY—

SHOULD BE, BUT ISN'T! THESE ARE TOUGH ENOUGH TIMES, WITHOUT—

WHO CARES! MY CHILDREN ARE OUT THERE, CHASING THEIR SO-CALLED *MONSTERS*, WHILE WE'RE—

*WAIT!*

WHAT *KIND* OF MONSTERS?

BIG, *SCARY* MONSTERS! WE KNOW YOU'RE HERE! MAYBE EVEN RIGHT—

*HERE!*

OR MAYBE NOT.

WE'VE BEEN LOOKING A LONG TIME. MAYBE... MAYBE IT REALLY *WAS* JUST OUR IMAGINATION.

I'VE PLAYED COPS AND ROBBERS WITH YOU, TODD. YOUR IMAGINATION ISN'T ALL THAT GREAT.

HEY!

THOSE DINOSAUR THINGS *FLATTENED* OUR *ENTIRE BLOCK*. AND NOW WE'RE SUPPOSED TO... SLEEP ON COTS? AND EAT THOSE DUMB SANDWICHES AND FOLLOW THE RULES AND PRETEND NOTHING HAPPENED?

BUT *SOMETHING HAPPENED.*

AND BESIDES— ISN'T THIS A *LOT* MORE FUN THAN—

I FOUND THEM!

THE INTRUDERS?

NO, THE—THE MISSING KIDS.

NO SIGN OF THE "MONSTERS" YET.

BUT DON'T WORRY, KIDS—

WE'RE GONNA SEARCH UNDER EVERY BED AND IN EVERY CLOSET UNTIL WE FIND THEM.

WELL... THAT ISN'T GOOD.

NO. IT ISN'T.

SIGH...

ALL RIGHT, MIKEY...

...TELL US MORE ABOUT *PLAN B.*

PLAN B.

UH... BREAKER BREAKER 5, THERE'S A SECURITY BREACH IN PROGRESS AT THE NORTHEAST EXIT OF THE EVACUATION CENTER—

NO, NOT LIKE THAT!

SHHHH!

THEY'VE BROKEN IN! THEY LOOK LIKE DINOSAURS! AND THEY HAVE GUNS! AND HORNS! AND, *UH—MORE HORNS!*

THEY'RE SO SCARY I'VE FORGOTTEN ALL MY POLICE LINGO! *AHHHHHHH!*

LET'S MOVE, OFFICERS!

AND NOW THAT THE COPS ARE SEARCHING THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BUILDING, IT'S TIME FOR...

TEENAGE MONSTER MONSTER *MONSTERS!*

DON'T PANIC, KIDS! LET'S JUST FIND YOUR PARENTS, AND THEN—

*—KIDS!*

DO YOU SEE THEM?

BETTER THAN THAT—

I GOT ONE!

HIT HIM! HIT HIM WITH THE—

EAT VINEGAR, MONSTER!

AHHHH!

ONE OF THE FINEST CONDIMENTS THAT THE SOMETHING SOMETHING HAS TO OFFER!

I THINK IT'S TIME FOR YOU GUYS TO—

—TAKE THE *PLUNGE!*

I THOUGHT WE AGREED THAT WAS A REALLY LAME LINE, TODD!

NO, IT WAS AWESOME! AND SO IS *THIS!*

OOF!

LEO! DON–*AHEM*, I MEAN– FRANKEN... GUYS!

DERE'S SOMEFING ON MY FAFE!

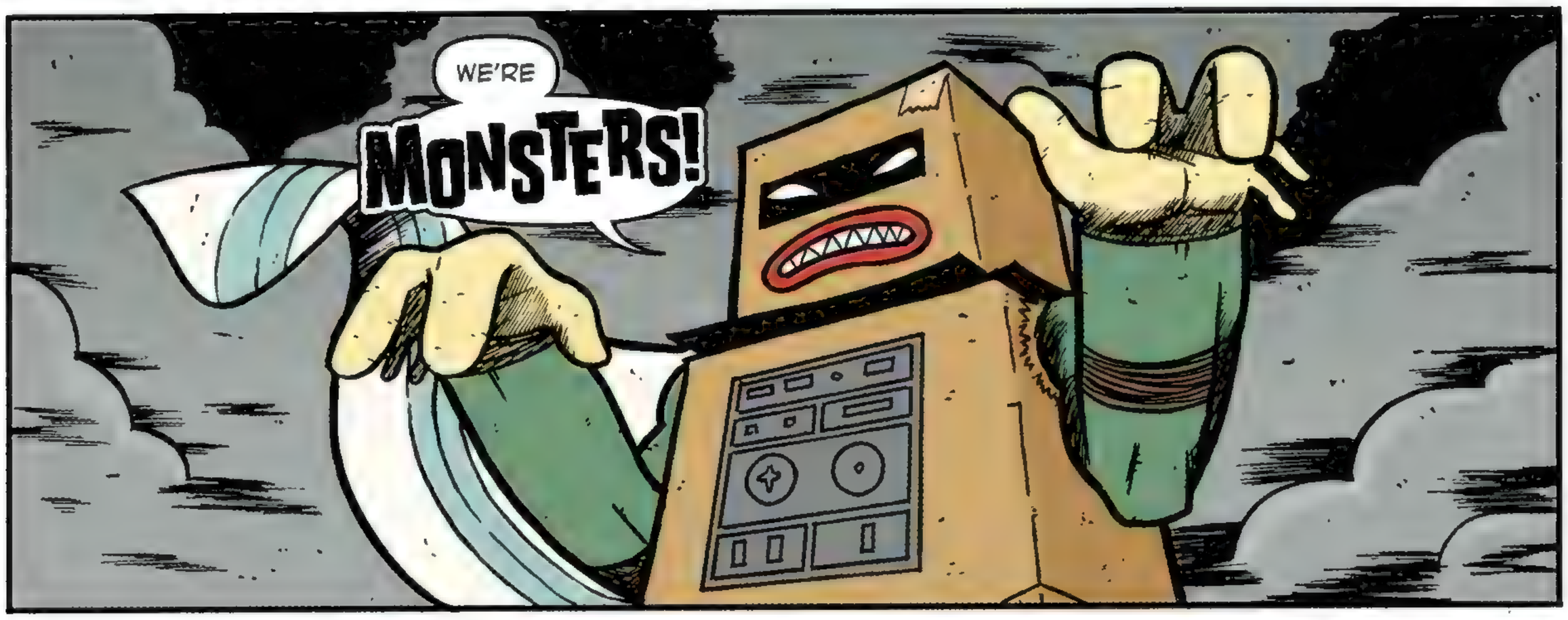
HEY! THAT LOOKED LIKE A HARD FALL. ARE YOU ALL RI–

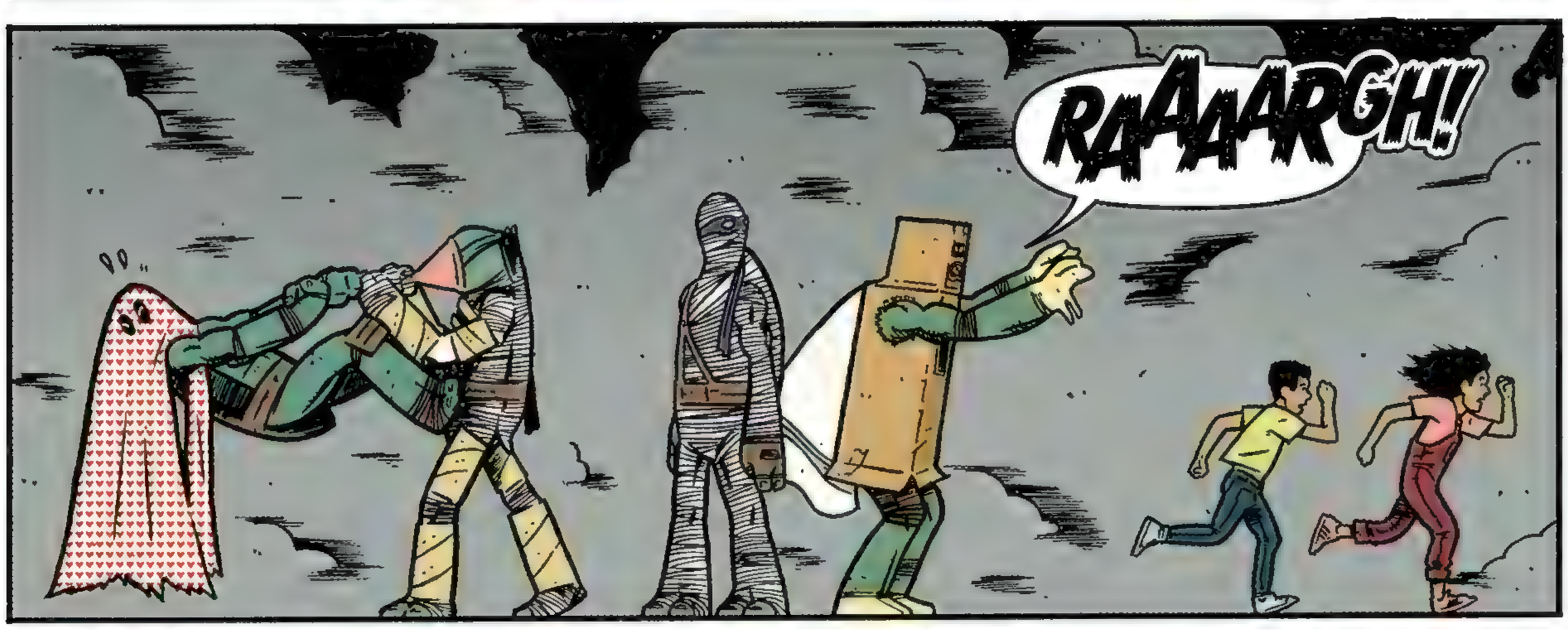
*HYAAA!*

OKAY. TIME TO FIGHT BACK.

AGAINST A COUPLE OF KIDS? WE CAN'T REALLY PULL OUT THE NINJA MOVES ON–

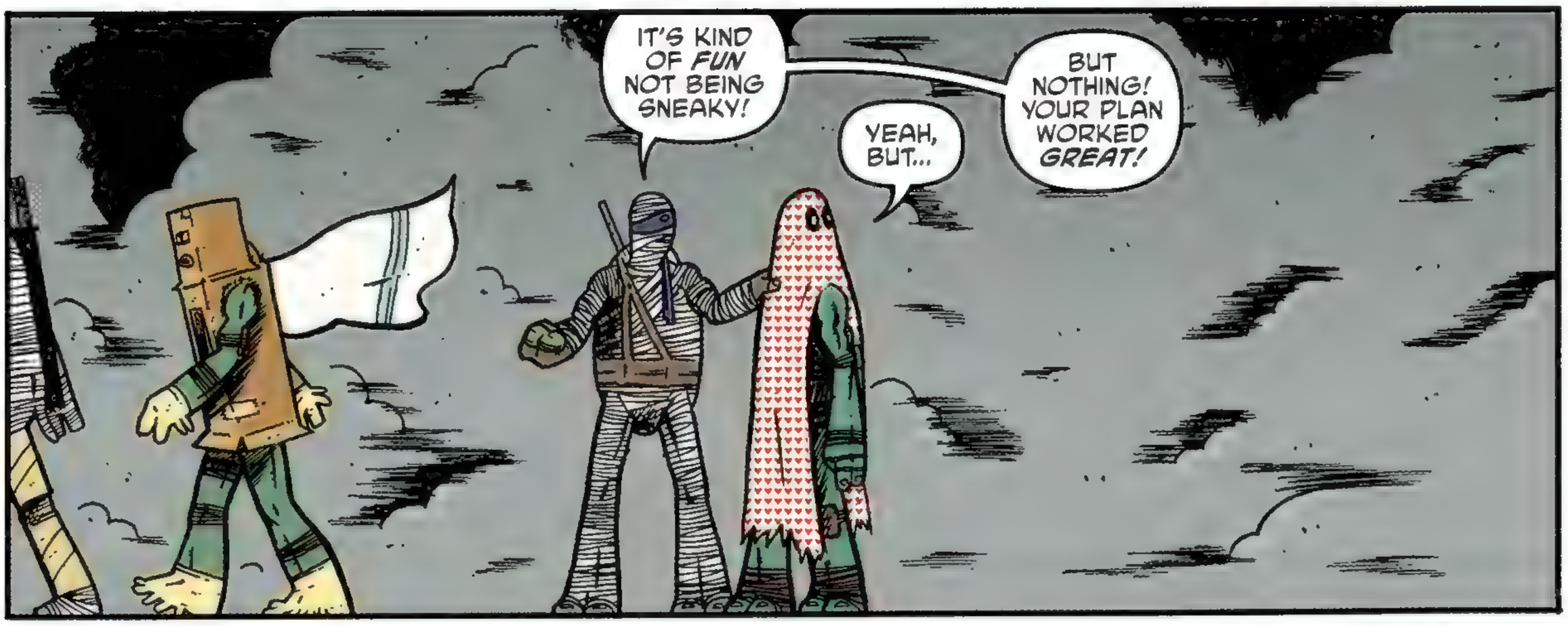
WE'RE NOT NINJAS. REMEMBER?


WE'RE
MONSTERS!


RAAAARGH!

OH, RIGHT! MONSTERS!
AS YOU CAN TELL, BASED ON THE FACT THAT WE ARE BEHAVING THE WAY MONSTERS TYPICALLY—

THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH! LET'S GO!


IT'S KIND OF *FUN* NOT BEING SNEAKY!
YEAH, BUT...
BUT NOTHING! YOUR PLAN WORKED *GREAT!*

ARE... ARE THEY GONE?

I THINK SO.

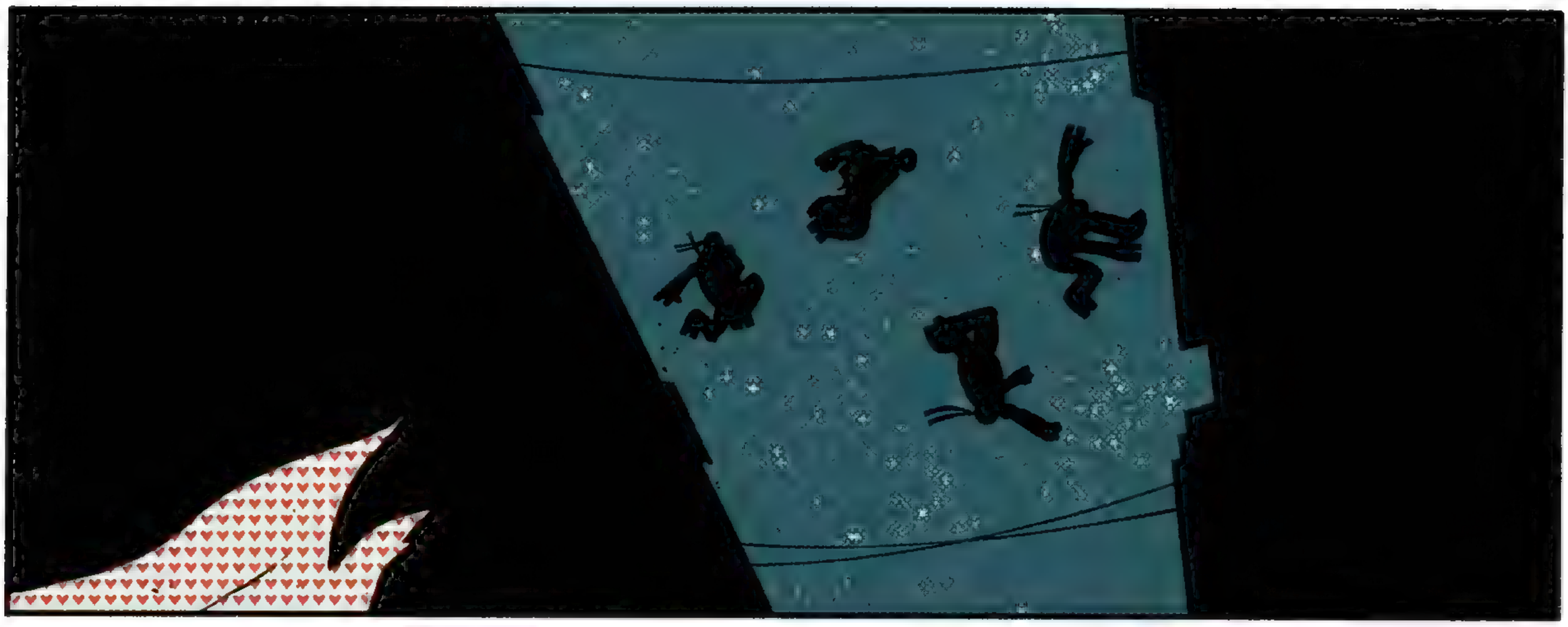
BUT WE SHOULD BE READY. JUST IN CASE THEY—

AHHH!

LISTEN! YOU WERE RIGHT—WE *ARE* MONSTERS. BUT YOU WIN, OKAY? YOU DID IT! YOU'VE SCARED US AWAY!

ALSO: STAY IN SCHOOL AND EAT YOUR PIZZA!

*VEGETABLE PIZZA!*



I THINK WE'RE SAFE.

OF COURSE WE ARE. IT WAS A GOOD PLAN.

I'M... I'M KIND OF SURPRISED YOU WENT ALONG WITH IT.
I COULDN'T IMAGINE THAT HAPPENING, EVEN A LITTLE WHILE AGO.

ME NEITHER. BUT AFTER ALL WE'VE BEEN THROUGH? THE TRUST AND RESPECT WE'VE BUILT? I—

HA!
WHAT?

I—I SAID WE SHOULD DRESS UP AS *MONSTERS!* AND—AND SCARE A BUNCH OF KIDS!

AND YOU ACTUALLY *DID* IT!

WELL... LIKE I SAID. THE RESPECT I HAVE FOR YOU—FOR ALL OF YOU—

AND YOU LOOKED SO *RIDICULOUS!*

I'LL SHOW YOU RIDICULOUS!

HOW DID THEY DO?

WELL... THEIR MOM THOUGHT THEY WERE MAKING THE WHOLE THING UP?

YES.

I THINK SHE MAY HAVE BEEN ON TO SOMETHING.

STILL... WHO STOLE THAT RADIO, AND CALLED IN THE DIVERSION? WHO THREW THE SMOKE BOMBS?

AND WHY DO ALL THESE "MONSTERS" HAVE... TURTLE SHELLS?

THESE GUYS... EVERYWHERE I GO.

WHAT?

I SAID, "PERHAPS WE'LL NEVER KNOW."

SO, WHAT SHOULD I DO WITH—

—DESTROY IT.

AND THEN THE MONSTER WAS LIKE, "YOU WIN! YOU SCARED US AWAY!

YOU ARE THE MOST *AMAZING* MONSTER HUNTERS IN THE ENTIRE WORLD! BUT STAY IN SCHOOL, AND—"

TODD.

IT'S BEEN A LONG DAY. AND TOMORROW WILL BE EVEN LONGER.

SO CAN WE JUST... CAN WE JUST *STOP* WITH THE LIES?

BUT IT'S NOT—

SHE'S NEVER GOING TO BELIEVE US.

BUT THAT'S OKAY, MOM.

WE'LL PROTECT YOU, ANYWAY.

THE END.

art by TYLER BOSS

art by VALENTINE DE LANDRO

UNIVERSE #18
"MUTAGEN MAINTENANCE"

# MUTAGEN MAINTENANCE

ZZZ

Snork!

OH! HI!

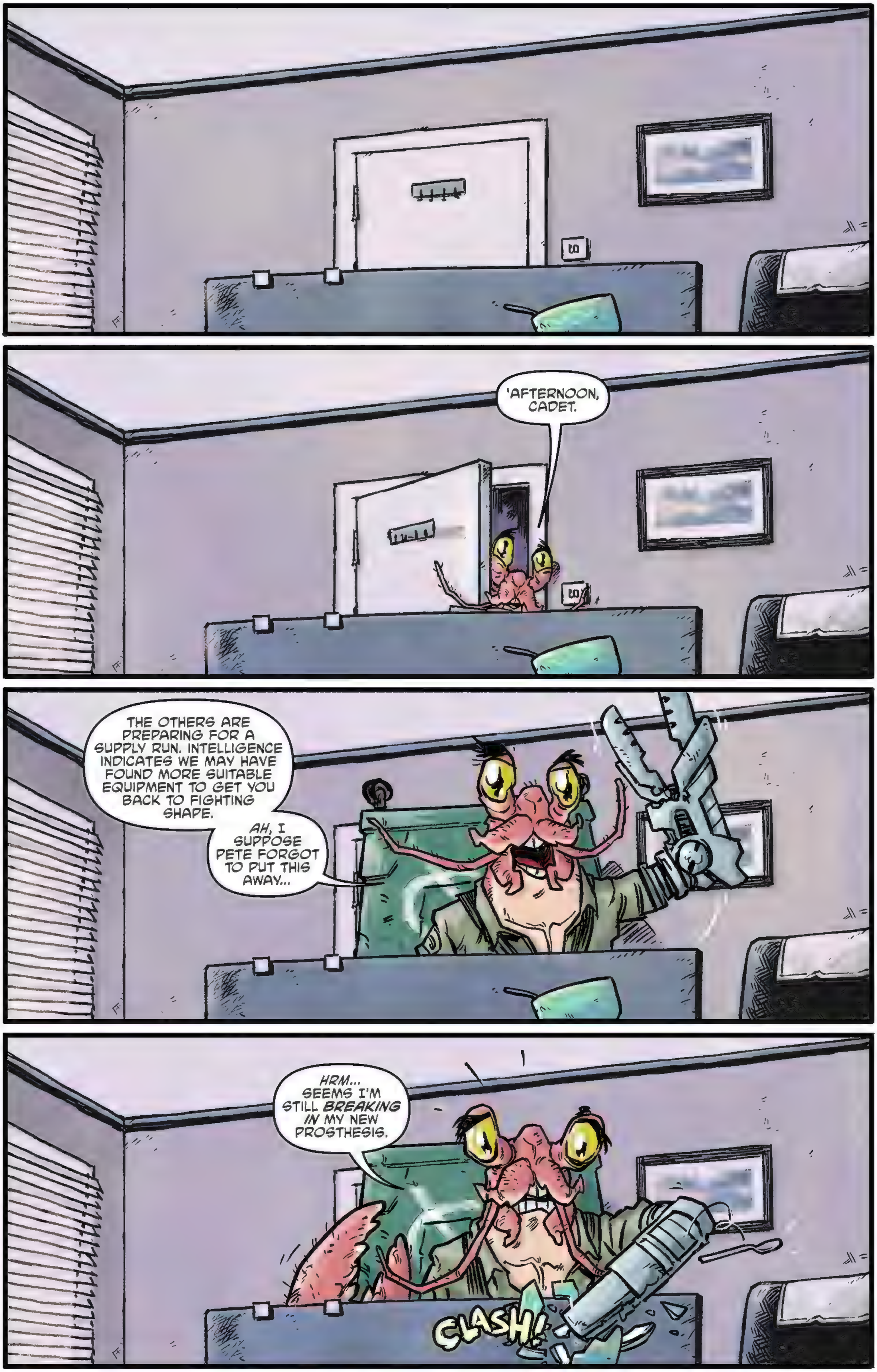
YOU'RE AWAKE! AGAIN!

I'LL GET US—WELL, *ME* BREAKFAST!

=CHOMP= LOOKS LIKE EVERYONE ELSE IS STILL ASLEEP.

NOT PETE, THOUGH! GUESS IT'S TRUE WHAT THEY SAY. THE EARLY BIRD—=SLURP=

—GETS THE CEREAL!


'AFTERNOON, CADET.
THE OTHERS ARE PREPARING FOR A SUPPLY RUN. INTELLIGENCE INDICATES WE MAY HAVE FOUND MORE SUITABLE EQUIPMENT TO GET YOU BACK TO FIGHTING SHAPE.
AH, I SUPPOSE PETE FORGOT TO PUT THIS AWAY...
HRM... SEEMS I'M STILL BREAKING IN MY NEW PROSTHESIS.
CLASH!

-LIKE I WAS SAYING. A SICK KICKFLIP-IS ALL IN THE *TAIL*.

YOU SHOULD THINK ABOUT ASKING LINDSEY FOR ONE WHEN THE CREW GETS BACK, BRO. TOTAL GAMECHANGER.

THE UNFORTUNATE IRONY OF STRIKING BACK AT NULL AND THE E.P.F. IS THAT IT'S MADE FINDING THE TECH WE NEED TO FIX YOUR BODY... LESS CONVENIENT. WE COULDN'T FIND MUCH OF WHAT LINDSEY NEEDED ON THIS RUN.

BUT DON'T WORRY. NOBODY'S GIVING UP. ON THE CONTRARY...

...NEXT TIME A HEAD GETS SEPARATED FROM ITS BODY, IT'LL BE BISHOP'S.

SORRY I'M LATE. I WAS THINKING WE COULD TRY WATCHING A COMEDY TONIGHT.

I FEEL LIKE I'VE BEEN MAKING YOU BINGE WATCH TOO MANY OF MY BRITISH DETECTIVE DRAMAS.

TAP TAP

iSTREAM

WE'RE GETTING CLOSER EVERY DAY, YOU KNOW? WITH EVERYBODY PITCHING IN, IT'S JUST A MATTER OF TIME UNTIL WE HAVE WHAT WE NEED.

WE'LL HAVE YOU BACK ON YOUR FEET BEFORE YOU KNOW IT.

THE END.

art by RON CHAN

art by DAMIAN COUCEIRO

# ISSUE #77

BEFORE.

HOLD *TIGHTLY* TO THE CREATURE, MY NINJA.

DO *NOT* ALLOW IT TO ESCAPE.

TOO LATE FOR *THAT*...

...BECAUSE "IT" IS *FREE*.

HERD...

ATTACK!

HA-
RAAHH!

JENNIKA... NOW.

YES, MASTER.

FWOOMP

COMMANDER ZOM, ARE YOU *INJURED?*

I'M *FINE*, CORPORAL SHERP. BUT SERGEANT GORD IS *DEAD.**

THEN WE'LL MAKE THESE HUMANS *PAY* FOR THAT.

YES, WE *WILL...*

*See TMNT #76 - B.C.

FWP

FWP

"...AS SOON AS THEY COME OUT OF HIDING."

GYAH!

DAMNED *COWARD-FILLED* PLANET...

*NO MERCY!!*

FIRE AT WILL!

SHK
SHK
GAH!
SHLP
CHNG
TRICERATONS, GATHER UP THE FALLEN AND *FOLLOW* ME!
WHERE ARE WE *GOING*, COMMANDER?
THERE! *UNDERGROUND!*
JASON
UNH!
SHP SHP
7 AVE STATION
WE'RE RETREATING?
NO. *REGROUPING.* THE NATIVES CAUGHT US BY SURPRISE—WE NEED TO *TEND* TO OUR WOUNDED AND *CALL* FOR REINFORCEMENTS.
AND THEN?
*CONQUEST.*
WHAT THE... ⁝KOFF⁝ HELL IS—
—MMMFF?!
"GUYS, THIS IS A STRAIGHT-UP *WARZONE*—"

NOW.

—I MEAN, IT LOOKED BAD ON *TV*, BUT SEEIN' IT LIKE THIS IN *PERSON?* DAMN.

AND IT ONLY GETS *BETTER*—

"—THE EPF'S GOT *SLASH* IN THE MIDDLE OF ALL THIS, TOO."

POOR BIG GUY. HE'D *NEVER* BE A PART OF THIS IF HE COULD HELP IT.

BUT WHERE IS BISHOP... OR THE *TRICERATONS*, FOR THAT MATTER?

IT'S LIKE THEY THREW A BIG BATTLE AND THEN ALL THE MAIN COMBATANTS *VANISHED* INTO THIN AIR.

YEAH... BUT HE *CAN'T*, MIKE— 'CAUSE THAT CYBORG FREAK *BISHOP'S* STILL PULLIN' HIS STRINGS.

"MAIN COMBATANTS?" NOW YOU'RE SOUNDIN' LIKE THE *NERD THESAURUS* HERE, LEO.

WHATEVER.

WHAT WE'RE *REALLY* TALKIN' 'BOUT HERE'S A *GOVERNMENT WHACKO* HOPPED UP ON CRAZY 'ROIDS DUKIN' IT OUT WITH A BUNCHA *SPACE DINOSAURS* WHO DECIDED TO POP IN *WITHOUT* AN INVITATION.

AND I DON'T CARE *WHAT* THE NEWS SAID—*NO WAY* THE TRICERATONS ARE TERRORISTS. YOU DUDES SAW THEM FIGHTING FOR THE *GOOD GUYS* IN DIMENSION X.*

*See TMNT: Trial of Krang – B C.

*AH, FORGET* THOSE TV PEOPLE, MIKE. WITH THE KINDA *JUICE* BISHOP'S GOT, GUARANTEE YOU HE'S YANKIN' *THEIR* STRINGS, TOO.

SAME GOES FOR THE *COPS*.

RAPH'S RIGHT...

...WHATEVER STORY WE'RE BEING TOLD, IT'S *NOT* THE REAL ONE.

DON, TEXT *APRIL* AND LET HER KNOW WE'RE ON OUR WAY.

"TIME TO GET THE *TRUTH*."

"AND THAT'S *EVERYTHING* I KNOW SO FAR, GUYS..."

...THOSE DINOSAURS SHOWED UP SEEMINGLY OUT OF NOWHERE, AND YET SOMEHOW THE EPF WAS *WAITING* FOR THEM.

THE REST IS THE *SAME THING* YOU GUYS SAW ON TV. THEY HAD A *BIG FIGHT* AND THEN THE—TRICERATONS, RIGHT?—DISAPPEARED OUT OF SIGHT AS *FAST* AS THEY ARRIVED.

A TEMPORARY STATE OF AFFAIRS, I *ASSURE* YOU, MISS O'NEIL. MY *FLYBORGS* WILL LOCATE THEM SOON ENOUGH.

JUST A FEW MORE *ADJUSTMENTS*...

THIS... THIS JUST DOESN'T MAKE *ANY* SENSE.

WE'VE SEEN THE TRICERATONS IN ACTION, APRIL. THEY'RE FEROCIOUS WARRIORS, YEAH, BUT THEY'RE *HONORABLE* ONES, TOO.

YEAH—BUT BISHOP SURE AS HELL *AIN'T*. HOW MUCH YOU WANNA BET THAT CHUMP TOOK THE *FIRST SHOT?*

MAYBE THE TRICERATONS CAME HERE LOOKING FOR US? LIKE THEY NEED OUR *HELP* OR SOMETHING?

*HEY, ORANGE PEEL!*

YOU *BREAK* IT, YOU *BUY* IT! UNDERSTOOD?

*UM... YEAH, DUDE. SORRY.*

MAN, SCIENTISTS ARE SO *MEAN*.

ACTUALLY, MIKEY MIGHT BE *ON* TO SOMETHING. I MEAN, WE'RE REALLY THE *ONLY* DIRECT CONNECTION THE TRICERATONS HAVE TO EARTH *BESIDES* THE UTROMS.

MAYBE THEY *ARE* LOOKING FOR US.

WHICH MEANS *WE* NEED TO GET BUSY LOOKING FOR *THEM*.

HOPEFULLY WE CAN FIND THEM AND GET THINGS FIGURED OUT *BEFORE* THEY GET ANY WORSE.

I CAN *HELP* WITH THAT...

...JUST ONE LITTLE *FLIP* OF THE SWITCH AND...

...VOILA!

"LET THE *DINOSAUR HUNT* COMMENCE."

HERE—THIS WILL *ALERT* YOU WHEN THEY'VE FOUND SOMETHING. AND DO *NOT* LET THE ORANGE ONE TOUCH IT.

YOU'RE WELCOME.

AND NOW TO GET BACK TO *MORE IMPORTANT* BUSINESS.

WHICH IS?

DOCTOR STOCKMAN'S SPEARHEADING EFFORTS TO GET *SURVIVAL ESSENTIALS* TO CITIZENS WHO ARE STUCK IN THEIR HOMES DURING THE MANDATORY LOCKDOWN.

FOR *PROFIT*, OF COURSE.

NEVER LET A GOOD CRISIS GO TO *WASTE*, HEY, BAXTER?

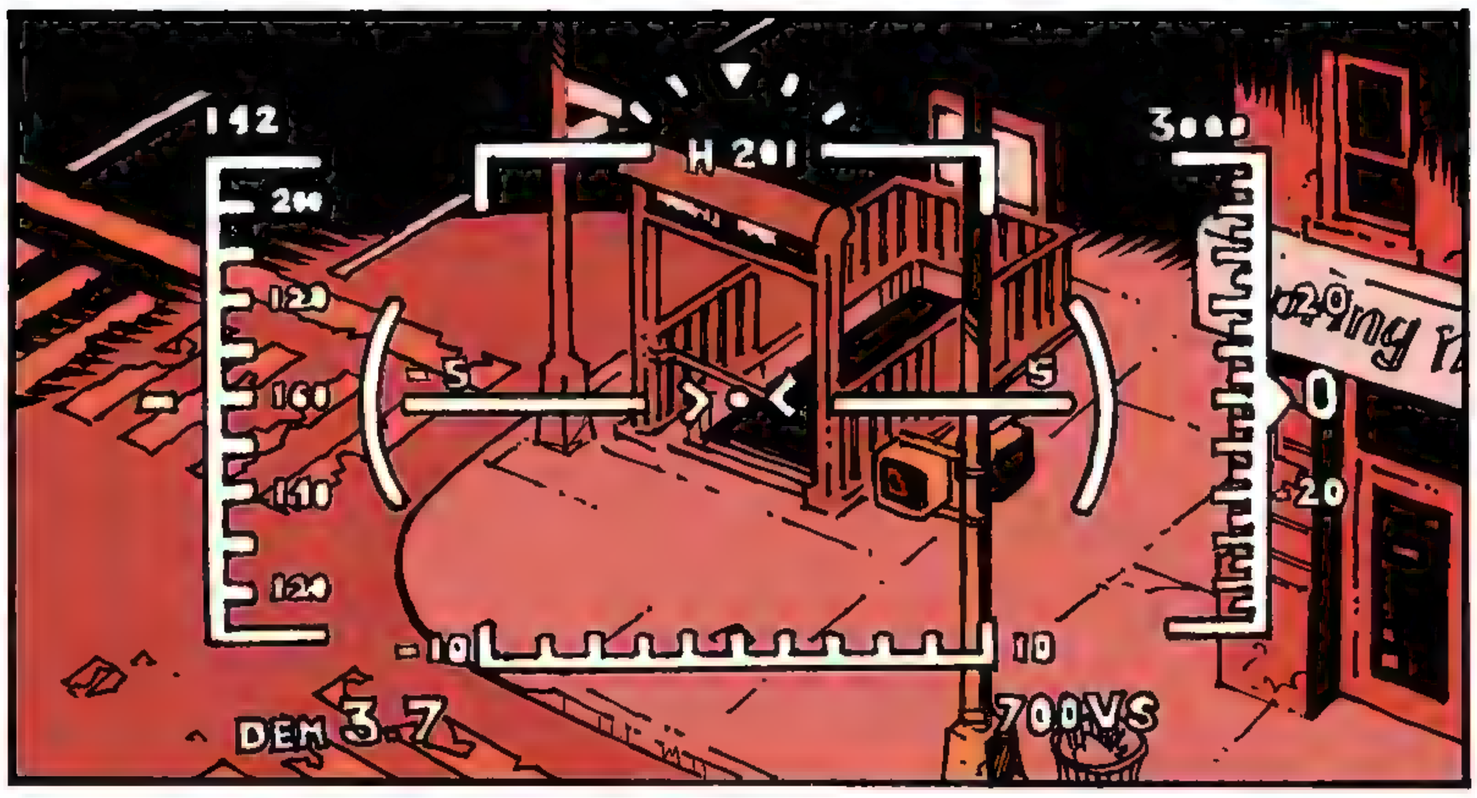
IT'S *CALLED* SUPPLY AND DEMAND, MY NAIVE FRIEND, AND IT'S *WHAT* MAKES THIS GREAT COUNTRY OF OURS RUN.

THERE'S *WAY MORE* IMPORTANT THINGS IN LIFE THAN MAKING *MONEY*, DUDE.

CAPITALISM 101.

YOU KNOW, I KEEP THINKING YOU MUTANTS WILL *GROW UP* TO REALITY SOMEDAY...

"...IT'S RARE THAT I'M SO *CONSISTENTLY* WRONG."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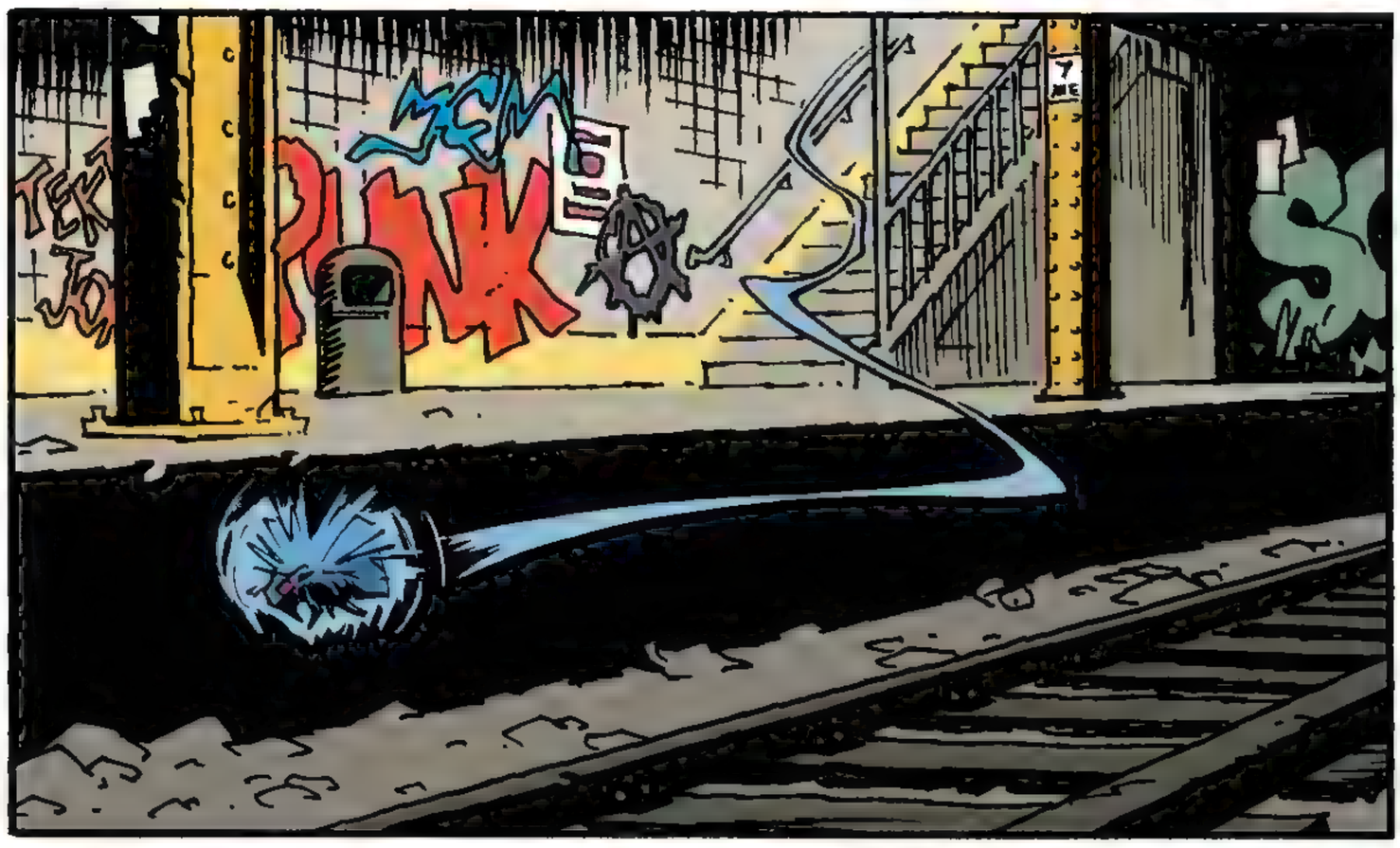
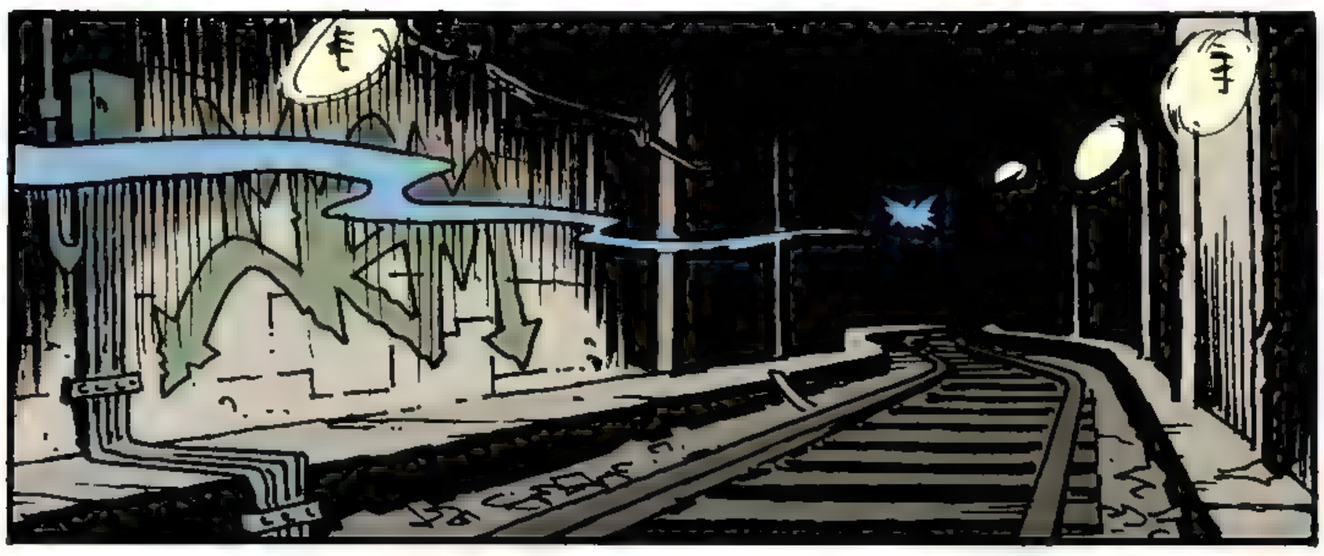
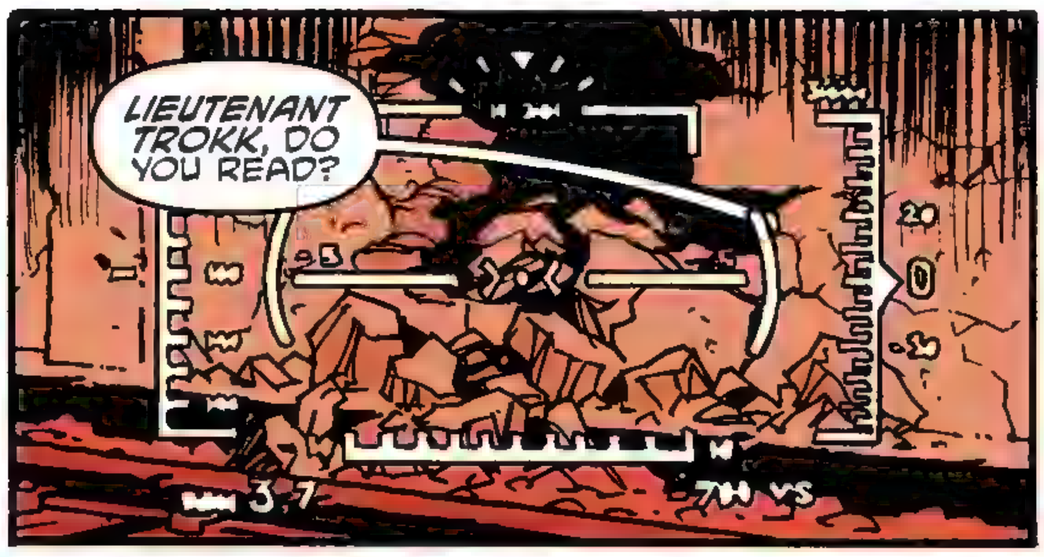

PUNK




LIEUTENANT TROKK, DO YOU READ?
3.7
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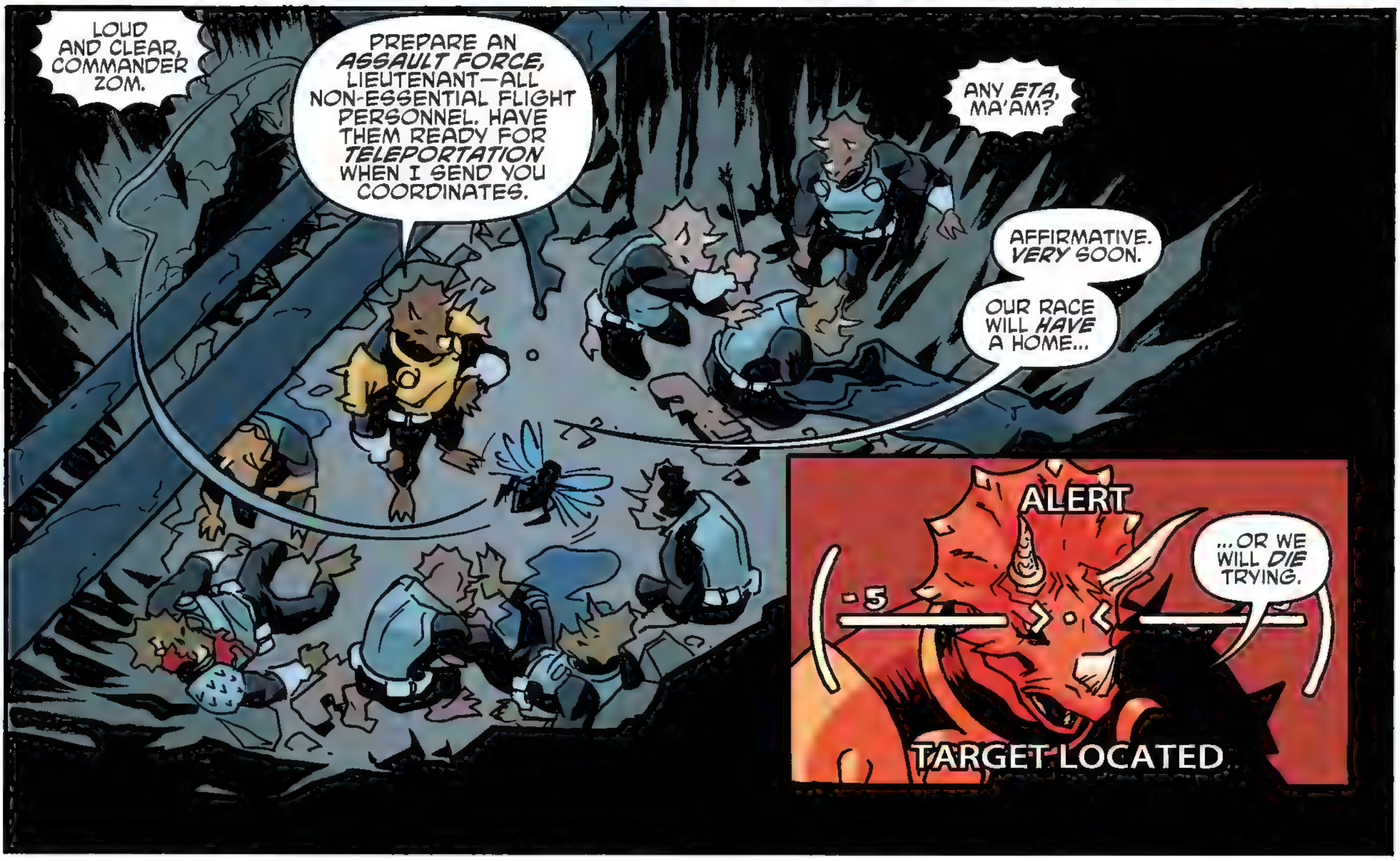

LOUD AND CLEAR, COMMANDER ZOM.
PREPARE AN ASSAULT FORCE, LIEUTENANT—ALL NON-ESSENTIAL FLIGHT PERSONNEL. HAVE THEM READY FOR TELEPORTATION WHEN I SEND YOU COORDINATES.
ANY ETA, MA'AM?
AFFIRMATIVE. VERY SOON.
OUR RACE WILL HAVE A HOME...
ALERT
-5
...OR WE WILL DIE TRYING.
TARGET LOCATED

OKAY. I'VE HAD JUST ABOUT *ENOUGH* OF THIS RIDICULOUS SUBTERFUGE. WHERE *AM* I?

AND WHAT IS THAT *SMELL*?

YOU ARE IN ONE OF OUR *FRONT BUSINESSES*. DUE TO YOUR SEMI-MECHANICAL CONSTRUCTION, WE CANNOT BE CERTAIN IF YOU HAVE A *TRACER* INSTALLED, SO WE HAVE KEPT YOU FAR FROM OUR *MORE SENSITIVE* LOCATIONS.

AND THAT SMELL WOULD BE *FRENCH FRIES*...

...WOULD YOU *CARE* FOR SOME?

I'LL PASS.

HOT DOGS

AS YOU WISH. I MUST INFORM YOU, HOWEVER—THOUGH *NOT* MY NORMAL CULINARY FARE, THEY *ARE* QUITE DELICIOUS.

AND STOPPING AT *ONE* IS NEARLY IMPOSSIBLE.

YES, WELL... I'LL HAVE TO TAKE YOUR *WORD* FOR IT.

DO YOU KNOW *WHO* I AM?

YES...

...THE PERTINENT DETAILS THAT *MATTER* TO ME, AT LEAST.

I KNOW YOU ARE CALLED *JOHN BISHOP*, AND THAT YOU SERVE THIS COUNTRY'S GOVERNMENT AS PART OF AN AGENCY WHOSE SOLE PURPOSE IS THE *ERADICATION* OF ALL NON-HUMANS.

IT'S *AGENT* BISHOP... AND THAT'S A *GROSS OVERSIMPLIFICATION* OF MY JOB.

THE TRUTH IS, I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR PROTECTING THE *ENTIRE PLANET*—NOT JUST THIS COUNTRY—FROM MONSTERS THAT WOULD DO MANKIND *HARM* IF LEFT UNCHECKED.

SO YOU *SAY*.

I ASSUME THEN, IF THAT *TRULY* IS YOUR OCCUPATION, THAT YOU ARE AWARE OF WHO *I* AM, YES?

WHO *AND* WHAT.

YOU'RE A MUTANT RAT CALLED *SPLINTER* THAT FASHIONS ITSELF A *MASTER* OF SOME THROWBACK CLANDESTINE *NINJA CABAL*.

THE EPF HAS *INTEL* ON YOUR OPERATIONS AND YOU'RE MOST *DEFINITELY* ON OUR MISSION RADAR... WE'VE JUST HAD *BIGGER FISH* TO FRY AS OF LATE, SO TO SPEAK.

HM.

JUST SO.

TELL ME, GIRL—HOW CAN YOU *LOWER* YOURSELF TO SUCH DEPTHS THAT YOU TAKE ORDERS FROM *FILTHY VERMIN?*

BASTARD...

...YOU DO *NOT* SPEAK OF MY MASTER WITH SUCH DISRESPECT!

*JENNIKA! NO!*

LOWER YOUR WEAPON AND STAND *DOWN*, *CHUNIN*.

THERE WILL BE *ANOTHER TIME* FOR SUCH THINGS.

*HAI*, MASTER.

INTERESTING. WHY NOT JUST LET HER *KILL* ME?

GIVEN THE *SAME* OPPORTUNITY, I WOULDN'T SPARE *YOU*.

PERHAPS NOT. AT THE MOMENT, HOWEVER, YOUR DEATH SERVES ME *NO* PRACTICAL PURPOSE.

AND KEEPING ME *ALIVE* DOES?

INDEED.

THE "BIGGER FISH" THAT YOU DESCRIBED—DO THEY NOW *INCLUDE* THE CREATURES YOU BATTLED EARLIER?

THE ALIEN DINOSAURS THAT NEARLY TOOK OUT A *PLATOON* OF MY SOLDIERS? I HOPE THAT'S A *RHETORICAL QUESTION*.

IT WAS—BUT *THIS* IS NOT.

ARE YOU AMICABLE TO FORMING A *TEMPORARY ALLIANCE* WITH MY FOOT CLAN IN ORDER TO *ELIMINATE* THE ALIEN THREAT FROM THIS CITY, AGENT BISHOP?

I... COME AGAIN?

UNDERSTAND, I DO NOT MAKE THIS REQUEST *EASILY*. IN FULL DISCLOSURE, I MAINTAIN *PLANS* FOR THIS CITY THAT ARE IN SOME WAYS WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL *PROFESSIONAL*, WHILE IN OTHER WAYS, VERY *PERSONAL*.

PLANS THAT I HAVE NO DOUBT WILL EVENTUALLY PIT OUR TWO ORGANIZATIONS *AGAINST* EACH OTHER.

HOWEVER, THESE ALIEN CREATURES POSE AN *UNEXPECTED* AND *DESTABILIZING* THREAT TO THE STATUS QUO I HAVE RECENTLY ESTABLISHED IN THIS CITY, WHICH IS *NECESSARY* TO SEE MY PLANS THROUGH TO FRUITION.

AND ULTIMATELY, I BELIEVE THEY MAY POSE A THREAT TO THE *WORLD* IF THEY ARE, AS YOU SAY, LEFT UNCHECKED.

THAT IS WHERE *YOU* COME INTO THE PICTURE, AGENT BISHOP. YOUR WAR MACHINE CAN FIGHT WITH THE TYPE OF OFFICIAL *IMPUNITY* MY FOOT CLAN CANNOT.

SEEK OUT YOUR *MASTERS* IN WASHINGTON. REQUEST APPROVAL TO STRIKE THESE CREATURES WITH *ALL* RESOURCES AVAILABLE TO YOU. *YOU* CAN REMOVE THE LARGER FORCE, WHICH WILL ALLOW *US* TO OPERATE IN THE SHADOWS.

AND IF I *AGREE* TO THIS RIDICULOUS PARTNERSHIP, WHAT *EXACTLY* DO YOU PROPOSE TO ACCOMPLISH "IN THE SHADOWS?"

SOMETHING I HAVE SOME *EXPERIENCE* IN—

"—I WILL *REMOVE* THE HEAD."

COMMANDER ZOM, THIS LIEUTENANT TROKK. I HAVE THE *COORDINATES* YOU SENT AND AWAIT YOUR ORDERS TO *INITIATE*, MA'AM.

GIVE US TEN MINUTES TO RETURN TO THE *SURFACE*, LIEUTENANT...

...THEN SEND *EVERYTHING*.

TEN MINUTES— COPY *THAT*, COMMANDER...

...FOR THE *HERD*!

YES, TROKK...

...FOR THE *HERD*.

COMMANDER ZOM!

WHAT ARE YOU *DOING* HERE?

AH, AT LAST— *FAMILIAR* FACES.

LOWER YOUR WEAPONS. THESE ARE OUR *REPTILIAN FRIENDS* FROM DIMENSION X.

IT IS *GOOD* TO SEE YOU AND YOUR BROTHERS AGAIN, LEONARDO. AND YOUR TIMING *COULDN'T* BE BETTER.

IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU, TOO, BUT... *WHY* ARE YOU HERE? TIMING FOR *WHAT?*

DON'T YOU KNOW? *KING ZENTER* AWARDED MY PEOPLE EARTH FOLLOWING OUR EFFORTS AGAINST THE *MALIGNOID SWARM* ON THE NEUTRINOS' BEHALF.

AWARDED?

WHAT'S *THAT* MEAN?

AND WHAT'S THE *STINKIN' HURRY* RIGHT NOW?

IT MEANS THAT WE HAVE FINALLY BEEN ALLOWED TO *RETURN* TO OUR HOME WORLD—THE PLACE FROM WHERE OUR ANCESTORS WERE *STOLEN.*

BUT... BUT THAT WAS A *LONG TIME AGO*, COMMANDER. A LOT HAS *CHANGED* SINCE THEN.

AND YOUR PEOPLE SHOWING UP *UNEXPECTEDLY* LIKE THIS IS GONNA CAUSE YOU A *TON* OF TROUBLE.

YEAH—YOU GOTTA *HOLD YOUR HORSES* FOR A SEC, COMMANDER, AND *RE-THINK* THIS, ESPECIALLY WITH THAT CHUMP *BISHOP* HOT FOR YOUR HIDES.

*AH*, YES—AGENT BISHOP. WE CAME OFFERING *PEACE* AND INSTEAD HE DREW *FIRST BLOOD*. AND THEN THE *RODENT-MAN* AND HIS *HOODED WARRIORS* ATTACKED US WITHOUT PROVOCATION.

THIS IS OUR *RIGHTFUL HOME*, BUT SO FAR WE'VE BEEN MADE TO FEEL VERY *UNWELCOME.*

WAIT. "RODENT-MAN?"

OH, MAN, DO YA *THINK...?*

BUT IT *DOESN'T MATTER* WHETHER WE ARE WELCOME OR NOT.

FAR TOO MANY TRICERATONS HAVE MADE THE *ULTIMATE SACRIFICE* OVER THE MILLENNIA IN THE HOPES THAT ONE DAY WE MIGHT HAVE OUR VERY OWN WORLD FOR US TO BE *DRIVEN AWAY* NOW.

NO...

...WE ARE HERE TO *STAY.*

*UM, GUYS... WE'RE GONNA NEED A BIGGER BOAT.*

SALE 20

art by KEVIN EASTMAN
colors by TOMI VARGA

art by NATHEN GRENO
colors by SABINE RICH

UNIVERSE #21
"HOW WOODY SPENT HIS TRICERATON INVASION"

# PIZZA

## "HOW WOODY SPENT HIS TRICERATON INVASION"

YO, WOODY! GOT A DELIVERY FOR YOU!

—WHILE OFFICIALS HAVE CONFIRMED THE TERRORIST ACTIVITY, THEY HAVE YET TO COMMENT ON EYEWITNESS ACCOUNTS STATING THE ATTACKERS ARE, IN FACT, "DINOSAUR GUYS"—

*HUH?* WHAT KIND OF WEIRDO ORDERS A PIZZA AT A TIME LIKE THIS?

I HEAR YOU, BRO, BUT THE ADDRESS IS ACROSS TOWN. WORLDS AWAY FROM THAT STUFF.

TYPICAL MEDIA HYSTERIA IF YOU ASK ME. MAKE SOME MONEY, I SAY.

RIGHT... I GUESS I KNOW THE NEIGHBORHOOD.

SOME, *UH, FRIENDS* OF MINE USED TO HANG THERE ALL THE TIME.

DRIVE SAFE, MAN. WATCH OUT FOR WEIRDOS!

*HEH.* BRO, YOU DON'T KNOW THE HALF OF...

...IT.

KRSH

EEP!

GIANT REPTILES!

WHY DID IT HAVE TO BE GIANT REPTILES?!

50 CC SINGLE-CYLINDER DON'T FAIL ME NOW!

VRR-VURRRR

GAH!

WOMP

HO–

–LEE

CANNO–

–LI!!!

2ND TIME AROUND
ANTIQUES

plutt-tut-tut-tut-tut-

2ND TIME AROUND
ANTIQUES

=HUF= =HUF=
=WHEEZE=

tut...tut

YOU MADE IT! GREAT! AND BEFORE MY WIFE GOT BACK FROM THE, *UH*, STORE.

I'M SUPPOSED TO BE ON A DIET, BUT THIS STUFF ON THE NEWS HAS ME STRESS-EATING, YOU KNOW?

DRIVE SAFE OUT THERE!

...

CLING CLANG

*SIGH* ALL THAT FOR *FIVE* BUCKS?

...MAYBE IT'S TIME I MOVED BACK TO PORTLAND?

THE END.

art by KELLY WILLIAMS

art by DAMIAN COUCEIRO

ISSUE #78

WASHINGTON, D.C.

"QUITE A *MESS* YOU'VE GOT THERE, JOHN."

*MY* MESS, SENATOR? HARDLY.

SENATOR
Robert J. Lawson
Michigan

THIS MESS WAS NOT MY DOING, BUT GIVEN THE NECESSARY RESOURCES, I'M MORE THAN HAPPY TO *CLEAN* IT UP.

IF NOT...

...THEN NEW YORK'S LITTLE PROBLEM IS GOING TO BELONG TO THE *ENTIRE WORLD* SOON.

*BURNE THOMPSON,* CHANNEL 6 NEWS, BRINGING YOU THIS *EXCLUSIVE* LIVE REPORT FROM THE FIERY HEART OF MANHATTAN, WHERE POLICE AND MILITARY FORCES CONTINUE TO BATTLE WITH AN AS-YET *UNIDENTIFIED* ENEMY.

HOTEL

LIVE

POLICE

PRESS

6

MANDATORY LOCKDOWN WIDENED

BURNE THOMPSON - CHANNEL 6 NEWS

IT'S BEEN NEARLY 24 HOURS SINCE UNKNOWN ASSAILANTS LAUNCHED THEIR *SECOND ATTACK* AGAINST NEW YORK CITY, ESCALATING WHAT HAD INITIALLY APPEARED TO BE AN ISOLATED TERRORIST INCIDENT INTO *FULL-SCALE URBAN WARFARE.*

CBGB

CBGB

6

DESPITE THE FACT AUTHORITIES HAVE SECURELY CORDONED OFF THE IMMEDIATE AREA OF CONFLICT—INCLUDING A STRICT *NO-FLY ZONE*—OUR CHANNEL 6 NEWS HELICOPTER HAS BEEN ABLE TO COLLECT SOME VIDEO FOOTAGE OF THE BATTLE TAKING PLACE.

THIS IS EARLIER FOOTAGE OF THE DESTRUCTION OF THE WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE.

THIS WAS THE FIRST OF A *NUMBER* OF BRIDGE EXPLOSIONS ACROSS MANHATTAN, AND UNCONFIRMED REPORTS INDICATE THAT THE *BROOKLYN BRIDGE* IS THE SOLE REMAINING CONDUIT TO THE ISLAND.

6 CHANNEL

NYC MYSTERY ATTACK

BURNE THOMPSON - CHANNEL 6 NEWS

POLICE

POLICE

THE FOLLOWING AMATEUR VIDEO WAS SENT TO OUR STUDIO AND APPEARS TO DEPICT ENEMY AIRCRAFT ENGAGED IN A *FIREFIGHT* WITH A BRAVE GROUP OF NEW YORK'S FINEST.

PAUSE

WE HAVE REACHED OUT TO A NUMBER OF MILITARY EXPERTS, BUT *NONE* HAVE BEEN ABLE TO SPECIFICALLY IDENTIFY THE TYPE OF CRAFT THE ATTACKERS ARE FLYING.

INSTEAD, TERMS SUCH AS *"EXOTIC"* AND *"FOREIGN ENGINEERED"* HAVE BEEN SUGGESTED.

AS FOR THE ATTACKERS THEMSELVES, THIS NEXT AMATEUR VIDEO SEEMS TO INDICATE THEY ARE IN POSSESSION OF ADVANCED SMALL ARMS AND BODY ARMOR—COMBAT GEAR *NOT EASILY ACCESSIBLE* TO NON-MILITARY PERSONNEL.

SOME WITNESSES ON THE GROUND HAVE GONE SO FAR AS TO SUGGEST THE GEAR—AS WELL AS THE ATTACKERS—APPEAR TO BE, QUOTE, ***ALIEN IN NATURE***... A NOTION POLICE OFFICIALS HAVE BEEN QUICK TO REFUTE.

LOOK—IT'S NORMAL FOR RUMORS TO SPREAD IN THIS KIND OF CHAOS, BUT IT'S ***NEVER HELPFUL.***

THE FACT OF THE MATTER IS THAT RIGHT NOW, WE ***DON'T KNOW*** IF THESE ARE FOREIGN TERRORISTS, HOME-GROWN, STREET GANG, MAFIA, OR EVEN SPACE ALIENS FOR THAT MATTER.

ALL WE KNOW IS BAD GUYS WITH BIG GUNS ARE ATTACKING OUR CITY RIGHT NOW AND WE'RE DOING ***EVERYTHING*** WE CAN IN CONJUNCTION WITH FEDERAL AND STATE AUTHORITIES TO MAKE THEM STOP.

POLICE

6 CHANNEL

MANDATORY LOCKDOWN WIDENED

DET. KARA LEWIS, NYPD

AND MY TEAM AND I WILL BE STANDING BY ON THE FRONTLINES TO BRING YOU ALL THE LATEST NEWS AND INFORMATION AS ***SOON*** AS IT BECOMES AVAILABLE...

6 6

...THIS IS *BURNE THOMPSON*, CHANNEL 6 NEWS, REPORTING.

HOTEL

LIVE

POLICE

6/6

PRESS

6

MANDATORY LOCKDOWN WIDENED

BURNE THOMPSON . CHANNEL 6 NEWS

AS YOU CAN SEE, WE'VE BEEN ABLE TO KEEP THE MEDIA NARRATIVE *IN CHECK* FOR THE MOST PART, BUT IN THIS AGE OF CELL PHONE CAMERAS AND THE INTERNET, THAT *WON'T* BE THE CASE FOR LONG, SENATOR.

THE ENEMY HAS ESTABLISHED A VERITABLE *BEACHHEAD* ON MANHATTAN, BUT THEY WON'T STAY PUT FOR LONG. THEIR REACH WILL SPREAD, AND WITH IT, PANIC—ONCE CIVILIANS BEGIN TO REALIZE *WHO* AND *WHAT* THE TRICERATONS *REALLY* ARE.

BUT, THAT DOESN'T *HAVE* TO BE THE CASE, SIR. YOU'RE THE SENIOR-MOST MEMBER OF THE DEFENSE INTELLIGENCE SUB-COMMITTEE—*YOU* HAVE THE INFLUENCE NECESSARY TO STEM THE LEAK BEFORE IT BECOMES A FLOOD.

PUSH MY REQUEST FOR *COMMAND AUTHORITY* AND *EXPANDED RESOURCES* THROUGH THE PERTINENT CHANNELS QUICKLY, AND I *ASSURE* YOU THE EPF WILL HANDLE THIS ALIEN SITUATION IN LIKE FASHION.

WE'RE READY TO *PROTECT* THIS PLANET, SENATOR LAWSON.

US AIR FORCE

ARE YOU?

AND *THAT'S* THE TWENTY-BILLION-DOLLAR QUESTION, ISN'T IT?

YOU KNOW, I *MET* YOUR FATHER ONCE, JOHN—BACK WHEN I WAS FLYING F-102S OUT OF SELFRIDGE FOR THE 1ST FIGHTER WING. I WAS A YOUNG CAPTAIN AND YOUR DAD WAS AT THE BASE, RECRUITING PILOTS FOR THE EPF.

I WAS ONE OF THE STICK JOCKEYS HE TRIED TO BRING INTO THE MIX. GOOD GUY—I REALLY LIKED HIM—BUT I ALREADY HAD POLITICAL ASPIRATIONS AT THE TIME AND *PASSED* ON HIS OFFER.

AND TO BE TOTALLY FRANK, I THOUGHT IT WAS THE MOST *PIE-IN-THE-SKY* THING I'D EVER HEARD OF IN MY LIFE.

GUESS THAT PIE'S ON *MY* FACE NOW, *HUH?*

YOU'LL HAVE YOUR MONEY, AGENT BISHOP, AND *WHATEVER ELSE* YOU NEED. I'LL SEE TO IT IMMEDIATELY.

YOU'VE MADE THE *RIGHT* DECISION, SENATOR.

GOD HELP ME, I *HOPE* SO—

"—BECAUSE THE BALL'S IN *YOUR* COURT NOW."

...*BURNE THOMPSON*, CHANNEL 6 NEWS, REPORTING.

IT LOOKS LIKE THIS *CRAZINESS* IS GETTING READY TO SPREAD, JOHN.

MAYBE WE SHOULDN'T HAVE IGNORED THE MANDATORY EVAC ORDER.

THE SECOND TIME AROUND SHOP!S

APRIL SAID STOCKMAN'S GOT SOMEONE ON THE WAY TO PICK US UP SOON, BETH. WE WON'T BE STUCK HERE MUCH LONGER.

BESIDES, THAT BURNE THOMPSON GUY'S SUCH A *GRANDSTANDER*. CRIPES, HOW CAN SOMEONE TALK SO MUCH AND SAY SO LITTLE?

WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO *REAL* INVESTIGATIVE JOURNALISM LIKE *YOU* USED TO DO, HON?

WELL, WE DIDN'T HAVE A 24-HOUR NEWS CYCLE TO CONSTANTLY FILL BACK THEN.

GAVE US A LITTLE MORE TIME TO *DIG DEEPER* BEFORE WE WENT PUBLIC.

*HA!* HACKS LIKE THOMPSON WOULDN'T KNOW HOW TO DIG EVEN IF SOMEONE *KNOCKED* THEM OVER THE HEAD WITH A SHOVEL.

THEY'RE ALL JUST A BUNCH OF *PROFESSIONAL SCRIPT READERS* THESE DAYS, TELLING US WHAT THEIR CORPORATE BOSSES *WANT* US TO HEAR.

CLICK

YOU KNOW, MR. RESTLESS, THERE'S A *REMOTE CONTROL* FOR TURNING THAT OLD THING OFF.

I KNOW. BUT AFTER ALL THOSE YEARS NOT BEING ABLE TO WALK ON MY OWN, *ANY* MOVEMENT IS NICE.

EVEN IF IT'S ONLY TUNING OUT THAT BLOWHARD AND HIS NON-NEWS.

YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT *APRIL*, *HUH?*

ME, TOO.

YEAH. I KNOW SHE CAN TAKE CARE OF HERSELF— AND SHE'S GOT *SOME POWERFUL FRIENDS* LOOKING OUT FOR HER—

—IT'S JUST... I DON'T TRUST *STOCKMAN* AS FAR AS I CAN THROW HIM.

AND I CAN'T HELP BUT WONDER—

"—WILL THE THREE OF US BE SAFER *THERE* THAN WE ARE *HERE?*"

SET DOWN HERE, *UDOK*...

...THIS IS THE LOCATION WE'RE *LOOKING* FOR.

KEEP AN *EYE* OUT—I NEED TO CALL THIS IN.

ROGER THAT, *CORPORAL* RAON.

COMMANDER ZOM, THIS IS RECONNAISSANCE TEAM BRAVO. WE'VE *REACHED* THE DESIGNATED COORDINATES. OVER.

GOOD TO HEAR, BRAVO. WE'LL BE *MOBILIZING* FROM THE ISLAND SOON. SET UP A FORWARD LOOKOUT POST AND *HOLD* THE FORT UNTIL WE GET THERE.

ZOM OUT.

HEY! *YOU!*

NO... PLEASE... I WASN'T DOIN' *NOTHIN'* WRONG.

WE'VE GOT A *SPY*, CORPORAL. ORDERS?

KILL HIM. THIS LOCATION IS NOW OFFICIALLY DECLARED *TRICERATON TERRITORY.*

TRICERATON TERRITORY? THAT'S FUNNY...

...LAST I HEARD, THIS 'HOOD BELONGED TO THE *PURPLE DRAGONS*.

NOW, WE'D ASK YOU POLITELY TO LEAVE.

'CEPT WHEN IT COMES TO TRESPASSERS, *POLITE* AIN'T EXACTLY OUR THING.

FIRE!
AGH!
LINK! YOU OKAY?!
YEAH... I'M GOOD, JONES.
JUST A BEE STING.
THEN PULL OUT THE DAMN STINGER AND HELP OLD LESTER!
C'MON... LESTER.
I DIDN'T DO NOTHIN', I SWEAR. I AIN'T NO SPY.
YEAH, YEAH... I KNOW, OLD MAN.

YO, HORNY TOAD, WHERE DO YOU THINK *YOU'RE* GO—

CHAKK

AW, CRUD.

WHAP

HUMAN WEAKLING.

WHA—

TONK

2U

I'LL SHOW YOU *WHO'S* TRESPASSING.

MALO! *NOW!*

ON IT!

Gasoline

FWIP

CHK

WHOOMP

GRAAGH!

RAON?

RAON!

NO...

IT BURNS!

NO!

KWAM

YOU *DEAF* OR SOMETHIN', DINOSAUR?

MY KID SAID YOU *AIN'T WELCOME* HERE.

MY GOD, ARE YOU *SEEING* THIS? I THINK THAT'S *CASEY* AND HIS FRIENDS. AND THEY'RE... THEY'RE FIGHTING *DINOSAUR MEN.*

HONEY... IS THE *VIDEO RECORDER* IN THE STORE CHARGED?

*UM,* YEAH... I THINK SO. WHY?

BETH?

*GOTTA GO!*

WHERE IS IT? WHERE IS IT? WHERE IS—

JURASSIC

The War of the Worlds

—*THERE* YOU ARE!

BETH— *WAIT!*

WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU GOING?! IT'S A *WARZONE* OUT THERE!

I KNOW IT IS, JOHN.

AND THAT'S WHY SOMEONE HAS TO DO SOME *REAL* JOURNALISM.

SONY

HM. GUESS YOU WANNA SETTLE THIS *MAN TO MAN*, HUH?

OR MAN TO *WHATEVER THE HELL* YOU ARE.

I AM A TRICERATON WARRIOR. THERE IS NO GREATER HONOR THAN TO *DIE* AT THE HANDS OF MY ENEMY.

AND NO GREATER REWARD THAN TO HAVE MY ENEMY...

...*DIE BY MINE!*

*HKKKGRK*

FWAK

*NAH...*

...THAT *AIN'T* HAPPENIN'.

SON.

POP.

RARR!

WHUMP

GUFF!

CRAK

FWAP

YO, DRAGONS. CHAIN THESE TWO UP BEFORE THEY GET *STUPID* AGAIN.

YOU HEARD THE MAN— *MOVE!*

LOOKS LIKE WE GOT US SOME *PRISONERS.*

YEAH... SOMEONE *IN CHARGE* NEEDS TO SEE THIS.

LOVE

Need Col 555-3

DUDE!

The

Citizens battle "Terrorist" in streets

2 nd_time_journo

Phones on sale

New York terror attack

Terrorists or aliens?

THAT THING'S ONLY BEEN ONLINE FOR A FEW HOURS AND IT'S ALREADY GOT LIKE *16,000 VIEWS*.

WHOEVER *2ND-TIME-JOURNO* IS, THEY'RE TOTALLY ABOUT TO GO VIRAL AND–WAIT.

IS THAT *CASEY*... AND *HUN?*

JONES WITH HUN? NO *FREAKIN'* WAY.

I DUNNO. THIS VIDEO DEFINITION IS PRETTY SHODDY, BUT IT *DOES* LOOK LIKE THEM TO ME.

GUYS, IF THIS VIDEO'S LEGIT, THE TRICERATONS ARE GETTING READY TO *EXPAND* THEIR FORCES CITYWIDE NOW.

THE ONES IN THIS VIDEO MUST'VE BEEN A *FORWARD TEAM* PROBING NEW AREAS OF OPERATION.

*HEH*. ALIENS PROBING. GET IT?

MIKE– THIS *AIN'T* THE TIME.

NO... IT'S *NOT*.

HE'S *READY* TO SEE ALL OF US NOW.

ALREADY? WE WERE STARTIN' TO *ENJOY* STANDIN' OUT HERE LIKE A BUNCHA *UNWELCOME* IDIOTS.

CHILL, RAPH. IT'S *STANDARD PROTOCOL* FOR THE CLAN MASTERS TO MEET FIRST. IT'S NOT PERSONAL.

WRONG. IT'S *ALL* PERSONAL.

WHAT'RE *YOU* LOOKIN' AT, CHUMP?

MAN, FATHER SURE HASN'T DONE ANY *NEW* DECORATING SINCE HE TOOK OVER, *HUH?*

WHAT WERE YOU *EXPECTIN'*, RUNT?

I DUNNO. LESS *DEATH STUFF*, I GUESS.

*AH, MY SONS!*

IT IS A *PLEASURE* TO SEE YOU ALL AGAIN.

DIDN'T SEEM LIKE THAT WHEN YOU HAD US *OUTSIDE* COOLIN' OUR HEELS.

*RAPH!*

DO NOT BE TOO HARSH ON YOUR BROTHER, LEONARDO— HIS *FRUSTRATION* IS UNDERSTANDABLE.

STILL, IT IS IMPORTANT TO REMEMBER—THOUGH SOME TRADITIONS MAY SEEM INCONVENIENT, IT IS NONETHELESS VITAL THAT WE *HONOR* THEM.

NOW, LEONARDO HAS TOLD ME THERE IS IMPORTANT BUSINESS FOR THE *FOOT CLAN* AND *CLAN HAMATO* TO DISCUSS—

—HOW MAY WE *HELP* YOU?

FATHER, IT'S ABOUT THE TRICERATONS. WE THINK... NO, WE *KNOW* THERE'S BEEN A HUGE MISUNDERSTANDING.

THEY DIDN'T COME HERE TO START A WAR. THEY JUST CAME LOOKING FOR A *HOME*... AND *PEACE*.

PEACE, LEONARDO? THEN *WHY* IS IT THEY ARE ATTACKING THE CITY AS WE SPEAK?

MAYBE 'CAUSE THAT PSYCHO BISHOP TOOK *POTSHOTS* AT THEM FIRST, AND THEN YOU HAD YOUR FOOT GOONS TRY TO *FINISH* THE JOB WITH SPEARS AND CHAINS.*

WE KNOW ALL ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED, FATHER—ZOM TOLD US *EVERYTHING*.

ZOM? SO, YOU HAVE *MET* THESE CREATURES?

*See TMNT #76 – B.C.

WE *ALREADY* KNEW WHO THEY WERE, FATHER—FROM *DIMENSION X*. THEY *HELPED* US WITH SOME PRETTY BIG PROBLEMS WE RAN INTO DURING KRANG'S TRIAL.

YEAH. THEY'RE TOTALLY *GOOD GUYS*.

AND BESIDES, THEY'RE *FROM* EARTH. THEY USED TO BE NORMAL DINOSAURS UNTIL KRANG *STOLE* 'EM AND TURNED 'EM INTO SPACE SOLDIERS.

WHICH IS PRECISELY MY CONCERN, MICHELANGELO. WHATEVER THESE CREATURES MAY HAVE *ONCE* BEEN, THEY ARE *NOW* FIERCE WARRIORS POSSESSED OF DEADLY SKILLS AND RESOURCES. AS SUCH, THEY POSE A *SIGNIFICANT THREAT* TO THIS CITY AND QUITE POSSIBLY THE WORLD.

THAT IS WHY I HAVE CHOSEN TO ACT IN A *PREEMPTIVE* FASHION. THEY MUST BE STOPPED BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.

THEN GIVE *US* A CHANCE TO STOP THEM, FATHER, WITHOUT ANY MORE FIGHTING. COMMANDER ZOM'S A FIERCE WARRIOR, BUT SHE'S ALSO HONORABLE.

IF WE CAN JUST *TALK* TO HER SOME MORE, *EXPLAIN* WHY EARTH MIGHT NOT BE THE RIGHT PLACE FOR HER PEOPLE, MAYB—

ENOUGH, LEONARDO. MY DECISION IS *FINAL*.

DECISION? *WHAT* DECISION?

THE DECISION THAT YOU AND YOUR BROTHERS WILL REMAIN SECURELY *WITHIN* THESE WALLS UNTIL THE DANGER POSED BY THESE TRICERATONS HAS *PASSED*, RAPHAEL.

THIS IS TOTALLY UNFAIR.

YOU GOTTA BE *KIDDIN'*. THERE AIN'T *NO WAY* WE'RE STAYIN' HERE.

THEY'RE RIGHT—IT MAKES *NO LOGICAL SENSE* TO KEEP US OUT OF THIS.

PLEASE, FATHER, YOU NEED TO *RECONSIDER*. WE CAN—

I SAID... *ENOUGH!*

YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND! THIS IS *WAR*, AND IN WAR, SOLDIERS *FIGHT* AND SOLDIERS *DIE*. AND I WILL *NOT* ALLOW MY SONS TO BECOME DEAD SOLDIERS—

—NOT WHILE I AM CAPABLE OF DOING THE PLANNING, THE FIGHTING, AND, IF NEED BE... THE *DYING* IN THEIR PLACE!

WAR, FATHER? WE KNOW WAR—WE JUST CAME *BACK* FROM ONE. WE'RE NOT *CHILDREN* ANY MORE.

FOR AS LONG AS I LIVE AND I BREATHE, *YOU ARE MY CHILDREN!*

YOU'RE—

*MASTER SPLINTER!*

MASTER, PLEASE FORGIVE MY INTERRUPTION. I HAVE *IMPORTANT* INTELLIGENCE.

I... YES, *JENNIKA*. VERY WELL...

...YOU MAY *SPEAK*, CHUNIN.

OUR SPIES IN THE FIELD HAVE REPORTED IN, MASTER.

OUR ALLY HAS *SUCCESSFULLY* OBTAINED THE RESOURCES HE SOUGHT...

"...AND HIS *ARMY* IS ON THE MOVE."

art by KEVIN EASTMAN
colors by TOMI LAREA

art by DAMIAN COUCEIRO

ISSUE #79

MANHATTAN ISLAND, NEW YORK CITY.

"MY GOD, JOHN, THIS HAS GONE *FAR BEYOND* A STREET FIGHT—

"—THIS IS *TOTAL WARFARE.*"

GRANDSTANDER OR NOT, BURNE THOMPSON WASN'T EXAGGERATING ABOUT *THAT*.

BETH, GET *AWAY* FROM THERE! YOU'LL GET YOURSELF KILLED!

I'M GETTING SOME GREAT *DOCUMENTATION* HERE, JOHN.

BESIDES, I'M PRETTY SURE THESE THINGS ARE *BULLET-PROOF*.

BULLET-PROOF?

I THINK BULLETS ARE THE *LEAST* OF OUR WORRIES.

YEAH...

"...YOU MIGHT BE *RIGHT*."

HON, CHECK THIS OUT. HAVE YOU EVER SEEN THAT *INSIGNIA* BEFORE?

*HM*... CAN'T SAY THAT I HAVE–

–SOME KIND OF OFFSHOOT TO *HOMELAND SECURITY*, MAYBE?

I DON'T KNOW. HOPEFULLY WE'LL GET SOME ANSWERS WHEN WE GET TO *TCRI*.

YOU MEAN "IF" WE GET THERE.

WE STILL HAVE TO *SURVIVE* OUR LITTLE AFTERNOON JAUNT THROUGH THE WAR OF THE WORLDS.

BUT IF WE DO, I'LL BE SURE THAT'S ONE OF THE *FIRST QUESTIONS* I ASK OL' BAXTER.

I'D ASK OUR DRIVER...

...BUT UNFORTUNATELY, I DON'T SPEAK *BINARY*.

*"INFERNAL MONSTROSITIES!"*

DID YOU *REALLY* THINK WE'D SIMPLY STEP ASIDE AND *GIVE* THIS WORLD TO YOU?

YOUR CLAIMS TO THIS PLANET ARE AS *EXTINCT* AS WE BELIEVED YOUR KIND TO BE.

HRGGLL...

AN OVERSIGHT MY KIND WILL *SOON* RECTIFY.

SNAP

I *ASSURE* YOU.

THUD

AGENT BISHOP, LOOK OUT!

AAGH!

BRRRTTT

COWARDLY EARTHLINGS, I'M GOING TO—

NO, CREATURE...

...YOU WON'T.

FWOKK

SIR, YOU REALLY SHOULD GET BACK TO THE COMMAND CENTER. ALL DUE RESPECT, YOU'RE GONNA GET YOURSELF *KILLED* OUT HERE.

NONSENSE, SOLDIER. THIS IS *EXACTLY* WHERE I WANT TO BE—IN THE THICK OF THE BATTLE FOR OUR PLANET...

...GETTING MY HANDS *DIRTY*.

"AGENT BISHOP IS A *FIRST-CLASS PSYCHOPATH...*"

...YOU'D HAVE TO BE *INSANE* TO THINK JOINING FORCES WITH HIM IS A GOOD IDEA, FATHER.

*RESPECT*, DONATELLO!

ONE DOES NOT SPEAK TO HIS CLAN MASTER IN *SUCH* A WAY.

YEAH, WELL, MAYBE "ONE" DOES WHEN HE AIN'T ACTUALLY *IN* YOUR CLAN, FATHER.

YOU DID EVERYTHING YOU COULD DO TO MAKE US FEEL *UNWELCOME*, REMEMBER? YOUR WAY OR THE HIGHWAY AND ALL THAT JUNK.

BUT THAT'S COOL, 'CAUSE WE GOT OUR *OWN* CLAN NOW.

SO WHY DON'T YOU SHOW *CLAN HAMATO* SOME RESPECT BY TELLIN' US EXACTLY WHAT THE HELL YOU'RE UP TO WITH THOSE *EPF* CLOWNS.

I MAY NOT BE YOUR CLAN MASTER ANY LONGER, RAPHAEL, BUT I AM *STILL* YOUR FATHER, AND YOU WILL *NOT* SPEAK TO ME WITH THAT TONE.

CLAN MASTER... FATHER... SOUNDS LIKE YOU WANT YOUR CAKE *AND* YOU WANNA EAT IT, TOO.

SORRY. THAT' AIN'T GONNA *FLY* TODAY.

RAPHAEL, I RECOMMEND THAT YOU *STAND DOWN*. IMMEDIATELY.

OR *WHAT*... DAD?

RAPH!

BACK *OFF*, MAN.

BUT—

JUST STOP. WE'RE ALL AS FRUSTRATED AS YOU ARE, BUT US FIGHTING LIKE THIS IS AS *CRAZY* AS THE FOOT JOINING UP WITH THE EPF.

IT IS A SHAME YOU MUST RESORT TO *PHYSICAL INTERVENTION* TO CONTROL YOUR SOLDIERS.

I AM *DISAPPOINTED*, LEONARDO.

THESE SOLDIERS ARE MY *BROTHERS*— AND YOUR *SONS*, AS YOU JUST REMINDED RAPH.

AND WE WOULD RESPECTFULLY ASK *WHY* YOU'VE DECIDED TO ALLY YOURSELF WITH THE SAME GROUP WHO MAKES IT A HABIT OF TRYING TO *KILL* US, FATHER.

THIS DISCUSSION IS *OVER*.

*CHUNIN*, BE SURE SUITABLE SECURITY IS IN PLACE TO *PROTECT* OUR GUESTS, THEN REPORT TO ME.

*HAI*, MASTER.

PROTECT US, MY—

*HALT*.

YOU'RE REALLY GONNA *BLOCK* MY WAY? YOU FOOT PUNKS FORGET HOW THIS *NORMALLY* GOES DOWN BETWEEN US?

NEED A REMINDER?

*RAPH!*

I SAID, *BACK OFF*.

WHATEVER.

JENNIKA, YOU CAN'T BE OKAY WITH THIS. I KNOW YOU WANT TO BE LOYAL TO MASTER SPLINTER, BUT HE'S GOT THE FOOT CLAN ON THE COMPLETELY *WRONG SIDE* OF THIS THING.

YOU KNOW THAT, DON'T YOU?

I...

IT'S GONNA BE *OKAY*, JENNIKA.

W-WHAT?

NO, REALLY— IT'S OKAY TO *DOUBT* FATHER. IT DOESN'T MAKE YOU A *BAD PERSON* OR ANYTHING.

I USED TO THINK THE *SAME* THING, BUT I'VE GOT A GOOD FRIEND WHO'S A PSYCHIATRIST, AND HE TOLD ME I WAS WORRYING FOR *NOTHING*.*

*See TMNT/Ghostbusters 2 – B.C.

HE TOLD ME FATHER'S JUST A NORMAL PERSON, LIKE THE REST OF US, AND NORMAL PEOPLE MAKE *MISTAKES*... JUST LIKE HE'S DOING RIGHT NOW.

HE DOESN'T *GET* THAT THE TRICERATONS AREN'T BAD GUYS AND HE'S TRYING TO KEEP US SAFE AND STUFF.

BUT HE'S *WRONG* AND IT'S TOTALLY OKAY FOR US TO THINK SO—

—AND IT'S TOTALLY OKAY FOR YOU TO HELP US *SHOW* HIM THAT.

MIKEY'S RIGHT. YOU'RE A GREAT *CHUNIN* AND FATHER'S LUCKY TO HAVE YOU.

BUT IF YOU FOLLOW HIM BLINDLY, YOU'RE NOT SERVING HIM THE WAY HE ***REALLY*** NEEDS.

IF YOU ***ALWAYS*** FOLLOW HIS ORDERS BECAUSE YOU THINK THAT'S THE RIGHT THING TO DO, THEN YOU FAIL HIM WHEN HIS ORDERS ***AREN'T*** RIGHT.

HE NEEDS YOUR ***HELP*** NOW.

I NEED YOUR HELP, JENNY.

***WE*** NEED YOUR HELP.

OKAY... ***HYPOTHETICALLY SPEAKING***, MAYBE MASTER SPLINTER HAS MADE A PACT WITH AGENT BISHOP TO SAVE THE CITY FROM THE TRICERATONS.

AND ***MAYBE*** WHILE THE EPF IS ATTACKING THEIR MAIN FORCE, MASTER SPLINTER WILL LEAD A TEAM OF ELITE FOOT SOLDIERS TO INFILTRATE THE TRICERATON COMMAND CENTER.

AND MAYBE I'M GOING TO MAKE A CHANGE OF GUARDS IN A FEW MINUTES, LEAVING THIS ROOM ***UNSECURED***. AND THEN, JUST MAYBE...

MAYBE WHAT?

MAYBE SOMEONE WILL BE ABLE TO ***STOP*** MASTER SPLINTER BEFORE HE KILLS COMMANDER ZOM.

*"WHY SO SURPRISED?"*

AFTER ALL, YOU WERE AN *INTEGRAL COMPONENT* OF OUR OOZE RESEARCH AT STOCKGEN PRIOR TO YOUR UNFORTUNATE STROKE.

AND THE VERY FACT THAT YOU APPEAR THE PICTURE OF EXCELLENT HEALTH NOW—NOT TO MENTION YOUR DAUGHTER'S CLOSE COMPANY WITH WALKING, TALKING TERRAPINS—SHOULD HAVE CLUED YOU INTO THE *ADVANCES* I'VE MADE SINCE YOUR EARLY RETIREMENT, DR. O'NEIL.

PLEASE... JUST *JOHN*.

AND, YES, I'VE SEEN WITH MY OWN EYES HOW *FAR* YOU'VE COME IN YOUR RESEARCH, BAXTER—

RESEARCH *AND* DEVELOPMENT, ACTUALLY.

—I JUST CAN'T DECIDE IF I SHOULD BE *AMAZED* OR *HORRIFIED* BY WHAT I CONTINUE TO OBSERVE.

SPEAKING OF HORRIFYING, THE FIGHTING IN THE CITY HAS TAKEN A *TERRIBLE* TURN.

WE CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH FOR SENDING THOSE VEHICLES TO BRING US *HERE*, DR. STOCKMAN.

HE'S ACTUALLY GOT AN *ENTIRE FLEET* BUSY WITH THE EVACUATION EFFORT, MOM.

REALLY? THAT'S MIGHTY *BENEVOLENT* OF YOU, BAXTER.

HE'S NOT DOING IT FOR *FREE*, DAD.

AM I TO BE BLAMED THAT THE CITY SEES THE *VALUE* OF THE RESOURCES I HAVE AVAILABLE TO AID IT IN ITS TIME OF NEED?

THE NAME MAY HAVE CHANGED, BUT TCRI IS *NO LESS* A FOR-PROFIT ENDEAVOR THAN STOCKGEN EVER WAS—INTERPLANETARY WAR OR NO.

NOW, IF YOU WILL ALL *EXCUSE* ME, I HAVE MY WEEKLY STOCKHOLDER CALL TO ATTEND TO.

MISS O'NEIL, I'M CONFIDENT YOU'LL DO YOUR *BEST* TO MAKE YOUR PARENTS FEEL AT HOME.

SURE, DOCTOR.

IS THERE *NOTHING* THAT MAN WON'T DO TO BENEFIT HIMSELF?

AT LEAST PEOPLE ARE GETTING OUT OF THE CITY SAFELY, JOHN. THAT'S WHAT *REALLY* MATTERS.

SO THINGS ARE REALLY *BAD* OUT THERE, *HUH?* HOW'S THE STORE?

WELL, THE STORE'S OKAY FOR NOW. WE *DID* HAVE A BIT OF AN EPISODE JUST BEFORE WE LEFT, BUT CASEY AND HIS FRIENDS TOOK CARE OF IT. IT...

...IT WASN'T PLEASANT.

CASEY?

YEP. THAT'S ONE *STUBBORN* YOUNG MAN—DETERMINED TO KEEP OUR NEIGHBORHOOD SAFE NO MATTER WHAT.

I KNOW THE TURTLES TOLD YOU THESE ALIENS AREN'T HERE MALICIOUSLY, KIDDO, BUT IT SURE *LOOKED* THAT WAY WHEN WE SAW THEM.

INSTEAD OF RUNNING THE GLORIFIED SHUTTLE BUSINESS HE'S GOT GOING, MAYBE YOUR BOSS SHOULD BE SPENDING MORE TIME FIGURING OUT A WAY TO GET THE TRICERATONS *OUT* OF TOWN SO THEY CAN PICK ON *SOMEONE ELSE* INSTEAD.

DAD... YOU'RE A *GENIUS!*

SORRY, GOTTA *RUN!*

LIKE MOTHER, LIKE DAUGHTER.

RUN!

CRAP!

WHAT ARE THOSE DUDES *DOING?!*

DON'T THEY KNOW WE'RE ON THEIR SIDE?

IT'S THE *FOG OF WAR*, MIKE.

THERE'S BOUND TO BE *SOME* FRIENDLY FIRE.

HOWAR

FOG, MY TURTLE BUTT. THOSE GUYS ARE JUST SHOOTING AT *ANYTHING* THAT MOVES RIGHT N–

BLAMM

*GET DOWN!*

OKAY, WHO THE HELL'S SHOOTIN' AT US *NOW?*

NOT AT *US*. LOOK–

BLAMM

"–AN *EPF SNIPER!*"

*HRGK!*

OH, MAN, HE'S TEARIN' 'EM *APART* DOWN THERE.

NOT FOR LONG. COME ON.

shk shk
GYAH! MY ARM!
WHAT THE—
FWOOMP
COMMAND, THIS IS BRAVO TEAM! WE'VE GOT *BOGEYS* IN THE NEST!
SAY AGAIN, BOGEYS IN THE NE—
GNFF!
WHOMP
RAHH!
BAM BAM BAM
KRAK
BRRPP
BRRPP
CHNK
WHA—
WHAK
WHO'S SHOOTIN' NOW, HUH, CHUMPS?

BUDDA BUDDA

GAH!

YOU JUST *HAD* TO ASK, RAPH!

TAKE COVER!

YOU KEEP SAYIN' THE *OBVIOUS*, BRO!

OKAY—WE ALL AGREE THAT'S TOTALLY *NOT* FRIENDLY FIRE, RIGHT?

YEAH. BUT WHERE THE HECK *ARE* THEY?

WHAT? APRIL? IS THAT *YOU?*

*THERE!*

KINDA *NOISY* HERE, APRIL! YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO TALK LOUDER!

*HERE THEY COME!*

GET READY TO *FIGHT*, GUYS.

AGAIN WITH THE *OBVIOUS*, BRO.

MAN, THIS WHOLE THING'S TURNED INTO A BIG, UGLY *MESS*.

YEAH... IT HAS.

BUT IT'S NOT *OUR* MESS. AND IT'S NOT THE *TRICERATONS'* MESS OR THE *FOOT CLAN'S* MESS.

THIS MESS BELONGS TO *SOMEBODY ELSE*, AND APRIL HAS A PLAN FOR *THEM* TO CLEAN IT UP.

THEN WE BETTER GET *MOVING*, FELLAS.

OBVIOUSLY.

*HEH.*

"VICTORY IS *INEVITABLE*..."

...THESE HUMANS HAVE PUT UP A GOOD FIGHT, BUT THE TIDE TURNS IN *OUR* FAVOR.

AFTER ALL, THEY MAY BE WELL-TRAINED, BUT WE WERE *BORN* FOR THIS.

ONCE WE HAVE CONTROL OF THIS METROPOLIS, THEY WILL HAVE *NO CHOICE* BUT TO BARGAIN A TRUCE.

WE WILL MAKE THIS OUR FIRST *PERMANENT TERRITORY*. THE FIRST OF MANY.

AND IN TIME, THE *STRONGEST* EARTHLINGS WILL RULE THIS PLANET.

PERHAPS, COMMANDER ZOM...

...BUT FIRST YOU MUST SURVIVE *THIS* DAY.

AND THAT'S WHY *WE'RE* HERE...

...TO MAKE SURE THAT SHE *DOES*, FATHER.

art by KEVIN EASTMAN
colors by TOMI VARGA

art by FREDDIE E. WILLIAMS II
colors by JEREMY COLWELL

UNIVERSE #21
"LOST CAUSES"

INTRUDERS!

NO ONE KNOWS PRECISELY WHAT HAPPENED.

IT DEPENDS ON WHO YOU ASK.

AND WHO YOU *TRUST.*

WE COME IN–

zPOW

AFTER THEIR FAILED ATTEMPT TO LIVE AMONG HUMANS, THE TRICERATONS HAD NOWHERE TO GO. IN DESPERATION, THEY SOUGHT REFUGE AMONG THEIR AGE-OLD ENEMIES.

BUT THE UTROMS HAD NO TRUE LEADERSHIP. THE DEATH OF KRANG LEFT THEM WITH A CHAOTIC ALLIANCE. AND COMPETING INTERESTS.

MA'RIELL—AN UTROM SCIENTIST—HAD BROKERED THE TRICERATONS' ARRIVAL ON BURNOW ISLAND. SHE INSISTS SHE CLEARED IT WITH THE UTROMS' MILITARY LEADERS.

THE MILITARY LEADERS SAY OTHERWISE.

YOU HAVE TO STOP THIS, LIEUTENANT KLEVE!

STOP WHAT? *VICTORY?* I'M DEFENDING OUR PEOPLE. AS KRANG WOULD DO. OR CH'RELL.

KRANG IS *DEAD*. AND MY DEAR BROTHER CH'RELL IS A WAR CRIMINAL, WHO WOULD BE IN *PRISON* IF HE WEREN'T KEPT IN *STASIS*.

BUT KLEVE IS RIGHT ABOUT ONE THING; WE *DO* NEED TO DEFEND OUR PEOPLE. JUST NOT FROM THE *TRICERATONS*.

THIS ISLAND HAS EXTRAORDINARY DEFENSIVE CAPABILITIES, BUT THERE AREN'T ENOUGH OF US TO SUSTAIN AND OPERATE THEM.

THE TRICERATONS WERE A VALUABLE RESOURCE ONCE, AND COULD BE AGAIN... IF WE TREAT THEM AS *ALLIES* AND NOT AS OUR *SLAVES*.

THEY– THEY'VE STOPPED FIRING! WHAT ARE YOUR ORDERS, COMMANDER ZOM?

THROW DOWN YOUR WEAPONS.

BUT– *NO!* THEY *ATTACKED* US! WE MUST FIGHT BACK WITH EVERY–

WE *ALWAYS* FIGHT BACK WITH EVERY BREATH. GIVE NO QUARTER. TRY TO BLUDGEON OUR WAY TO PROSPERITY. AND WHERE HAS IT LED US?

SO *THROW DOWN YOUR WEAPONS.* AS I SAID BEFORE...

WE COME IN *PEACE.*

THE UTROMS PLACED MA'RIELL IN CHARGE OF "TRICERATON INTEGRATION."

SHE TREATED THEM AS REFUGEES AND NOT ENEMIES. REGISTERED THEM. PROVIDED TEMPORARY QUARTERS UNTIL THEY COULD BROKER A PERMANENT TRUCE.

NAME?

DREL. THIRD BATTALION TRICERATON SOLARTROOPER.

I DON'T NEED YOUR *MILITARY RECORD*, TRICERATON. JUST YOUR NAME WILL—

THIRD BATTALION. I LOST MY *HOME* TO YOU PEOPLE.

HOW NICE. THAT YOU *HAD* A HOME TO *LOSE*.

THE TRICERATONS HAVE *FOREVER* BEEN SLAVES AND REFUGEES.

SO YOU'LL FORGIVE ME IF–

I WILL NOT BE LECTURED TO BY SOME *SCIENCE EXPERIMENT* GONE *WRONG*. IF YOU THINK–

ENOUGH!

YOU'RE DONE. GO CALM DOWN. AND THEN REPORT FOR *CUSTODIAL DUTY*.

TENSIONS WERE HIGH, ON BOTH SIDES. THEY NEEDED A NEUTRAL MEDIATOR. A SKILLED AND EXPERIENCED NEGOTIATOR, WHO COULD DEFUSE THEIR AGE-OLD ANGER, AND CAREFULLY GUIDE THEM TO PEACE.

BUT INSTEAD THEY GOT *ME*.

*UHM... HEY.*

SORRY I'M LATE.

THERE'S NO NEED TO APOLOGIZE. I'VE SUFFERED DEEPER WOUNDS DURING *SPARRING* SESSIONS.

I'M MORE CONCERNED ABOUT THE DAMAGE CAUSED TO OUR FLEDGLING ALLIANCE.

YES. FINDING PEACE WAS ALREADY GOING TO BE DIFFICULT. NOW IT MAY BE IMPOSSIBLE.

NO. NOT IMPOSSIBLE.

WE CAN *NOT* GO INTO THIS VIEWING IT AS A LOST CAUSE.

OF COURSE... *NEARLY* IMPOSSIBLE, THEN.

WELL, HEY, AT LEAST YOU AGREE ON *THAT!*

SORRY. JUST... JUST TRYING TO LIGHTEN THE MOOD.

WE DIDN'T BRING YOU HERE TO *SHIFT* OUR *EMOTIONAL HUE*, TURTLE.

WE'RE ATTEMPTING TO OVERCOME SEVERAL LIFETIMES OF HATRED AND DISTRUST.

THE RISK OF SABOTAGE IS HIGH...

"...AND I FEAR *ANY* DISRUPTION WILL FUEL THE DISSENT AND TOPPLE THIS FRAGILE CEASEFIRE."

CALLS YOU A *WAR CRIMINAL*... SAYS YOU SHOULD BE IN PRISON...

I'LL SHOW HER. WE *BOTH* WILL, CH'RELL. JUST AS SOON AS I... DISABLE THESE DAMN LOCKS...

GHAA!

NO! THIS *HAS* TO WORK!

WE *NEED* YOUR LEADERSHIP, COLONEL CH'RELL.

"MA'RIELL AND HER ALLIES HAVE WEEDED OUT EVERY LOYALIST BUT ME.

"AND I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN *SAVE* OUR PEOPLE ALONE."

BUT I SUPPOSE I'LL HAVE TO *TRY*.

LET'S TRY TO START WITH THE MOST PRESSING ISSUE. WHICH IS–

...FOOD SUPPLY. TRICERATONS, LIKE OUR EARTH-BOUND ANCESTORS, ARE HERBIVORES.

OUTSIDE VEGETATION WOULD DIE IN THIS TERRAFORMED ENVIRONMENT, SO WE MUST INSTEAD GROW IT HERE.

YOU'VE SET ASIDE A FIELD– *UNITY FIELD*–FOR OUR NEEDS.

BUT THE SOIL IS ROCKY, AND THE SPACE MAY NOT BE ENOUGH. A LARGER AREA–

MAY NOT BE *POSSIBLE*.

LET'S... LET'S *TABLE* YOUR AREA REQUIREMENTS FOR NOW, AND–

–AND ADDRESS *SECURITY* CONCERNS.

FOOD *IS* A SECURITY CONCERN!

NOT FOR US IT–

YES, LIEUTENANT, IT IS!

THERE WILL *BE* NO SECURITY UNTIL EVERYONE'S *BASIC NEEDS* ARE MET.

LET'S... LET'S FOCUS ON THE CROPS *THEMSELVES*. I'M TOLD TRICERATON AND UTROM SCIENTISTS ARE WORKING TOGETHER ON THE ISSUE.

MA'RIELL, CAN YOU TELL US WHAT KIND OF PROGRESS THEY'VE MADE?

VERY, VERY *LITTLE*.

THERE'S VIRTUALLY NO CHANCE CROPS WILL GROW IN THIS SOIL.

YOU'LL MAKE IT GROW. JUST AS YOU TRICERATONS ALWAYS HAVE BEFORE.

DURING THE WAR, ANY TIME YOU CAPTURED TERRITORY FROM US, THE FIRST THING YOU DID WAS SET UP A FOOD SUPPLY– IN *ANY* CONDITIONS.

AND WE COULD *NEVER* FIGURE OUT HOW.

I... I'M SORRY. BUT I CAN'T TELL YOU.

THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE A PARTNERSHIP, YOT. A NEW ERA BETWEEN OUR RACES, AND ALL OF THAT.

IF YOU STILL WON'T SHARE YOUR LITTLE SCIENTIFIC SECRETS, THEN HOW DO YOU EXPECT THIS TO–

*TRUST ME*, CHURK.

IT'S NOT AN OPTION, HERE.

BUT I KNOW HE'LL KEEP *ASKING*. AND EVENTUALLY I'LL ANSWER.

IF ONLY TO SEE THAT *SMUG* UTROM LOOK DISAPPEAR, FOR A MOMENT OR TWO.

THIS WAS A MISTAKE, DREL. COMING TO THIS FORSAKEN ISLAND, ON THIS FORSAKEN PLANET.

I HATE THIS PLACE. THIS TINY ROOM, WITH NO WINDOWS. THIS—

YOU'RE COMPLAINING ABOUT THE *WINDOWS* WHEN WE HAVE LIMITED RATIONS AND NO *FOOD SUPPLY?*

I JUST... I JUST THOUGHT IT WOULD BE *BETTER*, HERE ON EARTH. IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE BETTER.

IT *WILL* BE, YOT. THE UTROMS STILL SEE US AS BENEATH THEM.

BUT WE'LL MAKE THEM *SEE* HOW MUCH THINGS HAVE CHANGED.

OH, I SEE *PERFECTLY.*

THESE CONSTANT DEMANDS FOR A LARGER FIELD. FOR MORE LIVING SPACE.

IT'S *CLEARLY* JUST A WAY TO MAKE US CEDE *MORE LAND*. TO GIVE YOUR RACE A STRATEGIC ADVANTAGE, WHEN–

WHEN WHAT? WE ARE NOT PREPARING FOR WAR!

AND I'M SURE MA'RIELL *AGREES* THAT–

NO. I DON'T.

I WANT THIS TO WORK. BUT I HAVE TO THINK ABOUT MY PEOPLE.

THIS IS A SMALL ISLAND, AND I'M VERY UNCOMFORTABLE GIVING YOU EVER MORE LAND, BEFORE WE'VE EXHAUSTED ALL OTHER OPTIONS.

"OUR SCIENTISTS ARE MAKING PROGRESS.

"THERE'S REASON FOR HOPE."

THEY'RE MAKING PROGRESS IN THE *LABS*. BUT NOT IN THE *FIELD*. AND–

LET'S, LET'S JUST TABLE THIS FOR–

WE CAN NOT TABLE *EVERYTHING*, TURTLE!

I TRIED TO TELL MYSELF THAT MA'RIELL WAS RIGHT. THERE WAS REASON FOR *HOPE*...

...NO MATTER HOW *SHORT-LIVED.*

YOU WON'T CEDE MORE LAND, UTROM?

THEN WE'LL *TAKE IT ALL.*

AND ONCE YOU'RE GONE, MA'RIELL AND HER CRONIES WILL BE SO MUCH EASIER TO DEFEAT.

YOU FOOL. I KNOW THE TRICERATONS' BATTLE TACTICS...

HI!

YOU'RE USED TO FIGHTING *WOMEN* AND *CHILDREN!*

YOU THINK I'D BRING A WEAPON THAT COULD BE SO EASILY TURNED AGAINST ME? I KNOW HOW DECEITFUL THE UTROMS ARE.

CRACK

NO MATTER.

HEH... SEE YOU AT THE NEGOTIATING TABLE.

LIEUTENANT! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? WHO DID THIS TO YOU?

I'M AFRAID I NEVER SAW HIS FACE. BUT IT COULD HAVE BEEN ANY OF THEM.

SUCH A HORRID LITTLE RACE.

VIOLENT. DUPLICITOUS. *DISTRUSTFUL.*

BUT WE DON'T. AND SO THEY CANNOT.

MA'RIELL! *CONTROL* YOUR PEOPLE!

*WAIT!*

IF WE *KNEW* WHO MY ASSAILANT WAS, THEN PERHAPS HE COULD BE DETAINED AND THESE NEGOTIATIONS COULD CONTINUE.

IT CAN'T END LIKE THIS!

LIEUTENANT KLEVE WAS LYING. I WAS *CERTAIN* OF IT.

CAM 08

HE CLAIMED HE NEVER SAW HIS ATTACKER'S FACE. BUT HE WAS STABBED IN HIS *FRONT*, AND SUCCESSFULLY FENDED OFF THE ATTACK.

IT DIDN'T ADD UP. SO I DID WHAT ANYONE IN MY POSITION WOULD DO...

...I TAPPED INTO BURNOW ISLAND'S SECURITY CAMERAS...

...AND I BEGAN TO TRACK KLEVE'S EVERY MOVE.

MA'RIELL MANAGED TO CONVINCE MOST OF HER DELEGATION TO RETURN TO THE NEGOTIATING TABLE.

SO I SPLIT MY TIME BETWEEN THE NEGOTIATIONS AND MY INVESTIGATION.

FIND A WAY TO BUILD THE FIELD *UPWARDS*. OR GROW CROPS ON THE WATER.

WE FIND INNOVATIVE SOLUTIONS THAT WORKS FOR BOTH SIDES.

I WONDERED, AT TIMES, IF I WAS IMAGINING THINGS; IF MY HELPLESSNESS HAD LED ME TO *INVENT* A PROBLEM THAT I COULD SOLVE.

WHAT WERE YOU *DOING* OUT THERE?

BUT THE MORE I DUG IN, THE MORE CONVINCED I BECAME THAT KLEVE WAS HIDING... *SOMETHING*.

ALL RIGHT... ON TO ALL THE ISSUES WE TABLED.

FINALLY.

I JUST DIDN'T KNOW *WHAT.*

CAM 1-07
LIVE FEED:// 12:08

GRID // SH-CH // ARMORY

HE WAS OBSESSED WITH THE ISLAND'S DEFENSES. ITS WEAPONRY. BUT HE WAS A MILITARY OFFICER.

I WAS SO CLOSE TO PUTTING IT ALL TOGETHER. IF I'D HAD JUST A FEW MORE DAYS...

AND... AND THAT'S IT! BOTH SIDES SHOULD TAKE TIME TO LOOK THE AGREEMENT OVER, BUT—

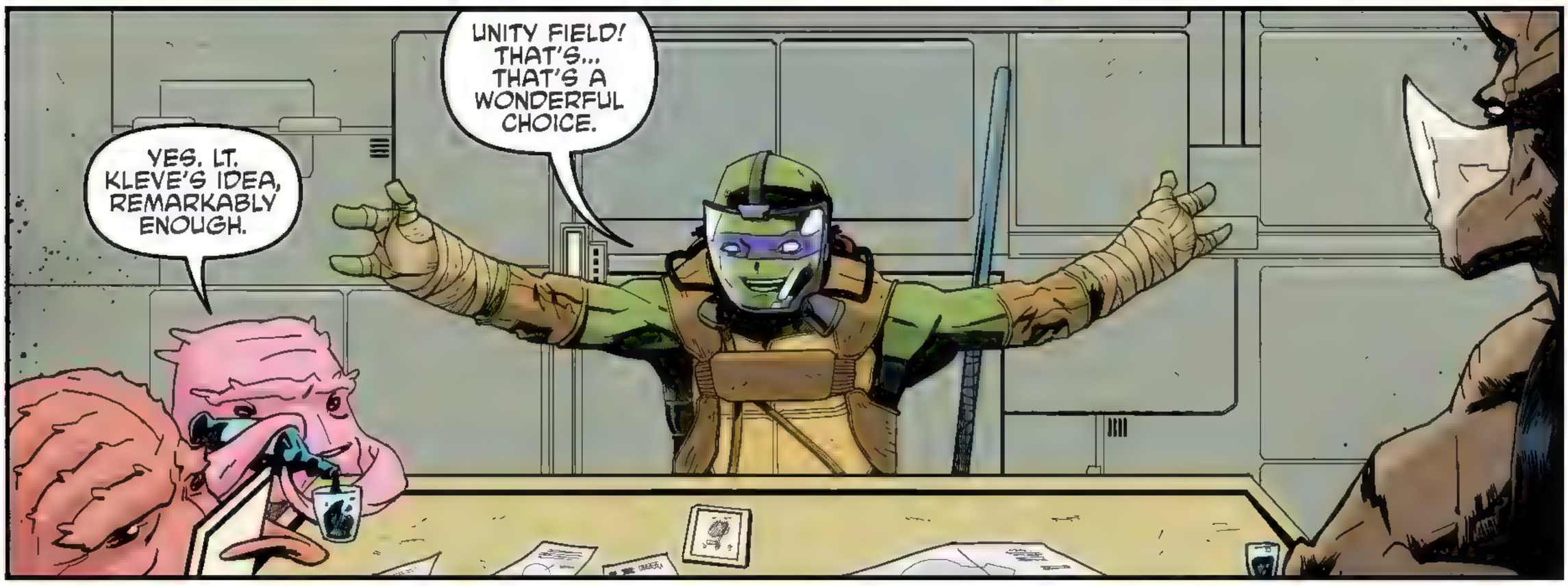
YES. WE WILL.

BUT INSTEAD...

WE HAVE A PEACE TREATY!
HONOR

ASTOUNDING. SIMPLY ASTOUNDING. WE SHOULD RATIFY THIS AS SOON AS–

THIS EVENING. AT UNITY FIELD.


YES. LT. KLEVE'S IDEA, REMARKABLY ENOUGH.
UNITY FIELD! THAT'S... THAT'S A WONDERFUL CHOICE.

EVEN THE HARDLINERS ARE FINALLY CATCHING UP WITH THE TIMES.

YES. AND IF I'D JUST HAD *MORE* TIME, THEN MAYBE WE WOULD HAVE SOMETHING *GROWING* BEFORE RATIFICATION.

PERHAPS IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO FINALLY *SHARE* YOUR LITTLE *SECRET* WITH ME, YOT.

HOW THE TRICERATONS MANAGED TO GROW CROPS ON EVERY PLANET IN DIMENSION X.

VERY WELL.

IT WAS A TERRIBLE PROBLEM, EARLY ON IN THE WAR. THE FOOD SHORTAGES CAUSED OUR SOLDIERS TO *STARVE*. THEY DIED HORRIBLY. MILLIONS OF MILES FROM HOME.

BUT THEN WE REALIZED THAT DEAD UTROMS MAKE EXTRAORDINARY FERTILIZER.

SO WE GROUND UP YOUR CASUALTIES. SPREAD THEM ACROSS OUR FIELDS.

AND *REAPED* THE *BOUNTY* THAT FOLLOWED.

YOU... YOU WERE RIGHT, TRICERATON. THAT'S *NOT* AN OPTION, HERE.

IS IT?

NO, UTRÓM.

AFTER ALL...

...WE CAME IN *PEACE.*

art by MARK TORRES

art by FREDDIE E. WILLIAMS II
colors by JEREMY COLWELL

UNIVERSE #22
"LOST CAUSES"

THE *UTROMS* AND *TRICERATONS* HAD FINALLY COME TO TERMS ON A PLAN TO SHARE BURNOW ISLAND. A CHANCE FOR PEACE BETWEEN TWO AGE-OLD ENEMIES.

IT WAS A PEACE BOTH SIDES DESPERATELY NEEDED.

AND—TO BE HONEST—IT WAS A PEACE I NEEDED.

AFTER MONTHS OF WALLOWING IN COMPROMISE AND MORAL AMBIGUITY, I NEEDED SOMETHING *GOOD*.

SOMETHING THAT WOULD SAVE LIVES. THAT WOULD HEAL AGE-OLD RIVALRIES. THAT WOULD SET THE STAGE FOR EVEN GREATER THINGS DOWN THE ROAD.

BUT NOT EVERYBODY SAW IT THAT WAY.

*LT. KLEVE*, AN UTROM MILITARY LEADER, WAS PLANNING SOMETHING. I KNEW HE WAS.

WHILE OTHERS STRUGGLED TO MAKE THIS WORK, KLEVE WAS PLOTTING TO *TEAR IT DOWN*.

I DIDN'T KNOW HOW.

BUT I KNEW I HAD TO STOP HIM.

ZOM. THANK YOU FOR COMING.

HOW ARE YOUR PEOPLE REACTING TO THE NEWS OF OUR PEACE TREATY?

WE FINALLY HAVE A HOME, AFTER *WANDERING* FOR SO LONG. THEY'RE THANKFUL.

*ALL* OF THEM?

SOME FEAR WE'RE PLACING OURSELVES UNDER THE UTROMS' CONTROL ONCE AGAIN.

BUT I'VE TOLD THEM THE PEACE PROCESS WAS DESIGNED TO PREVENT THAT.

YES. AND MY PEOPLE DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY WE'RE COMPROMISING WITH A RACE WE CREATED FOR *SERVITUDE*.

BUT THAT'S *WHY* WE'RE DOING IT. WE OWE YOUR PEOPLE A DEBT.

LET'S NOT PRETEND EITHER OF US ARE BEING ENTIRELY SELFLESS, MA'RIELL. WE NEED A HOME. AND YOU—

WE NEED YOU TO SURVIVE. YES. THE FUTURE OF BOTH OUR SPECIES *HINGE* UPON THIS PEACE.

THIS IS THE TREATY?

READY FOR OUR SIGNATURES. AS THE DULY CHOSEN REPRESENTATIVES OF OUR PEOPLE.

...LEADERSHIP IS A HEAVY BURDEN.

AND NOT ONE I EVER WANTED. I WAS A *SCIENTIST,* YOU KNOW. HAPPY IN MY LAB. BUT CIRCUMSTANCE FORCED ME INTO A LEADERSHIP ROLE.

NOT ME. I WAS *BORN* TO LEAD—ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

BUT THIS... *PEACE...*

I DON'T THINK EITHER OF US SAW THIS COMING.

I WENT OVER KLEVE'S MOVEMENTS, AGAIN AND AGAIN. ALL THAT TIME HE'D SPENT SURVEYING THE MOUNTAINS OF BURNOW ISLAND.

FOLLOWED BY ALL THAT TIME INVENTORYING THE ISLAND'S *WEAPONRY*.

MAYBE THAT'S WHERE I'D FIND MY FINAL CLUE.

THE ARMORY WAS LOCKED. BUT IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR ME TO SOLVE THAT PROBLEM...

AND DISCOVER I WAS ALREADY TOO LATE.

SO MUCH EARLIER THAN ANTICIPATED. SO MUCH LEFT TO PLAN.

BUT THIS WILL WORK.

THIS *HAS* TO—

*KLEVE!*

WHATEVER THIS IS—YOU *DON'T* WANT TO DO IT.

SO PUT DOWN THE RIFLE, AND LET'S DISCUSS THIS, WHILE WE STILL CAN.

=SIGH=

ALL RIGHT, TURTLE. YOU WIN.

REALLY?

BLAM

NO.

BWAM

WOW. STURDY TECH.

OF *COURSE*. IT CAN CERTAINLY WITHSTAND THE LIKES OF—

HOW DOES IT WORK WHEN YOU'RE NOT *INSIDE* IT?

*NO!*

NOW LET'S SEE HOW STRONG *YOUR* LEGS ARE.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE STRONG IF YOU'RE FAST.

BUT I *AM* PRETTY STRONG.

STOP!

HEY! WHAT ARE YOU—

THE LAST TIME YOU FOUGHT IN THIS HALLWAY, SECURITY CAME TO BREAK THINGS UP.

SO LET'S GET SOME DISTANCE BETWEEN THEM AND US.

PUT ME DOWN, YOU IMBECILE!

I GAVE HIM A CHANCE TO TALK WILLINGLY. BUT NOW I HAD TO FORCE HIM... SOMEHOW.

*THREE* RIFLES WERE MISSING, KLEVE. WHO'S WORKING WITH YOU? AND WHAT'S THE *PLAN?*

AND IF I DON'T TELL YOU, YOU'LL TORTURE ME? KILL ME? I KNOW YOU PEOPLE WOULD NEVER—

THE UTROMS WILL PUT YOU BACK IN *STASIS.*

FOR WHAT? YOU KNOW *NOTHING.*

I KNOW YOU'VE BEEN SURVEYING THE MOUNTAINS AROUND BURNOW ISLAND.

I KNOW YOU TOOK SNIPER RIFLES FROM THE ARMORY.

I KNOW *YOU* SUGGESTED THAT RATIFICATION TAKE PLACE AT UNITY FIELD.

AND I KNOW...

I KNOW YOUR *PLAN.*

"YOU'RE USING THE RATIFICATION TO DRAW THE TRICERATON LEADERSHIP—TO DRAW *COMMANDER ZOM*—OUT IN THE OPEN.

"WHERE YOU'LL ASSASSINATE HER."

WHY WOULD I ASSASSINATE ZOM?

TRICERATONS ARE INTERCHANGEABLE. AND HER DEATH OFFERS ME NO STRATEGIC ADVANTAGE.

THEN WHO...

...OH...

"OH, NO."

MA'RIELL ISN'T THE LEADER WE NEED.

SHE ISN'T A LEADER AT *ALL*.

WHEN SHE'S GONE, THE PEACE TREATY WILL FALL APART.

THE UTROMS AND TRICERATONS WILL PLUNGE BACK INTO WAR.

AND THE SUPERIOR SPECIES WILL SURVIVE.

STRONGER AND MORE UNIFIED THAN—

HEY! I WASN'T *DONE!*

AND WE WON'T *BE* DONE UNTIL WE FIND A SOLUTION!

THE RATIFICATION CEREMONY IS IN LESS THAN AN HOUR. AND I'M NOT SURE A DIRT FIELD IS WHAT THEY HAD PLANNED FOR A BACKDROP.

I HAVE AN IDEA. YOU MIGHT NOT LIKE IT, BUT—

IF IT DOESN'T INVOLVE GRINDING ME INTO FERTILIZER, I LIKE IT ALREADY.

I'M SORRY I TOLD YOU THAT.

YES... WELL...

... MY PEOPLE HAVE THEIR SINS AS WELL.

I STILL DIDN'T KNOW THE IDENTITY OF KLEVE'S COLLABORATORS.

I COULDN'T BELIEVE HE HAD FOUND TWO MORE UTROMS SO *SHORT-SIGHTED* THAT THEY WERE WILLING TO RISK THIS FRAGILE PEACE.

WILLING TO *MURDER* ONE OF THEIR OWN LEADERS.

AND AS IT TURNS OUT...

I WAS *RIGHT.*

LUCKY ME.

I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU GUYS ARE UP FOR A FRIENDLY CHAT?

THANKFULLY, I'VE SPENT SOME TIME RECENTLY STUDYING HOW TO DEFEAT A LARGER ENEMY.

RRRAAA!

I AM *NOT* HAVING GOOD LUCK WITH LEGS TODAY.

NO!

THANK YOU.

MA'RIELL HAS ARRIVED!

DREL—YOU *DON'T* WANT TO DO THIS!

I'M CERTAIN I DO.

YOU CAN *NOT* MAKE US DEFY COMMANDER ZOM'S ORDERS!

COMMANDER ZOM'S ORDERS? IS *THAT* WHAT YOU TOLD HER?

WHY LIE, IF YOU'RE REALLY SO *CERTAIN?*

DREL, WHAT IS HE—

IS THIS TRUE?

AFTER MY FAILED ATTEMPT TO MURDER KLEVE... HE CAME TO ME. SAID HE HAD ANOTHER IDEA. A WAY TO ACHIEVE OUR MUTUAL GOALS. TARSA, YOU HAVE TO UNDERSTAND—

*HONOR AND OBEDIENCE.*

THE SOLARTROOPER MOTTO.

YOU'RE RIGHT.

I DO NOT BELIEVE THERE WILL EVER BE LASTING PEACE BETWEEN THE UTROMS AND THE TRICERATONS. BUT I WON'T BE THE ONE TO DESTROY IT.

NO ONE KNOWS PRECISELY HOW IT HAPPENED.

AND NO ONE EVER WILL.

BUT SOMEHOW, WE HAD DONE THE IMPOSSIBLE.

—AND USHERED IN A NEW ERA OF PEACE AND COOPERATION BETWEEN OUR PEOPLE.

WE HAVE ALREADY SEEN THE FRUITS OF THIS LABOR, IN WAYS LARGE AND SMALL.

IN THIS VERY FIELD, UTROM AND TRICERATON SCIENTISTS ARE WORKING TOGETHER TO CREATE A NEW, SUSTAINABLE FOOD SOURCE FOR OUR TRICERATON ALLIES.

CREATING LIFE IN ROCKY SOIL. AND CREATING HOPE IN TROUBLED TIMES.

WHY ARE YOU UTROMS ALWAYS SO DRAMATIC?

JUST STAY QUIET AND TAKE THE WIN, YOT.

AND MAKE NO MISTAKE—WE *WILL* WIN.

IT IS OUR DESTINY. OUR—

—HRMM.

DID THAT FOOL UNLOCK EVERY ROOM ON THE ISLAND?

THAT FOOL UNLOCKED *EVERY ROOM* ON THE *ISLAND*.

YOU'VE LOOKED BETTER.

YEAH, I *UH*... I FELL DOWN THE, *UH*—

WE KNOW WHAT HAPPENED.

DREL CONFESSED TO EVERYTHING.

I THOUGHT HE MIGHT. AND KLEVE—

THE TRAITOR'S WHEREABOUTS ARE UNKNOWN. BUT WE'LL FIND HIM. AND TAKE CARE OF IT—QUIETLY.

WE APPRECIATE THAT YOU DID THE SAME.

I KNOW MOST OF YOUR PEOPLE *WANT* PEACE. AND WILL WORK HARD TO ACHIEVE IT.

LOOK AT WHAT YOUR SCIENTISTS DID, IN SUCH A SHORT TIME.

IT'S TRULY AMAZING.

IT'S *FAKE*, DONATELLO.

WHAT?

IT'S THE ILLUSION OF PROGRESS.

THESE SAPLINGS WERE TRANSPLANTED FROM THE LAB AND PUT IN THE DIRT.

NOTHING MORE.

BUT MAYBE THAT WAS OKAY. MAYBE SOMETIMES, PROGRESS STARTS WITH AN ILLUSION.

I'VE SEEN THE UTROMS' AND TRICERATONS' RESOLVE. I'VE SEEN THEIR WILLINGNESS TO SET ASIDE PERSONAL GRIEVANCES, AND FOCUS ON THE LARGER ISSUES.

I'VE SEEN HOW BADLY THEY BOTH NEED THIS TO WORK.

THIS PEACE WILL ENDURE.

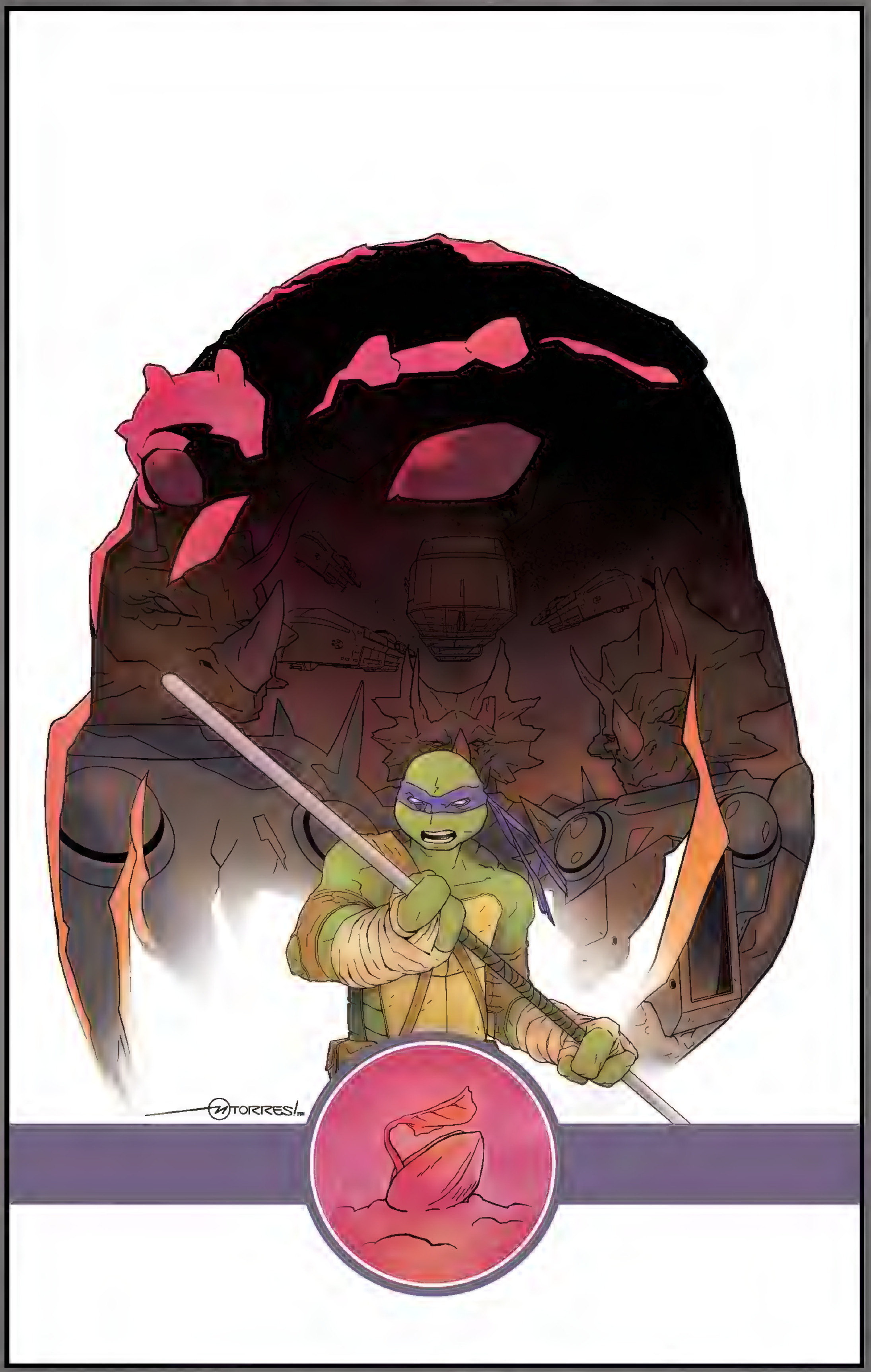
WHERE AM I? AND WHERE IS KRANG? I DEMAND TO SEE KRANG!

KRANG ISN'T HERE, GENERAL CH'RELL. HE WAS *EATEN*.

THEN WE HAVE MUCH TO DISCUSS.

I KNOW IT WILL.

THE END.




art by MARK TORRES

art by FICO OSSIO

UNIVERSE #22
"DANGEROUS WATERS"

HUMANS CALL THIS PLACE BURNOW ISLAND. KRANG INTENDED IT AS THE CAPITOL OF HIS NEW UTROMINON. FOR ME, IT'S BEEN A PRISON ALL MY LIFE.

I'VE KILLED KRANG. THAT HUNGER FOR REVENGE WHICH KEPT ME GOING IS SATED. DO I HAVE ANY REASON LEFT TO EXIST?

STRANGE, DESPITE THE ALIEN HABITAT I CAN BREATHE FINE.

I AM LIKE THIS PLACE, OF EARTH BUT UNNATURALLY MUTATED. IS THIS THE ONLY PLACE I CAN LIVE?

NO.

EVEN IF THERE IS NO PLACE FOR ME IN THE UNIVERSE, I WILL NOT STAY IN MY OLD PRISON.

HRM. IT'S AFRAID OF ME. I SHOULD NOT BE SURPRISED.

A MONSTER! IT MUST HAVE BEEN CREATED WHEN THE TECHNODROME MUTATED THE SURROUNDING ENVIRONMENT.

HSSSS

HSSSS

I TASTE BLOOD.

MY LIZARD BRAIN SCREAMS OUT, "YES!"

HSSSAAA

IT DOESN'T JUST TASTE GOOD. IT TASTES *RIGHT*.

IT DRINKS MINE. IT'S GOING TO FEAST ON ME.

I'M NOT FIGHTING HARD ENOUGH. IS THAT WHY I DOVE IN THE WATER? TO DIE?

I HATE BEING A MONSTER. I HATE BEING IMPRISONED. I SHOULD LET GO...

NO! I WILL NOT BE TRAPPED! I WILL NOT BE KILLED!

MY NEW PURPOSE IN LIFE...

*THIS!*

RAAHHSSS

ARF! ARF!

HEH. GOODBYE, LITTLE ONE.

I CAN HELP CREATURES LIKE THAT SEAL. I CAN SAVE OTHERS FROM MUTANTS.

I WILL STOP MORE ABOMINATIONS FROM BEING CREATED LIKE THAT THING.

LIKE MYSELF.

I HAVE A NEW PURPOSE IN LIFE, BUT FOR NOW I'LL LIVE IN DARKNESS AND WAIT TO STRIKE.

IT WON'T BE EASY, BUT I CAN MANAGE. I'M FREE NOW.

THE END.

art by TIM LATTIE

UNIVERSE #23
"NOBODY CARES"

art by MARCO ITRI
colors by BRITTANY PEER

# "NOBODY CARES"

COME IN! WE'RE UNDER ATTACK! SHE'S AFTER THE—

OMIGOD! ANYONE! *HELP!*

FOOL. *NOBODY* CAN HELP YOU NOW.

*HEY!*

THAT'S MY LINE!

CRACK

WHO THE HELL ARE *YOU?*

I'M *NOBODY.*

WEREN'T YOU PAYING ATTENTION?

NOW, NOW, DON'T SELL YOURSELF SHORT.

YOU'RE SOMEBODY TO ME...

SOMEBODY I'M GOING TO *KILL!*

INVERT REFRACTORS!

GAH! MY EYES!

AND YOUR ARMS, AND LEGS.

AND LET'S NOT FORGET YOUR JAW.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT NULL WANTS WITH THOSE THINGS.

BUT I KNOW ENOUGH ABOUT HER TO MAKE DAMN SURE SHE DOESN'T GET THEM.

TH... THANK YOU.

DON'T MENTION IT.

TO *ANYONE.*

THE END.

art by RYAN BROWN

art by DAMIAN COUCEIRO

ISSUE #80

"TOTAL DESTRUCTION *LURKS* ON THE HORIZON.

"LEFT UNCONTAINED, ITS INEVITABILITY *STARES* US IN THE FACE.

Sam's DELI-GROCERY TAKE-OUT SERVICE

"SMALL-SCALE BATTLES IN THE STREETS WILL *FESTER* AND *SPREAD*.

"AND AS A RESULT, *UNEXPECTED ALLIANCES* WILL FORM."

"TENUOUS RELATIONSHIPS.

"BOTH *DIFFICULT*...

"...AND *DISTASTEFUL*."

"AND YET—

"—IF WE HOPE TO *SURVIVE* THIS WAR—

"—*NECESSARY.*

"AND MAKE NO MISTAKE, THIS IS A *WAR* THESE CREATURES HAVE BROUGHT TO US..."

...OR DOES SHE APPEAR LIKE ONE WHO COMES *PEACEFULLY*, MY SONS?

OR HER SOLDIERS?

WHY? 'CAUSE THEY'RE CARRYIN' *WEAPONS?*

IF THAT'S YOUR REASONIN', THEN YOU MIGHT AS WELL DUMP US IN THE SAME CATEGORY, 'CAUSE I CAN'T REMEMBER THE LAST TIME *ANY* OF US LEFT HOME WITHOUT PACKIN' OURS.

THERE IS A DIFFERENCE. YOUR WEAPONS WERE NEVER INTENDED FOR OFFENSIVE PURPOSES— ONLY AS A MEANS TO *DEFEND* YOURSELVES.

DEFEND OURSELVES?

WHAT DO YOU THINK COMMANDER ZOM AND HER PEOPLE ARE *DOING*, FATHER? THEY MIGHT BE FIERCE WARRIORS, BUT THEY DIDN'T COME HERE *LOOKING* FOR A FIGHT.

THAT WAS YOUR NEW FRIEND... *BISHOP*.

THE DECEITFUL COWARD.

AGENT BISHOP IS *HARDLY* MY FRIEND, DONATELLO. LIKE YOUR WEAPONS, HE AND HIS EARTH PROTECTION FORCE ARE A *MEANS* TO SELF-PRESERVATION IN THE FACE OF UNEXPECTED GRAVE DANGER.

FUNNY, THAT'S *EXACTLY* WHAT YOU SAID ABOUT THE *FOOT CLAN* WHEN YOU TOOK 'EM OVER. TOLD US IT WAS TO *PROTECT* OUR FAMILY. FOR OUR OWN GOOD AND ALL THAT—

—'CEPT IT DON'T FEEL SO GOOD RIGHT NOW, *DOES* IT?

PERHAPS NOT. BUT I ASSURE YOU, IF I DO NOT ACT TODAY, COUNTLESS INNOCENT LIVES WILL BE *LOST*, AND I WILL NOT ALLOW THAT TO HAPPEN.

COMMANDER ZOM, THOUGH I SENSE WHAT YOUR ANSWER WILL BE, AS MASTER OF THE FOOT CLAN, I AM *HONOR-BOUND* TO OFFER YOU A CHOICE— SURRENDER OR DEATH.

*HA!* I DON'T KNOW WHICH IS *MORE* LAUGHABLE—THE FACT THAT YOU THINK TRICERATON WARRIORS WOULD EVER SURRENDER...

...OR THAT YOU BELIEVE YOU COULD *POSSIBLY* KILL ME.

SO BE IT.

ELITE NINJA— SHOULD MY SONS INTERVENE, *INCAPACITATE* ONLY.

YOU HAVE *NO SUCH RESTRAINTS* WITH THE TRICERATONS.

WHERE YOU *GOIN'*, FATHER?

RAPHAEL, I COMMAND YOU TO MOVE ASIDE. THIS *NO LONGER* CONCERNS YOU.

YEAH, WELL, *YOU* AIN'T MY MASTER ANYMORE, REMEMBER?

LEO...

...*YOUR* CALL, BRO.

RIGHT. *MY* CALL.

CLAN HAMATO *STANDS* WITH THE TRICERATONS.

FOOT CLAN, YOU ARE OUTNUMBERED *AND* OUTGUNNED, AND AS MASTER, I AM HONOR-BOUND TO OFFER YOU A CHOICE—

—LEAVE NOW BEFORE THIS GETS *ANY* UGLIER.

FATHER, PLEASE DON'T DO THIS. THERE'S *ANOTHER* WAY.

LEONARDO, MY SON. I *WISH* THAT WERE TRUE.

FOOT...

ATTACK!

TRICERATONS, DESTROY THE SOLDIERS!

I'LL CRUSH THE RAT!

FOR THE HERD!

OH, NO.

APRIL, THIS IS DONNIE! I HOPE YOU'VE GOT GOOD NEWS COMING SOON...

"...BECAUSE IT'S TURNING ALL BAD HERE!"

DONNIE, DON'T LOSE CONTACT WITH APRIL. LET US KNOW *AS SOON* AS SHE'S GOT SOMETHING FOR US.

MEANTIME, WE'VE GOT TO KEEP FATHER AND ZOM FROM *KILLING EACH OTHER* BEFORE IT'S TOO LA—

HALT.

GET OUT OF OUR WAY. WE DON'T WANT TO FIGHT *YOU*.

SPEAK FOR *YOURSELF*, BRO.

WE CANNOT *ALLOW* YOU TO PASS.

GRAH!

WE?

SHWIP

GAH!

CRAK

YES...

...WE *ELITE*.

KZAK

DO YOU *REALLY* BELIEVE YOU CAN BEAT ME, LITTLE RAT?

WHEN I AM SO MUCH *BIGGER* THAN YOU?

FWAP

SO MUCH *STRONGER?*

BIGGER AND STRONGER ARE OF *LITTLE* CONSEQUENCE TO ONE MOTIVATED TO PROTECT HIS FAMILY, COMMANDER ZOM.

IS THAT SO?

"THEN WHY DOES THAT FAMILY FIGHT *AGAINST* YOU?"

FOOT, REMEMBER—

—INCAPACITATE *ONLY!*

GRAHH!

FWOP

DAMMIT!

WHAK

GUYS, WE'RE *WASTING* TIME!

FINISH THESE GUYS AND *HELP* RAPH!

ROGER DODGER!

KLONK

WHO SAYS... I *NEED* HELP?

HUPP!

INCAPACITATE *THIS!*

KRAK

FWIP

ELITE NINJA, *HUH?*

CHOK

BIG FREAKIN' DEAL.

IT APPEARS YOUR SO-CALLED ELITE HAVE BEEN *DEFEATED* BY YOUR FAMILY, SPLINTER.

I WOULD EXPECT *NO LESS* FROM MY CHILDREN.

I *TRAINED* THEM, AFTER ALL!

WHAM

IS THAT SUPPOSED TO *IMPRESS* ME?

NO...

...IT WAS SUPPOSED TO *DISTRACT* YOU.

PPPPPP

HRRGG... GGLLRRG...

KOFF KOFF

THE FOOT CLAN HAS CONFRONTED CREATURES LIKE *YOU* BEFORE— LARGE, STRONG, FAST.

WE HAVE LEARNED, THROUGH ARDUOUS EXPERIENCE, TO MAKE NON-CONVENTIONAL PREPARATIONS TO *COMPENSATE* FOR THE FORMIDABLE ADVANTAGES SUCH ENEMIES POSSESS.

A *PARALYTIC AGENT*, FOR EXAMPLE— TO TEMPORARILY DISABLE MORE POWERFUL OPPONENTS AND ALLOW FOR CONVENTIONAL MEANS TO *END* THE CONFLICT.

YOU FOUGHT HONORABLY, COMMANDER ZOM. YOU *DIE* AS YOU *LIVED*...

...A *WARRIOR*.

FATHER... NO!

FWIP

WHAT... WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

I DO WHAT MUST BE DONE, MY SON.

WE CAN'T LET YOU, FATHER.

YOU DO NOT HAVE A CHOICE.

THEN WE DO WHAT MUST BE DONE, TOO.

VERY WELL.

IF I HAVE LEARNED *ANYTHING* BEING A FATHER, IT IS THIS.

WHEN IT COMES TO STUBBORN CHILDREN.

THERE IS A TIME TO *NURTURE*.

FWAP

THUD

AND A TIME TO *DISCIPLINE*.

LEO ALREADY *TOLD* YOU, FATHER...

...WE *CAN'T* LET YOU KILL HER.

BUT BECAUSE YOU ALWAYS TAUGHT US THERE'S A *BETTER WAY*, I WON'T FIGHT YOU.

BUT I WON'T *MOVE*, EITHER.

MY SON, A LIFETIME AGO, *LONG* BEFORE YOU WERE BORN, I WAS A NINJA FOR THE FOOT CLAN. A SOLDIER.

A KILLER.

I THOUGHT THAT I... THAT *WE* HAD ESCAPED THAT LIFE, BUT I WAS WRONG.

FATE HAS BROUGHT US TO A NEW TIME AND PLACE, BUT TO *AGES-OLD DILEMMAS* AS WELL. HATRED, PREJUDICE, COMBAT... AND DEATH.

AND I SPEAK FROM GRIM UNDERSTANDING WHEN I SAY THAT THIS MARCH INTO ANNIHILATION WILL CONTINUE *FORWARD* IF I DO NOT END IT HERE. NOW.

YOU YOURSELVES HAVE SAID THE TRICERATONS ARE FIERCE WARRIORS. AS SUCH, THEY WILL *NEVER* GIVE UP—I SEE IT IN THEIR ACTIONS, AND I SEE IT IN THEIR HEARTS.

WAR WILL SPREAD, AND WITH IT, THE *DANGER* TO YOU AND YOUR BROTHERS...

...AND, AS I SAID, I CANNOT PERMIT *THAT* TO HAPPEN.

WHAT, APRIL? SPEAK UP—MY HEAD'S RINGING.

YOU'RE SURE? NOW?

FINALLY.

GUYS. THEY'RE *READY.*

ABOUT STINKIN' TIME.

WHAT...?

THE PARALYTIC AGENT IS WANING. THERE IS *LITTLE* TIME.

MOVE ASIDE, MICHELANGELO, AND I WILL DO *NOW* WHAT MUST BE DONE SO THAT YOU AND YOUR BROTHERS WILL NOT HAVE TO DO IT LATER.

IT IS THE *ONLY* WAY.

NO, YOU'RE *WRONG,* FATHER...

...WE HAVE *ANOTHER* WAY.

YEAH. A *BETTER* WAY.

DO IT, APRIL.

FOOM

HOW—?

DONATELLO.

FOOM

THEY'RE *HERE*, APRIL!

OH, JOY.

WHERE... WHERE ARE WE?

WHAT *IS* THIS PLACE?

IT'S OKAY, COMMANDER—WE'RE WITH *FRIENDS*. BUT WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME, SO WE NEED YOU TO LISTEN.

WE HAVE A PLAN TO *SAVE* YOUR PEOPLE.

IT'S THE *UTROMS*, COMMANDER—THEY'RE THE KEY TO *ENDING* THIS WITHOUT ANY MORE BLOODSHED.

OUR FRIEND APRIL CAME UP WITH THE IDEA TO CONTACT THEIR LEADER *MA'RIELL* TO LET HER KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING—ABOUT YOUR PEOPLE *RETURNING* TO EARTH FROM DIMENSION X AND THE *TROUBLES* YOU'VE HAD SINCE YOU ARRIVED.

AND TO *REMIND* MA'RIELL ABOUT THE DEBT HER PEOPLE *OWE* THE TRICERATONS.

I... I DON'T UNDERSTAND. *WHAT* DOES THIS HAVE TO DO WITH ENDING THE WAR?

IT'S SIMPLE. THE UTROMS STOLE THE TRICERATONS FROM EARTH AND MADE YOU THEIR SLAVES.

NOW, WITH KRANG GONE, THEY HAVE A CHANCE TO *RECTIFY* THAT CRIME BY HELPING YOU RETURN HOME SAFELY AS *EQUALS* ON BURNOW ISLAND.

YEAH—YOU'RE *ADAPTED* TO SURVIVE IN THE ISLAND'S ATMOSPHERE AS WELL AS EARTH'S, BUT HUMANS AREN'T, SO THEY CAN'T *GET* TO YOU THERE EASILY.

MOST IMPORTANTLY, MA'RIELL'S AGREED TO LET YOU COME... AND TO ALLOW THE TURTLES TO HELP BROKER THE *PEACE* YOUR PEOPLE ARE SEEKING.

WE JUST NEEDED TIME FOR DR. STOCKMAN TO CONFIGURE A *DIRECT PORTAL* TO BURNOW ISLAND.

MEANWHILE, I SENT OUT MORE OF THE DOCTOR'S FLYBORGS TO GATHER THE COORDINATES OF *ALL* YOUR TROOPS.

WHICH WE HAVE NOW, AND WHICH *ALSO* MEANS WE CAN BRING THEM ALL HERE AND THEN YOUR ENTIRE HERD CAN LEAVE FOR BURNOW ISLAND.

YEAH— FAR AWAY FROM THAT SCUMBAG BISHOP.

AND FATHER.

JUST GIVE US THE *WORD*, COMMANDER.

THE TRICERATONS WILL *HONOR* YOUR PLAN, TURTLES. TAKE US TO THE UTROMS.

THERE ARE WORDS I WOULD *HAVE* WITH THEM.

OKAY, DOC...

"...*BRING* 'EM IN."

MY CLEVER BOY.

FOOM

FOOM

WAIT— *WHERE'D* THEY GO?!

NO!

THANK GOD.

"HURRY, EVERYONE..."

...BEFORE THE *EPF* FIGURES OUT WHERE YOU ALL WENT.

YEAH— *HUSTLE UP*, DINO DUDES!

THIS IS INSANITY. THOSE PREHISTORIC OAFS ARE *DESTROYING* MY LAB!

JUST *FOCUS*, DOCTOR. WE'VE GOT TO GET THEM ALL TO BURNOW ISLAND BEFORE AGENT BISHOP GETS HERE.

THANK YOU, MY FRIENDS. WE TRULY DID NOT COME SEEKING WAR—*ONLY* A HOME.

PERHAPS THIS WILL MAKE THAT A REALITY.

I HOPE SO, COMMANDER. AND *WE'LL* BE THERE SOON TO HELP WITH YOUR PEACE TALKS LIKE WE SAID.

WE'LL FIND A WAY TO CONVINCE THE UTROMS TO GIVE YOU A BETTER WELCOME THAN YOU'VE *HAD* SO FAR.

I'M NOT TOO WORRIED, LEONARDO.

THE EARTHLINGS MAY HAVE CAUGHT US *OFF GUARD* WITH THEIR FEROCITY, BUT THE UTROMS WE KNOW VERY WELL.

ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, WE'LL MAKE *DO* ON THE ISLAND.

FAREWELL, MY FELLOW WARRIORS...

...UNTIL WE *MEET* AGAIN.

FOOM

MISS O'NEIL? YOU'RE *FIRED*.

WHAT?

LOOK AT THIS PLACE! DO YOU REALIZE HOW MUCH IT WILL *COST* ME TO REPAIR THESE DAMAGES?

AND NOW WITH THE WAR OVER, THERE WILL BE *NO* PROFITS COMING IN FROM MY EVACUATION EFFORTS, SO I'M GOING TO HAVE TO FIND THOSE MONIES *ELSEWHERE*— STARTING WITH YOUR SALARY!

I WILL NOT STAND TO BE *MANIPULATED* THIS WAY!

NOBODY'S MANIPULATING YOU, BAXTER. APRIL'S *HELPING* YOU.

AND *HOW*, PRAY TELL, IS SHE DOING THAT?

SHE ASKED ME TO CONTACT MY FORMER *PRESS ASSOCIATES*.

GUYS, THAT'S OUR CUE TO *VANISH*.

*BURNE THOMPSON, CHANNEL SIX NEWS!*

IS IT TRUE THAT YOU FOUND A WAY TO *RID* THE CITY OF THE TERRORISTS, DOCTOR STOCKMAN?

I... UH...

YOU'RE A *HERO*, BAXTER.

YOU'RE WELCOME.

YES, WELL, YOU SEE... AFTER I *ORGANIZED* THE EVACUATION OF THE CITY, I HAD A *BRILLIANT* IDEA TO SAVE IT...

YOU DONE *GOOD*, KIDDO.

BUT YOU DO REALIZE WE'RE CREATING A *MONSTER*, RIGHT?

YEP.

BUT HE'LL BE *OUR* MONSTER, DAD.

EPILOGUE.

SECOND TIM AROUND

WELL, WELL, WOULDJA *LOOK* AT THAT...

...LOOKS LIKE THE CITY THREW ITSELF A LITTLE WAR AND DIDN'T INVITE THE *MUTANIMALS*.

NOTHING WRONG WITH *THAT*, OLD HOB.

LET THEM DESTROY EACH OTHER AND SAVE *US* THE TROUBLE.

I WISH IT WAS THAT EASY, MAN RAY. I *REALLY* DO.

UNFORTUNATELY, THIS ONLY MEANS WE GOT *BIGGER PROBLEMS* THAN BEFORE.

*ARMY* SIZE PROBLEMS.

GUESS WE BETTER GET BUSY *BUILDIN'* A BIGGER ARMY OF OUR OWN.

art by KEVIN EASTMAN
colors by TOMI VARGA

ISSUE #81

BRAVO! ENCORE!

AHHH! VERY INVIGORATING. WHAT A LOVELY TIME.

BUT I DO BELIEVE WE ARE DONE HERE. NOT MUCH LIFE LEFT IN THIS PLACE.

BACK HOME, I SUPPOSE!

AFTER YOU, MY FRIEND.

WHO KNOWS WHAT MERRY CHAOS WE WILL FIND NEXT!

HOME SWEET HOME.

PRECIOUS LITTLE TIME TO RELAX, THOUGH. CHAOS IS THE SONG OF LIFE, AND I CAN'T MISS A BEAT!

HO, FRIENDS! YOUR KING CALLS TO YOU! COME DANCE BEFORE ME AND TELL ALL YOUR NEWS AND GOSSIP!

YES, YES, THERE'S ROOM FOR ALL. CLAMBER UP!

WE ARE ALL VERY EXCITED TODAY, AREN'T WE!

EVERY DAY ORDER FALLS TO THE WAYSIDE, MAKING WAY FOR US AND—

OH. OH MY! THIS IS UNEXPECTED!

MY GOOD SIR! IS WHAT YOU SAY TRUE?

YOU HAVE BROUGHT ME THE MOST DELIGHTFUL NEWS IF SO!

FANTASTIC! SUPERB! BETTER THAN AVERAGE!

COME, EVERYONE! LET'S GO SEE FOR OURSELVES!

I DIDN'T THINK I WOULD BE BACK SO SOON! BUT THIS! THIS CANNOT WAIT!

DO YOU SMELL IT, MY FRIENDS? THE UNCERTAINTY? THE TERROR?

THE DELICIOUSLY PUTRID SCENT OF *CHAOS!*

NEW YORK CITY IN RUINS!

I MUST CALM MYSELF. IT'S TOO EASY TO BECOME GIDDY. I MUST FOCUS.

YOU SEE, MY FRIENDS, IT'S IMPORTANT WE CHERISH MOMENTS LIKE THIS.

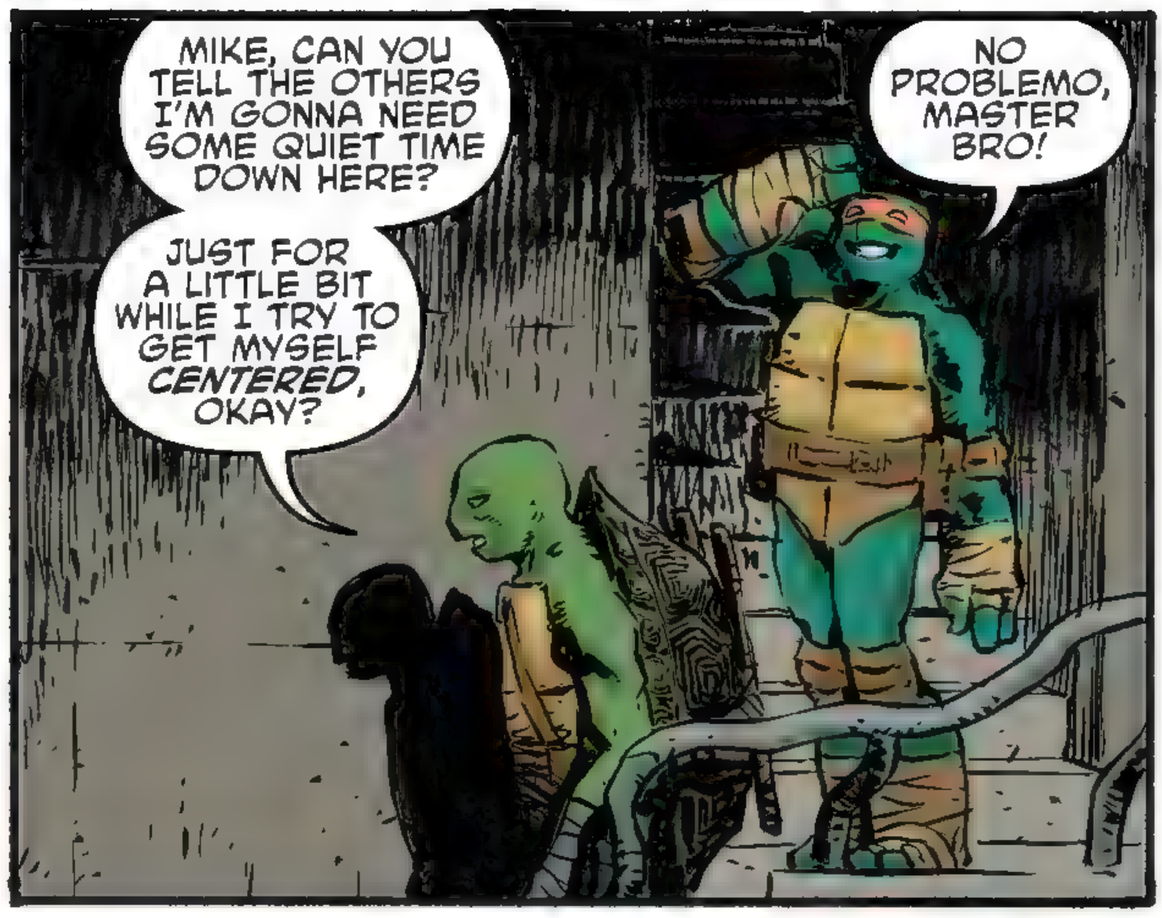
THESE ARE MEMORIES FOR A LIFETIME.

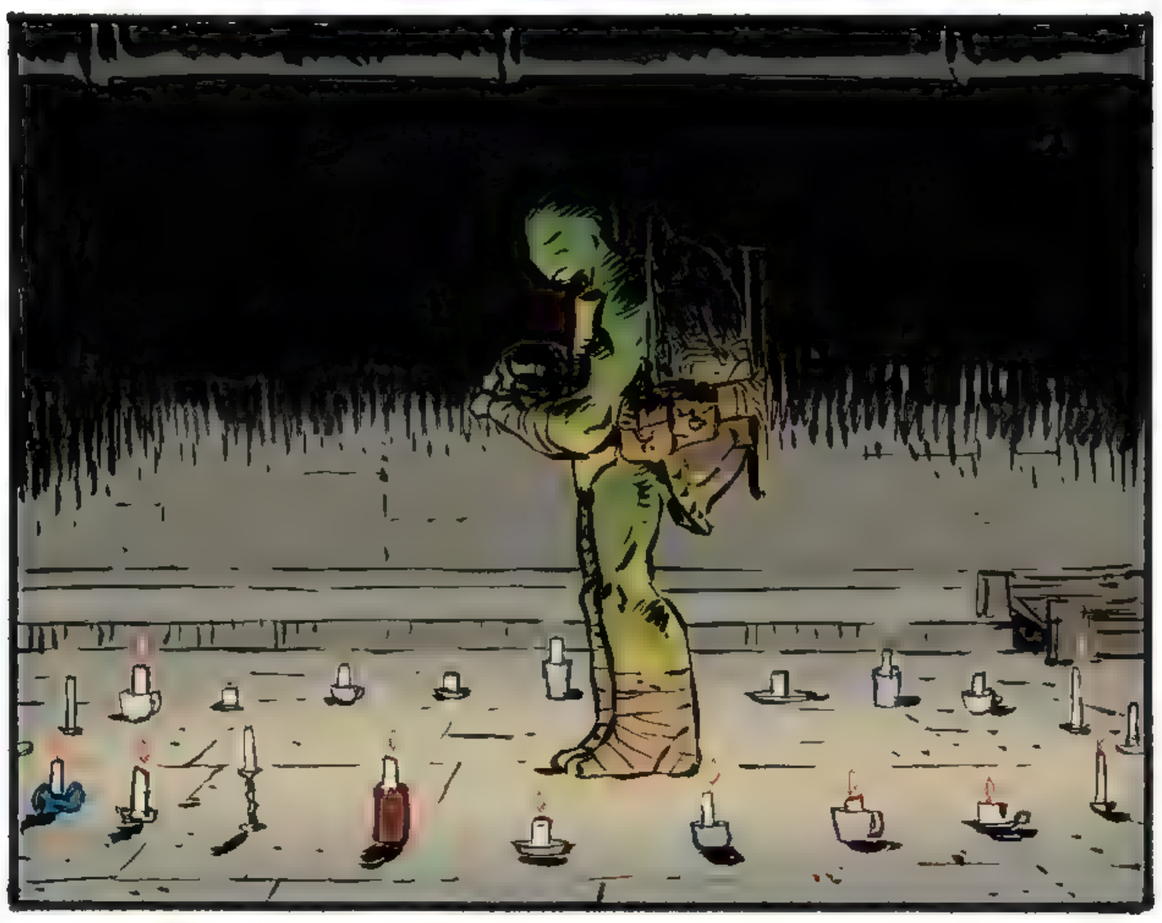
RUN FAR AND WIDE ACROSS THIS CITY, MY FRIENDS. TELL ME WHERE THE WEAK AND HELPLESS ARE.

WE WILL WAIT TILL THEY THINK THE DANGER HAS PASSED. TILL THEY THINK IT'S *ALLLLL* OVER...

AND THAT'S WHEN OUR FUN WILL TRULY BEGIN!

YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS, *CHUNIN*, SEE TO THEM.
AND INFORM MY GUARDS I AM *NOT* TO BE DISTURBED AS I MEDITATE.


MIKE, CAN YOU TELL THE OTHERS I'M GONNA NEED SOME QUIET TIME DOWN HERE?
JUST FOR A LITTLE BIT WHILE I TRY TO GET MYSELF *CENTERED*, OKAY?
NO PROBLEMO, MASTER BRO!



GONE.

ALL GONE.

HUH?

THE MUSIC...

...SO PRETTY.

WHO?

HIM!

WHAT DOES THIS *NIGHTMARE* MEAN?

*AW*, MAN, THIS CAN'T MEAN *ANYTHING* GOOD.

MERELY A VISION OR... REAL?

GUYS, WE'VE GOT *REAL* TROUBLE BREWING.

I THINK THE *RAT KING'S* BACK IN NEW YORK—

"—AND WE'RE GONNA NEED SOME *SERIOUS HELP* TO STOP HIM."

...SO'S WE'RE FIGHTIN' THOSE UGLY DINOS, GIVIN' 'EM HOLY HELL, AND THEN, *POOF!* THEY UP AND *DISAPPEAR* INTO THIN AIR.

DAMNEDEST THING YOU EVER SAW, BROOKLYN.

I DUNNO, JONES. SEEMS LIKE *EVERYTHING* WE SEE ROUND HERE LATELY IS DAMN STRANGE.

YO, POP...

...YOU GOT A *MINUTE* TO TALK?

HEY, KID, I SWEAR THAT WAS JUST *HOT JOE* I WAS DRINKIN' IN THERE, IN CASE YER WORRIED I WAS BOOZIN' IT UP OR SOMETHIN'.

*NAH,* NO WORRIES. 'SIDES, I KNOW THE *OTHER* SMELLS AND SIGNS TOO GOOD BY NOW TO TELL IF YER LYIN' OR NOT.

LOOK, POP... ABOUT THE *PURPLE DRAGONS*. WE ALL APPRECIATE YOU HELPIN' US AGAINST THE DINOSAUR ALIENS BUT...

...BUT THINGS ARE *DIFFERENT* NOW. THE DRAGONS ARE DIFFERENT. AND YOU SHOWIN' UP ALL OF A SUDDEN'S GOT EVERYONE ON EDGE, WONDERIN' WHAT YOU GOT *PLANNED* NOW THAT THINGS HAVE CALMED DOWN.

IT'S JUST... I GOT THINGS RUNNIN' PRETTY SMOOTHLY WHEN IT COMES TO THE DRAGONS AND I REALLY DON'T WANT ANYTHING *MESSIN'* THAT UP.

NO, SON, YOU GOT IT ALL WRONG— I AIN'T HERE TO *TAKE* THE DRAGONS AWAY FROM YOU.

YER THE *MAN* NOW WHEN IT COMES TO THE GANG, FAIR AND SQUARE, AND I'M *O.G.* ENOUGH TO RESPECT THAT.

'SIDES, THE CHANGES YOU MADE—PROTECTIN' THIS OL' 'HOOD AND THE FOLKS THAT LIVE HERE INSTEAD OF STRAIGHT BOPPIN'? I THINK THAT'S A *GOOD* THING AND I JUST WANNA DO MY PART TO HELP IF YOU'LL LET ME. THAT'S ALL.

IF NOT, THEN I'LL GET *OUTTA* YOUR HAIR, NO HARD FEELINGS. PROMISE.

DAD, I—

*YO, CHECK IT OUT!*

A DADDY AND HIS LITTLE BABY, OUT FOR A STROLL. AIN'T THAT *CUTE*, FADE?

YEAH, BULLET. PRECIOUS.

GARDEN STATE WRECKERS?

SOUNDS LIKE A BUNCHA JERSEY TOW-TRUCK DRIVERS WHO TOOK A WRONG TURN IN *HACKENSACK* OR SOMETHIN'.

*NAH*, WE'RE ***EXACTLY*** WHERE WE WANNA BE. SINCE THE COPS 'ROUND HERE ARE ALL TIED UP DOWNTOWN, WE FIGURED THIS WOULD BE A GOOD TIME TO DO US SOME WINDOW SHOPPIN', AIN'T THAT RIGHT, FADE?

HELLS YEAH, BULLET. THE *FIVE-FINGER DISCOUNT* KIND.

AND AS FOR YOUR TOW-TRUCK CRACK, YOU AIN'T GONNA BE LAUGHIN' SO MUCH WHEN I WRECK YOUR *FACE*.

TURNS OUT THERE'S ALL KINDS OF *CRAZY SOUVENIRS* LAYIN' ROUND AFTER THAT LITTLE WAR. SOME REAL *NASTY* STUFF.

WANNA GUESS WHY THEY CALL ME *BULLET?*

GyAHH!

SHK

FOOT SOLDIERS, REMEMBER, WE ARE NOT HERE TO KILL—ONLY TO SEND A *MESSAGE* FOR OUR MASTER.

THIS TERRITORY BELONGS TO THE *FOOT CLAN*.

AND OUR ALLIES ARE *NOT* TO BE TRIFLED WITH.

*WASTE 'EM!*

GARDEN STATE WRECKERS

SHE A *FRIEND* OF YOURS?

THE WAY SHE FIGHTS...

"...I *HOPE* SO."

YOU READY?

OH, YEAH.

YOU AIN'T GOIN' NOWH—

AW, SHUDDUP!

KRAK

GARDEN STATE

LEMME DOWN!

YO, CASE— THINK I CAN *THROW* THIS PUNK ALL THE WAY BACK TO JERSEY?

WORTH A SHOT.

FWUD

UNFF!

GAHHHH!

WHAM

WOULDA MADE IT IF IT WASN'T FOR THAT STINKIN' *WALL* GETTIN' IN THE WAY.

YEAH, BUT WHATCHA GONNA DO?

GROCERY

BEER

CIGARETTES

HEY, *UH*...

JENNIKA.

YEAH. JENNIKA.

*UM*, THANKS FOR HAVIN' OUR BACKS.

GARDEN STATE WRECKERS

YOU DON'T HAVE TO THANK ME.

IT WAS *MASTER SPLINTER* WHO SENT US TO CHECK ON YOU.

'CEPT *HE'S* NOT THE ONE HERE FIGHTIN'...

...YOU ARE.

NOT ANYMORE.

NOW I'VE GOT *ANOTHER ALLY* TO ATTEND TO.

IT'S BEEN AN *HONOR* TO FIGHT ALONGSIDE YOU...

...CASEY JONES.

*FOOT!* VANISH!

YEP, KID, NO DOUBT ABOUT IT.

SHE'S *DEFINITELY* YOUR FRIEND.

"YEAH, THAT'S DEFINITELY *HER*."

JENNIKA.

AND SHE'S GOT A CREW OF FOOT SOLDIERS WITH HER.

I WONDER WHAT THEY'RE UP TO.

HOW MUCH YOU WANNA BET *MORE* OF FATHER'S DIRTY BUSINESS.

I DON'T EVEN WANNA KNOW.

COME ON, MIKE, YOU KNOW IN HIS HEART FATHER THINKS HE'S DOING THE RIGHT THING, EVEN IF HE'S GOING ABOUT IT THE *WRONG* WAY.

UNDERSTATEMENT OF THE CENTURY.

YEAH. GOOD INTENTION. BAD EXECUTION.

PLEASE DON'T SAY *EXECUTION*.

HEY, JENNY HELPED US BEFORE *DESPITE* HER ORDERS, RIGHT? AS LOYAL AS SHE IS, SHE STILL SAW THE LIGHT.

IT'LL BE THE *SAME* FOR FATHER EVENTUALLY, YOU'LL SEE.

IT'S JUST GONNA TAKE SOMETHING TO REMIND HIM WHO HE REALLY IS, DEEP DOWN.

BUT... WHAT?

I GUESS WE'LL KNOW WHEN WE KNOW, LITTLE BROTHER.

BUT WE GOT *OTHER* THINGS TO WORRY ABOUT RIGHT NOW.

IF MY VISION WAS RIGHT AND RAT KING'S UP TO SOMETHING, WE NEED TO FIND A WAY TO STOP HIM, AND FAST.

YEAH. APRIL'S WAITING.

FINALLY. I WAS BEGINNING TO WONDER IF I'D BEEN *STOOD UP.*

OR, RATHER, *WE'D* BEEN STOOD UP. A LITTLE INSURANCE POLICY—I'VE STUDIED HISTORY AND I KNOW YOU NINJA TYPES ARE *QUICK* WITH A KNIFE TO THE BACK GIVEN HALF THE CHANCE.

WHERE'S YOUR MASTER, GIRL?

HERE.

AND THE FOOT CLAN WILL *HONOR* OUR TRUCE, AGENT BISHOP.

IN FACT, IT IS *WHY* I HAVE ASKED YOU TO THIS MEETING.

AS YOU KNOW, THE TRICERATONS HAVE BEEN REMOVED FROM THE CITY. THOUGH I WAS UNABLE TO ELIMINATE COMMANDER ZOM AS PLANNED, I FEEL THE IMMEDIATE THREAT PRESENTED BY HER ARMY *DISAPPEARED* WHEN THEY DID.

AND ALTHOUGH I EXPECTED THERE TO BE SOME DELAY IN YOUR OWN EXIT STRATEGY FOLLOWING SUCH A DESTRUCTIVE CONFLICT, I BELIEVED IT TO BE A *TEMPORARY* SITUATION BASED UPON OUR MUTUAL ARRANGEMENT.

YOUR ARMY, HOWEVER, DOES NOT APPEAR TO HAVE PLANS TO LEAVE OUR STREETS ANY TIME SOON, AGENT BISHOP, AND THAT WILL *NOT* DO.

WON'T DO?

REALLY, SPLINTER, DO YOU SINCERELY BELIEVE *YOU* HAVE ANY SAY IN WHAT WE WILL OR WON'T DO MOVING FORWARD?

I KNEW YOU NINJAS LACKED SCRUPLES, BUT I HADN'T EXPECTED *INTELLIGENCE* TO BE IN SUCH SHORT SUPPLY AS WELL.

YOU DISRESPECTFUL—

OH, *SHEATHE* YOUR SWORD, GIRL...

"...DO YOU REALLY THINK ME *FOOLISH* ENOUGH TO LET YOU *OUT* OF MY SIGHT?"

RELATIVES OF YOURS, SPLINTER?

AS FAR AS *I'M* CONCERNED, OUR ARRANGEMENT REMAINS INTACT.

YES, THE TRICERATONS ARE NO LONGER IN NEW YORK. HOWEVER, I SUSPECT THEY ARE STILL ON THIS PLANET, AND AS SUCH, THEY CONTINUE TO BE THE *EARTH* PROTECTION FORCE'S NUMBER ONE PRIORITY, WHICH MEANS WE REMAIN IN AN ACTIVE AND ALERT POSTURE.

SO UNTIL WE KNOW EXACTLY *WHERE* THE TRICERATONS ARE LOCATED—AND WE WILL VERY SOON, TRUST ME—THIS CITY IS WHERE WE WILL MAINTAIN OUR COMMAND OPERATIONS.

THEN OUR ARRANGEMENT CONTINUES, AS YOU SAY, AND I WILL ENDEAVOR TO HONOR IT WHILE YOU SEEK OUT THE TRICERATONS—BUT *NO LONGER*.

JUST REMEMBER, AGENT BISHOP—

—FAITH, LIKE *ALL* THINGS, HAS ITS LIMITS.

WELL, THEN, I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO CROSS *THAT* PARTICULAR BRIDGE WHEN WE GET TO IT, WON'T WE?

AH, YES, BRIDGES.

LIKE STEEL AND CONCRETE RIBBONS *CONNECTING* MAN TO FELLOW MAN.

LIKE ARTERIES, PUMPING *LIFEGIVING BLOOD* FROM ONE VITAL ORGAN TO ANOTHER.

SO PRECIOUS. SO DELICATE.

SO EASILY *SEVERED*.

AH, BUT I DAWDLE WHEN SUCH A *LONG JOURNEY* LIES YET AHEAD.

COME, CHILDREN, IT IS TIME FOR US TO DEPART. BUT NEVER FEAR—I WILL PLAY A JOLLY TUNE WHILE WE SEEK OUT *OTHERS* TO JOIN OUR MERRY BAND.

A QUAINT LITTLE DITTY AND A RECENT *FAVORITE* OF YOURS TRULY.

A BALLAD ABOUT *BRIDGES*.

AND IT WAS *THAT* SIMPLE, REALLY...

6 NEWS

...I LURED THE... *AHEM*... TERRORISTS INTO MY LABS WITH THE *FALSE PROMISE* OF ADVANCED TECHNOLOGIES. ONCE THEY ARRIVED, I WAS ABLE TO TRANSPORT THEM SAFELY AWAY TO A SECURE LOCATION, *FAR* FROM NEW YORK CITY.

THAT'S FASCINATING, DR. STOCKMAN. WHAT *TECHNOLOGY* DID YOU USE?

THAT IS *CLASSIFIED INFORMATION* FOR NOW, BURNE, PENDING FURTHER DEBRIEFINGS WITH OFFICIAL AUTHORITIES.

AND THE *LOCATION* YOU SENT THEM TO?

LIKEWISE CLASSIFIED.

WHEN YOU SAY "OFFICIAL AUTHORITIES," DOCTOR, ARE YOU SPEAKING OF THE *EARTH PROTECTION FORCE?*

THE INCIDENT SEEMS TO HAVE BROUGHT THIS APPARENTLY COVERT AGENCY *OUT* INTO THE OPEN, THOUGH SPECIFIC DETAILS ABOUT ITS PURPOSE AND LEADERSHIP REMAIN *VAGUE* AT BEST.

AGAIN, BURNE, I WISH I COULD SAY MORE, BUT THE BEST I CAN DO FOR NOW IS *CONFIRM* IT IS A FEDERAL AGENCY I'M DEALING WITH, AND THEY ARE GETTING MY *FULL COOPERATION* AS A LOYAL AMERICAN CITIZEN.

BEYOND THAT, YOU'D HAVE TO CONTACT THE *MAYOR'S OFFICE* FOR THE INFORMATION YOU'RE SEEKING.

SPEAKING OF THE MAYOR, AS YOU WELL KNOW, THE *MAYORAL ELECTION* HAPPENS LATER THIS YEAR. THE MAYOR HAS RECENTLY STATED HE'S NOT SEEKING RE-ELECTION.

AS BOTH A PROMINENT BUSINESSMAN AND THE CITY'S NEWEST HERO, ANY OPINIONS ON WHO *YOU'D* LIKE TO SEE REPLACE HIM?

*HA!* YOU FLATTER ME, BURNE. THE TRUTH IS, I DON'T CONCERN MYSELF MUCH WITH POLITICS. I SIMPLY SEEK TO DO WHAT'S *BEST* FOR MY CITY AND MY COUNTRY AT ANY GIVEN MOMENT, BE IT AS A SCIENTIST, BUSINESSMAN OR OTHERWISE.

IT'S NOT JUST A DUTY...

...IT'S A *CALLING.*

OH, *GAG* ME.

AND, NOW, ALLOW ME TO ESCORT YOU OUT.

*PSST!* APRIL!

WE'RE HERE.

HEY, APRIL.

PERFECT *TIMING*, GUYS!

COME ON— BEFORE BAXTER GETS BACK.

DON'T YOU MEAN THE "HERO OF NEW YORK?"

I SWEAR, THE MORE I HEAR HIM CALLED THAT, THE MORE I *REGRET* GIVING HIM CREDIT FOR THE WHOLE TRICERATON THING.

NO, IT WAS A GOOD PLAN, APRIL. ALL THE HERO WORSHIP KEEPS STOCKMAN BUSY WITH THE PRESS, WHICH MEANS *LESS TROUBLE* HE CAN CAUSE US.

HEY, I REMEMBER THESE THINGS. *SO COOL!*

YOU DO REMEMBER THOSE THINGS TRIED TO *EAT* YOU LAST TIME YOU SAW 'EM, RIGHT?

YEAH. LIKE I SAID, DUDE... *AWESOME!*

SO HOW ARE THINGS ON THE STREETS?

ABOUT WHAT YOU'D EXPECT AFTER AN ALIEN INVASION— A *HOT MESS*.

TONS OF DESTRUCTION, AND OUTSIDE GANGS ARE PUSHING IN TO *LOOT* WHILE THE POLICE ARE STRETCHED THIN.

AT LEAST SOME AREAS ARE SAFER THAN OTHERS BECAUSE FATHER HAS THE FOOT CLAN OUT KEEPING THE PEACE.

WHAT ABOUT THE EPF? AGENT BISHOP'S BEEN TRYING TO *CORNER* DR. STOCKMAN, BUT WE'VE BEEN ABLE TO PUT HIM OFF SO FAR.

THEY'RE ALL OVER MANHATTAN. IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE BISHOP HAS *ANY* PLANS TO GIVE UP HIS TOEHOLD.

PROTECTION IS TURNING INTO OCCUPATION.

A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME, I SUPPOSE.

*NAH...*

"...AIN'T *NOTHIN'* ROSY ABOUT IT."

THANKS AGAIN FOR THE TOUR, DR. STOCKMAN. THE FACILITY IS IMPRESSIVE AND YOUR INVENTIONS ARE AMAZING.

MY PLEASURE, BURNE.

AND YOU'LL BE THE *FIRST* TO KNOW WHEN I'M ALLOWED TO SPEAK MORE FREELY ABOUT THE RECENT TERRORIST INCIDENT.

6 NEWS 6

OR AT LEAST UNTIL I CAN FIND A WAY TO MAKE IT *PROFITABLE* TO DO SO, YOU PONTIFICATING IMBECILE.

DOCTOR STOCKMAN?

WHO—?

ANYTIME

*DETECTIVE KARA LEWIS*, NEW YORK POLICE.

I WAS HOPING YOU'D TAKE A *QUICK RIDE* WITH ME DOWNTOWN, DOCTOR.

AM I *UNDER ARREST*, DETECTIVE?

YOU DON'T *HAVE* TO BE. SHOULDN'T TAKE TOO LONG IF YOU COOPERATE. I'LL HAVE YOU BACK HERE IN TIME TO SEE YOURSELF ON THE LATE NEWS.

WE JUST NEED YOU TO COME ANSWER A FEW QUESTIONS ABOUT YOUR RECENT "HEROICS."

YOU KNOW—AS A *LOYAL AMERICAN CITIZEN*.

*FINE.*

AND BY "WE," I ASSUME YOU MEAN YOURSELF AND AGENT BISHOP?

WELL, COLOR ME IMPRESSED, DOC...

...YOU *ARE* AS CLEVER AS YOU SAID YOU WERE ON TV.

JAS 121

YOU EGGHEADS ALMOST *DONE*, OR WHAT?

YEP. COORDINATES ARE ALL SET.

YOU GUYS SURE YOU WANNA DO THIS? YOU REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED THE *LAST TIME* YOU WENT THERE.

IT'S NOT SO MUCH WANTING AS *NEEDING*, APRIL. WE ALREADY KNOW WE CAN'T BEAT THE RAT KING ON HIS OWN TERMS.

WE NEED TO GATHER INTEL AND *THIS* SEEMS LIKE THE BEST PLAY RIGHT NOW.

BESIDES, IT'D BE NICE TO GET OUT *IN FRONT* OF SOMETHIN' FOR ONCE. WE'RE SICK AND TIRED OF HAVIN' TO *REACT* TO STUFF ALL THE TIME.

AND NOW WE'RE BETTER PREPARED SINCE WE KNOW *WHAT* TO EXPECT WHEN WE GET THERE.

YEAH—WE *TOTALLY* GOT THIS, APRIL!

AND PLEASE DON'T TELL YOUR BOSS I *TOUCHED* HIS STUFF.

OKAY. BUT PLEASE BE CAREFUL.

FOOM

NEXT STOP...

"...TOAD BARON'S DEN OF DELIGHTS!"

AH, MUTATED MARAUDERS, YOU HAVE RETURNED—JUST AS I *EXPECTED* YOU WOULD.

NORMALLY MY DELECTABLE DEN OF DELIGHTS IS OPEN TO ONE AND ALL. BUT, UNFORTUNATELY, THE UNINVITED ARE *UNWELCOME*.

AND CONSIDERING YOUR HISTORY OF HYSTERIA IN MY HUMBLE ABODE, *YOU FOUR* ARE NEITHER INVITED NOR WELCOME.

BOOM

ALBERTO?

YES, MASTER?

PLEASE SEE THESE TRESPASSING TERRAPINS *OUT*.

ATTACK!

art by KEVIN EASTMAN
colors by TOMI VARGA

art by DAVE WACHTER

ISSUE #82

TOAD BARON'S DEN OF DELIGHTS.

ATTACK!

OH, YOU GOTTA BE KIDDIN'.

GUYS, *WHATEVER* YOU DO...

...PLEASE DON'T *HURT* ANYONE.

HAVE *AT* YOU, SIR!

I... I JUST CAN'T.

COME *NO CLOSER*, TURTLE FIEND!

OH... A *FELLOW CHUCKER*, HEY?

I... I W-WON'T LET YOU *P-PASS*, MONSTER!

YO, UMBRELLA BOY—DON'T MAKE ME *RAIN* ON YOUR PARADE.

ONE DAY WITHOUT WEIRDNESS— IS THAT TOO MUCH TO ASK?

JUST *ONE* DAY.

WHAK WHAK WHAK

HAVE! AT! YOU!

NO, SERIOUSLY... I *REALLY* CAN'T.

HEE-YAH!

SPLAT

DUDE! THAT'S A *REAL* BANANA!

POP

GYAH!

HAVIN' SOME *EQUIPMENT ISSUES*, ARE YA, SHAKY?

OH, THIS IS RIDICULOUS.

NOW I KNOW WHY FATHER TAUGHT US THIS TRICK.

OH.

SWEET DREAMS, FROGGY.

SO GROSS.

UFF!

THANKS, LEO. I THOUGHT I WAS GONNA *PEE* MYSELF.

NNG...

WHAT A *DISASTROUS DEVIATION* OF EVENTS.

YEAH— DISASTROUS FOR *YOU*, WART FACE.

WE DIDN'T COME HERE LOOKIN' TO *SCRAP* WITH YOUR LITTLE TADPOLES.

WE CAME LOOKIN' FOR *YOU*, FAT BOY.

poke

HKK?!

AW, DUDE! AND I THOUGHT THE *BANANA* WAS BAD!

HRRGGK!

WHAT'D YOU *DO* TO HIM?

NOT I. HIS MALADY IS OF HIS *OWN* MAKING.

THERE IS ALWAYS A PRICE TO PAY FOR *BOORISH BEHAVIOR.*

OKAY, OKAY... LET'S JUST ALL *CALM DOWN.* NO MORE FIGHTING.

AND NO MORE BARFING.

AND NO MORE *WASTING TIME.* TOAD BARON...

OHHH...

"...WE NEED TO *TALK*."

HERE WE *ARE*, DOC...

NO TRESSPASSING

STOP

AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY

...IT'S BEEN A *RIOT*.

YOU'RE NOT *STAYING*, DETECTIVE?

NOPE. AS *TEMPTING* AS WATCHING TWO WORLD-CLASS PSYCHOPATHS CHEW THE FAT MIGHT BE, I'VE GOT MORE *ENTERTAINING* THINGS TO DO.

MY *TAXES* FOR STARTERS.

*TOODLE-LOO.*

YUCK.

WHAT'S UP WITH ALL THESE *DAMN RATS?*

WE'VE COMPLETED SETTING UP NEARLY A *HALF-DOZEN MOBILE COMMANDS* AROUND THE ISLAND, AGENT BISHOP, AND COMMS ARE 95% OPERATIONAL.

EXCELLENT, CAPTAIN. I TRUST YOU'LL GET THE COMMS *FULLY ONLINE* ASAP. AND YOU HAVE MY PERMISSION TO REACH OUT TO THE *ARMY CORPS OF ENGINEERS* FOR ADDED CONSTRUCTION RESOURCES.

THESE TENTS NEED ONLY BE A *TEMPORARY* NECESSITY. THE EPF IS HERE TO STAY.

EPF

=AHEM=

AH, DOCTOR STOCKMAN, I SEE OUR GOOD *DETECTIVE LEWIS* HAS DELIVERED YOU SAFE AND SOUND.

YES, WELL, "GOOD" IS A *SUBJECTIVE ADJECTIVE* WHEN IT COMES TO THE DETECTIVE.

*HA!* I SUPPOSE IT IS.

PLEASE, DOCTOR...

"...JOIN *US* FOR A WALK."

SO, DOCTOR, *TELL* ME— HOW DID YOU DO IT?

DO, AGENT? I'M NOT SURE I KNOW *WHAT* YOU MEAN.

LET'S NOT BEAT AROUND THE BUSH, *SHALL* WE, DOCTOR?

THE TRICERATONS WERE HERE, THEN VERY SUDDENLY THEY WERE NOT, AND YOU HAVE *PUBLICLY* CLAIMED *RESPONSIBILITY* FOR THIS MYSTERIOUS FACT.

SO AGAIN, I ASK—*HOW* DID YOU DO IT? AND, MORE IMPORTANTLY, *WHERE* HAVE THEY GONE?

THAT, I'M AFRAID, IS A CONVERSATION BEST LEFT TO MY *ATTORNEYS*, AGENT BISHOP, AS IT INVOLVES PROPRIETARY TECHNOLOGIES.

I WOULDN'T STAY IN BUSINESS VERY LONG IF I GOT INTO THE HABIT OF FREELY DIVULGING TCRI'S TRADE SECRETS, *WOULD* I?

NO, I SUPPOSE NOT.

THEN AGAIN, ONE COULD ALSO SAY "FREELY" IS A SUBJECTIVE ADVERB IN *THIS* CASE.

WHEN IT COMES TO AIDING AND ABETTING TERRORISTS, *ALL* THE LAWYERS IN THIS WORLD OR *ANY OTHER* WON'T BE ABLE TO SECURE YOUR RIGHTS TO *FREELY* WITHHOLD THE INFORMATION THAT I, AS A DULY APPOINTED REPRESENTATIVE OF THIS GREAT COUNTRY'S GOVERNMENT, AM SEEKING.

CRAUNCH

YOU'RE A SMART MAN, DOCTOR.

*NEED* I SAY MORE?

I... *UH*... NO.

NO, YOU DON'T.

GOOD. I'M *GLAD* TO HEAR IT.

JUST AS I'M CERTAIN *YOU'LL* BE GLAD TO HEAR THAT SENDING YOU ON A ONE-WAY TRIP TO GITMO IS TRULY SOMETHING I HOPE TO AVOID.

THAT MAKES *TWO* OF US.

YES... EXACTLY. TWO.

"AND TWO MAKES A *TEAM*, DOES IT NOT?"

THEY CALL THEMSELVES THE GARDEN STATE WRECKERS, MASTER. A *LOW-LEVEL GANG* FROM NEW JERSEY. THEY WERE *LOOTING* IN THE CITY WHEN MY TEAM CAME ACROSS THEM.

AND CASEY JONES?

HE AND HIS FATHER *HELPED* US TO DEFEAT THEM.

I AM NOT SURPRISED. CASEY JONES HAS *ALWAYS* PROVEN TO BE A LOYAL ALLY.

HE'S... HE'S A *PRETTY AMAZING FIGHTER*, TOO.

...

INDEED.

THAT BEING THE CASE, HE REMAINS *NAIVE* IN MANY RESPECTS, AND I FEAR HIS DECISION TO REUNITE WITH HIS FATHER MAY BE *MISGUIDED*.

DESPITE APPEARANCES, HUN IS *NOT* TO BE TRUSTED, JENNIKA.

YES, MASTER.

AND AS FOR *YOUR* NEXT MISSION, REMEMBER— *LUPO* AND HIS MEN ARE *FAR MORE FORMIDABLE* THAN THE INTERLOPERS YOU FACED FROM NEW JERSEY.

SHOW NO WEAKNESS BUT PROCEED WITH *CAUTION*.

WHILE THE GOVERNMENTAL AUTHORITIES ARE BURDENED WITH RECOVERY AND REBUILDING, WE HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY TO BECOME THE *MOST POWERFUL* FORCE IN THE CITY.

YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS, *CHUNIN*. SEE *TO* THEM.

*HAI*, MASTER.

"IT WASN'T SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN *THIS* WAY..."

...WE DIDN'T COME HERE LOOKING FOR A *FIGHT*—

—OR *WHATEVER* IT WAS THOSE FROGS WERE DOING—

—WE JUST CAME HERE LOOKING FOR SOME *HELP* FROM YOU.

HELP?

BY ALL THE JUSTIFIED ANCIENTS OF MUMMU, *WHAT* POSSESSED YOU TO BELIEVE *I* WOULD OFFER HELP TO SUCH A REPULSIVE RETINUE?

FOR STARTERS, YOU KNOW FULL WELL WE WERE *AT* YOUR CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AND *OVERHEARD* YOUR SISTER, KITSUNE, PLOTTING TO BRING BACK YOUR FATHER THE DRAGON.*

*See TMNT #71 B.C.

AND WE KNOW THAT *YOU* DON'T LIKE THE IDEA OF HIS RETURNING AT ALL.

YOU ARE *MISTAKEN*, MY PERIWINKLED FRIEND. I NEVER—

DON'T *LIE*, TOAD MAN.

FROM ONE PARTY DUDE TO ANOTHER, I KNOW THERE'S *NOTHING* WORSE THAN SOMEONE *HARSHING* ON YOUR FIESTA TIME.

I GOT YOU, RAPH. JUST DON'T *BREATHE* ON ME.

STINKIN' WART-FACED PUG-BAG.

*ALBERTO! FRANZ! BOB!* TO YOUR FEET AT ONCE, YOU INDOLENT IDIOTS! WE HAVE *GUESTS* TO ATTEND TO.

*CHOP, CHOP!*

DID WE *WIN*, AL?

YES, WELL... I'M AFRAID I CANNOT DENY MY *RELUCTANCE* IN WELCOMING FATHER'S RETURN. I HAVE SO ENJOYED THE UNINTERRUPTED AND UNINHIBITED BACCHANAL MY DEN OF DELIGHTS HAS BECOME SINCE HIS DEMISE—

—PRESENT COMPANY *EXCLUDED*—

—BUT WHAT DOES ANY OF *THAT* HAVE TO DO WITH HELPING YOU?

DUDES! LOOK AT ALL THIS *CRAZY GRUB!*

I'M LOOKING... I'M JUST NOT SURE *WHAT* I'M SEEING.

YOU MIGHT WANNA CLOSE YOUR EYES, RAPH.

=HURK=

PLEASE, DO NOT HESITATE TO *INDULGE* YOURSELVES.

WE HAVE TRADED *FISTICUFFS*, NOW WE SHALL SHARE THIS *FORTUITOUS FARE.*

"WE?"

YOU DON'T GOTTA TELL *ME* TWICE, TOAD MAN! *PANTHEON PIZZA!*

SERIOUSLY, MIKE?

C'MON—*LIVE* A LITTLE, DONNIE!

DEEP BREATHS, BRO. DEEP BREATHS.

OHHHH...

I PLAN TO LIVE *A LOT*, THANK YOU VERY MUCH.

NOW, *BACK* TO MY EARLIER QUERY.

WHAT DO *MY* TREPIDATIONS REGARDING MY SULLEN SIRE'S RETURN HAVE TO DO WITH *YOUR* DESIRE FOR YET UNSPECIFIED ASSISTANCE FROM YOURS TRULY?

IT'S THE *RAT KING*. WE THINK HE'S UP TO SOMETHING IN OUR CITY. SOMETHING BAD.

AND WE NEED TO KNOW HOW TO *STOP* HIM.

*AWESOME!*

WELL, IF THE RAT KING IS INVOLVED, YOU CAN BE *CERTAIN* IT'S FOR ILL WILL. HE ABSOLUTELY *ADORES* INFLICTING MAYHEM ON OTHERS, THAT ONE.

BE THAT AS IT MAY, I WOULD *NEVER* BETRAY MY PANTHEON BRETHREN, EVEN THAT SADISTIC FIEND.

BUT WHAT IF YOU DIDN'T *HAVE* TO BETRAY THEM?

WE KNOW YOU'RE NOT THE *ONLY ONE* WHO DOESN'T WANT YOUR FATHER BACK. IF YOU COULD JUST SHOW US HOW TO *GET* TO THEM, MAYBE WE CAN FIND A SOLUTION THAT'LL MAKE *EVERYONE* HAPPY—

—STOPPING RAT KING FROM MESSING WITH *OUR* CITY AND YOUR FATHER FROM MESSING UP *YOUR* FUN.

YEAH, DUDE. A *TWO-PARTY SOLUTION!*

GET IT?

*HMM*... YOU *DO* PRESENT AN INTERESTING PROPOSAL.

I SUPPOSE IT WOULD NOT BE *SO BAD* IF I PROVIDED YOU ACCESS TO MY FELLOW *PATERNALLY ADVERSE* SIBLINGS.

I WOULD BE ABLE TO *RID* YOU FROM MY DEN OF DELIGHTS AT THE VERY LEAST.

THAT CAN'T HAPPEN *FAST ENOUGH*, YOU ASK ME.

*YAY!* RAPH'S BACK!

TRY SOME OF THIS *RIGHTEOUS CHICKEN*, BIG BRO.

I DON'T KNOW *WHAT* THAT IS, MIKEY, BUT IT'S *NOT* CHICKEN. TRUST ME.

*HM.*

*TASTES LIKE CHICKEN.*

WELL, THEN, PERHAPS I *CAN* BE OF HELP.

GENTLEMEN, IF YOU'D BE SO KIND AS TO *FOLLOW* ME.

THESE EIGHT DOORS REPRESENT THE *ENTIRETY* OF MY PANTHEON FAMILY, AND WILL TRANSPORT YOU TO *WHEREVER* EACH OF THEM HAPPENS TO BE AT ANY GIVEN TIME... WITH *ONE* EXCEPTION.

POOR BROTHER *CHI-YOU* HAS BEEN MISSING FOR A DREADFULLY LONG TIME AND HIS DOOR HAS BEEN SEALED *TIGHTLY SHUT* EVER SINCE HE DISAPPEARED.

I FEAR HIS LOSS IS A MYSTERY THAT MAY *NEVER* BE RESOLVED.*

*See TMNT/ Ghostbusters: Volume #1 B.C

AS FOR WHICH DOOR *YOU* SHOULD CHOOSE, LET US SEE...

"*SISTER AKA* WOULD SEEM THE *OBVIOUS* CHOICE. BUT IN TRUTH, I BELIEVE SHE IS *ALREADY* HELPING YOU AS MUCH AS SHE'S WILLING.

"*BROTHER MANMOTH* SEEMS AS PERTURBED WITH KITSUNE'S REUNION PLANS AS *I* AM, BUT HE PREFERS *ISOLATION* TO COOPERATION, BELIEVE YOU ME.

"*GOTHANO* IS OUR KEEPER OF SECRETS, BUT HE *NEVER* SHARES THEM, SO *WHY* WASTE TIME IN THE ASKING?

"*RAT KING* MIGHT JUST BE MAD ENOUGH TO JOIN ALONG IN THE VERY GAME INTENDED TO *DETHRONE* HIM. BUT AS YOU WELL KNOW, HE PLAYS BY HIS *OWN* MANIACAL RULES.

"AS FOR *JAGWAR*, SHE HOLDS *NO LOVE* FOR HUMAN OR MUTANT. I SUSPECT SHE'D ONLY WANT TO HELP YOUR FOURSOME TO AN *EARLY MASS GRAVE*.

"AND *KITSUNE* IS AN IMPETUOUS, DISRUPTIVE BRAT. WHAT *ELSE* IS THERE TO SAY?"

MAN, DUDES— WHAT DO YOU THINK?

I THINK THIS SUCKS *ALL* THE WAY AROUND.

YEAH. BUT WE'VE *GOTTA* MAKE A CHOICE.

AND QUICK. MY GUT TELLS ME THE RAT KING'S TAKING THINGS TO A *WHOLE NEW LEVEL* THIS TIME.

WELL, WHICHEVER DOOR YOU CHOOSE, AS YOUR HOST, I FEEL *OBLIGATED* TO WARN YOU...

...FROM THIS POINT FORWARD, YOU PROCEED AT YOUR *VERY OWN* RISK.

IF THERE IS *ONE* THING CERTAIN ABOUT MY FAMILY...

"...IT IS THAT THEY ARE *ALL* UNPREDICTABLE."

WE ARE *NEARLY* THERE, MY CHILDREN.

SPEED LIMIT 30

CHINA PAL

TIMES

JUST A BIT *FARTHER* NOW.

*BUT WAIT!*

WHAT'S THIS?

A *LOST HOME FOR LOST CHILDREN?*

St. Robert's Orphanage

PARENTLESS *AND* HOMELESS?

A TRAGEDY *WITHIN* A TRAGEDY.

*AH,* BUT *FEAR NOT,* MY FORGOTTEN URCHINS.

THE RAT KING KNOWS *JUST* THE SONG TO TURN CALAMITY INTO BLISS.

YES, *THAT'S* IT. THE MORE THE MERRIER.

JUST A BIT *FARTHER...*

"...ALL *TOGETHER* NOW."

THE RECENT TRICERATON INCURSION HAS DRAMATICALLY *EXPANDED* FISCAL OPPORTUNITIES FOR THE EPF—NEW MONIES THAT I PLAN TO EXPLOIT *IMMEDIATELY* TO CONSTRUCT A *PROPER* PROTECTION AGENCY FOR THIS WORLD.

WE WILL BUILD FROM *WITHIN* WHENEVER POSSIBLE... AND FROM *WITHOUT* WHEN NECESSARY, VIA VERY, *VERY* LUCRATIVE GOVERNMENT CONTRACTS.

YOU ARE A MAN OF *UNIQUE TALENTS* AND *CONSIDERABLE RESOURCES*, DOCTOR STOCKMAN. I WOULD BE A FOOL NOT TO *ACKNOWLEDGE* THAT.

AND I *FULLY* SEE A FUTURE WHERE *MANY* OF THOSE SAME CONTRACTS I MENTIONED ARE AWARDED TO *TCRI*. THAT IS...

...IF I *FIRST* KNOW WHERE THE TRICERATONS HAVE GOTTEN *OFF* TO.

*QUID PRO QUO*, DOCTOR. OR JAIL.

*YOUR* CHOICE.

BURNOW ISLAND.

I SENT THEM TO *BURNOW ISLAND*.

THERE, YOU *SEE*, DOCTOR?

"NOT SUCH A *DIFFICULT DECISION* AFTER ALL."

OKAY, GUYS, ARE WE *ALL* GOOD?

YEAH. I THINK SO.

WHATEVER. AS LONG AS WE GET *AWAY* FROM HERE.

LET'S *DO* IT!

SMACK

YOU AIN'T TAKIN' THAT NASTY THING!

*HEY!*

*WHOA—* CHECK IT OUT! DONNIE WAS *RIGHT.*

CHICKENS CAN'T FLY.

=HURK=

SO, MY FRIENDS...

...AND I USE THAT ENDEARING TERM *LOOSELY*...

...HAVE YOU *COME* TO A DECISION?

YEAH. WE HAVE.

*MANMOTH.*

VERY WELL. YOU WILL FIND THE *APPROPRIATE ATTIRE* FOR YOUR VISIT AS YOU PASS THROUGH.

MY BROTHER PREFERS BITTER COLD TO WARM COMFORT. JUST *ONE* OF HIS MANY MASOCHISTIC QUIRKS, AS YOU WILL SOON DISCOVER.

GOOD-BYE, TURTLES.

SLAM

AND GOOD RIDDANCE!

D-DUDES! IT'S TOTALLY *F-FREEZING* IN HERE.

G-GREAT STINKIN' C-CHOICE.

HERE— QUICK! P-PUT *THESE* ON.

WELL, I AIN'T COLD ANYMORE BUT I *SMELL* LIKE A DEAD FREAKIN' RACCOON.

YOU SEE ANYTHING, LEO?

YEAH. I *THINK* SO. JUST UP AHEAD...

...A FIRE.

WELL, *WHAT* HAVE WE HERE? TRESPASSERS.

AND JUST WHEN I THOUGHT THE HUNT WAS *DONE* FOR THE DAY.

art by KEVIN EASTMAN
colors by TOMI LAREA

art by DAVE WACHTER

ISSUE #83

SIBERIA. THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE.

LOOK OUT!

SHUNK

GAHH!

DUDE.

HA HA HA!

YOU SHOULD SEE THE *LOOKS* ON YOUR FACES!

LIKE FOUR MUSK DEER GAWKING *STUPIDLY* AT A FULL MOON.

HA!

REMINDS ME OF THE TIME I HID A *SNARE TRAP* IN BROTHER TOAD'S PERSONAL LATRINE.

SHUCK

THAT OLD REPTILE NEVER KNEW WHAT *HIT* HIM! HIS EYES BULGED *JUST LIKE* YOURS.

AT LEAST I *THINK* THEY DID. KIND OF HARD TO TELL WITH HIM.

*UM... AMPHIBIAN,* ACTUALLY.

WHAT?

YOUR BROTHER... TOAD BARON. HE'S AN AMPHIBIAN.

REALLY? *HM.*

I NEVER *COULD* GET THAT STRAIGHT.

WELL, WHAT ARE *YOU* FOUR AMPHIBIANS WAITING FOR?

RUN.

AAAAAHHHH!

GUYS! SPREAD OUT!

AH! SPLITTING UP, ARE YOU? EXCELLENT STRATEGY. NOT AS DUMB AS DEER AFTER ALL.

THIS WILL BE FUN.

WAITASEC. I THOUGHT DONNIE SAID WE WERE REPTILES.

I'M SO CONFUSED.

ALL I KNOW IS WE'RE GONNA BE ROASTIN' ON A SPIT IF WE DON'T FIGURE OUT A WAY TO STOP THIS WHACK-JOB FROM KILLING U—

—GAHH!

C'MON, RAPH! LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!

YEAH. RIGHT.

INCOMING!

WHAT THE—?

I TOLD YOU TWO TO *SPREAD OUT!*

EASY TO SAY WHEN YOU *AIN'T* IN THE STINKIN' LINE OF FIRE.

YEAH. YOU GUYS HAVE A BIG ROCK AND MANMOTH TOTALLY *HATES* DEAD TREES.

NO STALLING!

CHOMP

YOU WERE *SAYIN'*, MIKE?

GEEZ— DUDE HATES *ROCKS*, TOO.

HEAR ME, MUTANTS. LISTEN AND LEARN.

OUT HERE, *SURVIVAL* IS EVERYTHING. IN THIS HARSH LAND, *ALL* CREATURES, GREAT AND SMALL, EXIST ON THE RAZOR'S EDGE. THERE IS *NO ROOM* FOR HESITATION.

IF YOU'RE NOT MOVING...

...YOU'RE DYING!

SKIPPP

YOW!

DAMN HAIRY ELEPHANT!

THAT'S THE SPIRIT!

KAK

UNF!

FIGHT FOR YOUR SURVIVAL!

NO WAY WE'RE BEATING *HIM* HAND-TO-HAND. HE'S *WAY* TOO STRONG.

AND SURPRISINGLY *FAST*.

YOU THINK?

GUYS, I GOT AN *IDEA* ON HOW TO SLOW HIM DOWN.

CAN YOU *DISTRACT* HIM FOR A LITTLE BIT?

OKAY, MIKE, WE'LL TRY.

BUT *WHATEVER* YOU'VE GOT PLANNED, MAKE IT QUICK.

ROGER DODGER!

THAT'S IT, TURTLE MUTANTS.

HAVE AT ME AND WE WILL SOON FIND OUT WHO IS THE *FITTEST* AMONG US.

GUYS, WE ALREADY KNOW *WHO'S* THE FITTEST, AND HE'S ONLY BEEN *PULLING* HIS PUNCHES SO FAR.

WE'VE GOTTA BE *SMART* HERE AND HIT HIM HIGH AND LOW AND PRAY MIKEY *KNOWS* WHAT HE'S DOING.

I CALL LOW. I'M *DONE* MESSIN' WITH THOSE STINKIN' HORNS.

*TUSKS*, ACTUALLY.

WHATEVER. SINCE YOU KNOW SO MUCH ABOUT 'EM, DON...

...THEY'RE ALL *YOURS!*

MANMOTH, THIS IS... *ENGG... STUPID!*

YEAH... *UNF*... WE JUST WANNA *TALK.*

OH, MAN, I GOT SOME OF HIS *LEG HAIR* IN MY MOUTH! *BLAH!*

TALK? TALK IS FOR THE *WEAK.*

*YAHH!*

*GUH!*

NOT *AGAIN!*

I PREFER *ACTION.*

*YO!* MANMOTH!

YOU *FORGOT* ONE OF US, AND I'M *ALL* ABOUT ACTION, DUDE. IT'S PRACTICALLY MY *SECOND MIDDLE NAME.*

MICHELANGELO TEZUKA *ACTION* HAMATO.

TEZUKA?

*HEH.* WE'LL *SOON* FIND OUT.

THAT'S IT, BIG FELLA...

...JUST A LITTLE CLOSER.

SKRRP

WHA-?

PERFECTO!

TI-HOOM

GUYS, NOW!

YIELD, MANMOTH. WE HAVE THE *ADVANTAGE.*

AND IF YOU'D JUST *PAY ATTENTION,* WE'RE ONLY HERE TO TALK.

AND WE AIN'T ABOVE POKIN' OUT AN EYE IF THAT'S WHAT IT TAKES TO *MAKE* IT HAPPEN.

DUDE... GROSS.

BWAH HA HA HA HA!

A HIDDEN *LOOP SNARE!*

YOU TRULY *ARE* A SURVIVOR, MICHELANGELO TEZUKA ACTION HAMATO!

I KNOW, DUDE. I KNOW.

SO, YOU MUTANTS WISH TO TALK, DO YOU?

VERY WELL, WE'LL TALK. BUT *FIRST*, SUSTENANCE.

ALL THIS FUN HAS ME FAMISHED.

WHO'S READY TO *JOIN* ME FOR A HUNTER'S FEAST?

OH, ME! *ME!* I'M READY!

THEN LET'S NOT DELAY ANY LONGER. REMEMBER WHAT I SAID ABOUT HE WHO HESITATES.

DUDE, YOU *JUST* PIGGED OUT LIKE HALF AN HOUR AGO.

YEAH, BUT SAVING EVERYONE'S BUTTS IS *HARD WORK*, BRO. I'M STARVING!

THE OLD SNARE TRAP TRICK! JUST LIKE BROTHER TOAD. *GENIUS!*

WELL, GENIUS IS LIKE MY *THIRD MIDDLE NAME*, YOU KNOW.

HA! YOU FLATTER ME, BURNE. THE TRUTH IS, I DON'T CONCERN MYSELF MUCH WITH POLITICS.

I SIMPLY SEEK TO DO WHAT'S *BEST* FOR MY CITY AND MY COUNTRY AT ANY GIVEN MOMENT, BE IT AS A SCIENTIST, BUSINESSMAN OR OTHERWISE.

IT'S NOT JUST A DUTY... IT'S A *CALLING*.

6

BAXTER STOCKMAN - NYC BUSINESSMAN AND HERO

*BURNE THOMPSON REPORTING*

WOW...

...THAT SOUNDS EVEN *FAKER* ON TV THAN WHEN I HEARD YOU SAY IT LIVE.

IRMA LANGENSTEIN

THANK YOU, BURNE. IN OTHER *CITY HALL* NEWS, NEW YORK IS FACING AN UNPRECEDENTED *RAT INFESTATION* THAT MANY ARE BLAMING ON THE RECENT TERRORIST INCIDENT... CAN THE MAYOR BUILD A BETTER MOUSE TRAP BEFORE HE *LEAVES* OFFICE? STORY AFTER THE BREAK.

WELL, OUR *CUSTOMERS* DON'T SEEM TO AGREE WITH YOU, MISS O'NEIL.

IF THESE LATEST STOCK REPORTS ARE ANY *INDICATOR*, THEY ARE FINDING MY NEW HERO STATUS AN INVESTMENT QUITE *EASY* TO BELIEVE IN.

AND WHAT ABOUT *AGENT BISHOP?* WAS *HE* AS IMPRESSED BY NEW YORK'S SAVIOR AS BURNE THOMPSON IS?

I *SAW* YOU LEAVE WITH THAT DETECTIVE WHO WORKS FOR HIM, DOCTOR. AND IT WAS PRETTY EASY TO GUESS *WHERE* SHE WAS TAKING YOU.*

BISHOP? WHAT DO YOU *MEAN?*

*See TMNT #81 – B.C.

YES, IT'S TRUE—I MET WITH AGENT BISHOP, BUT *NOT* BY CHOICE. BY FORCE.

I... ADVISED HIM TO CONTACT MY *ATTORNEYS* SHOULD HE HAVE ANY QUESTIONS OR CONCERNS REGARDING THE TRICERATON MATTER.

*UH-HUH.* AND WHAT DID YOU *CHOOSE* TO TELL HIM ONCE YOU GOT THERE... BY *FORCE?*

AND HE WAS OKAY WITH THAT AND JUST *LET* YOU GO, *HUH?*

SOMETHING TELLS ME RESPECTING MIRANDA RIGHTS ISN'T TOO *HIGH UP* ON THE EPF'S OPERATIONAL CHARTER.

THEN YOU WOULD BE MISTAKEN, BECAUSE *HERE* I AM.

BUT ALLOW ME TO ASK *YOU* A QUESTION, MISS O'NEIL. YOU'RE CLEARLY AN INTELLIGENT YOUNG WOMAN—

—HOW *FRUSTRATING* IS IT FOR YOU TO WASTE SUCH *OBVIOUS* TALENT SOLELY TO KEEP *TABS* ON ME FOR A BUNCH OF MUTATED MONSTROSITIES?

I MEAN, I'M ALMOST *EMBARRASSED* FOR YOU.

WELL, DON'T BE, BECAUSE YOU'VE GOT IT *ALL* WRONG.

FIRST OF ALL, MY FRIENDS ARE *NOT* MONSTERS. SECOND, IT WAS *MY* IDEA TO JOIN TCRI, IF YOU RECALL, AND IT WAS *ME* WHO CAME UP WITH THE PLAN TO STOP THE TRICERATON WAR AND MAKE YOU FAMOUS.

WHICH I'M STARTING TO REGRET TO THE *DEEPEST* PITS OF MY SOUL.

I ADMIT—YOUR TRICERATON RUSE *WAS* A CLEVER BIT OF OUTSIDE-THE-BOX THINKING. IT CERTAINLY HAS BOOSTED BOTH MY *REPUTATION* AND *TCRI'S BOTTOM LINE* ALONG WITH IT.

BUT WE LIVE IN A WORLD OF GNAT-SIZED ATTENTION SPANS. I'LL ONLY BE ABLE TO EXPLOIT MY SO-CALLED "FAME" FOR SO LONG BEFORE THE FICKLE PUBLIC MOVES ON TO *OTHER* AMUSEMENTS.

WHAT *GOOD* WILL YOU BE TO ME THEN?

WHAT GOOD WILL I BE TO YOU THEN, *HM?*

HOW ABOUT *NOW?*

THIS CITY'S IN DESPERATE NEED OF A *BETTER MOUSETRAP—*

—TIME TO BE THE *HERO* AGAIN, DOCTOR.

"I KNOW *WHAT* YOU'RE THINKING—

—IT WAS A LONG, DIFFICULT TREK.

INDEED... BUT ISN'T THAT THE *WAY* OF LIFE?

A TWISTING, TURNING PATH FILLED WITH UNCERTAINTY AROUND *EVERY* TREACHEROUS CORNER.

*AHH...* BUT THAT'S NOT *ENTIRELY TRUE*, IS IT?

THE ROAD WE ALL TROD—WELL, THAT *YOU* ALL TROD—HAS ONE... AND *ONLY ONE*... DESTINATION.

CHOMP

YES, AFTER ALL THE CHAOS, WHEN ALL IS SAID AND DONE, THERE IS A *SINGLE INEVITABILITY* WAITING AT THE END.

SO, PLEASE, CHILDREN, JOIN ME AS I PLAY MY NEXT TUNE— A *DANCE WITH DEATH*, IF YOU WILL.

BUT ALSO A *CELEBRATION* OF ALL OF LIFE'S GREAT, MYSTERIOUS ADVENTURES.

ITS INS AND ITS OUTS.

ITS UPS...

...AND ITS *DOWNS.*

SO YOUR BOSS WANTS US TO RE-SWEAR OUR *LOYALTY* TO HIM, *HUH?*

De Ville's Restoranie

COULD BE I'VE GOT A FEW *PROBLEMS* WITH THAT REQUEST, GIRL.

YEAH. PROBLEMS.

"PROBLEMS," LUPO?

THING IS, WHEN *DARIUS DUN* WENT DOWN, THE FOOT CLAN WAS THE BIGGEST, *BADDEST* CREW IN NEW YORK.

MADE *SENSE* TO JOIN UP WITH THEM WHEN YOUR BOSS MADE THE OFFER.

BUT WORD GETS AROUND *QUICK* IN THIS TOWN. I KNOW ALL ABOUT THOSE DINOSAUR ALIENS, AND I KNOW THE RAT TOOK THE BEST OF HIS BEST UP AGAINST THEM AND GOT *TAKEN OUT* BY HIS OWN DAMN KIDS INSTEAD.

SO I'M THINKIN', MAYBE THE FOOT CLAN *AIN'T* SO BIG AND BAD AFTER ALL.

I'M THINKIN' THAT INSTEAD OF SWEARIN' LOYALTY, I'M GONNA SEND A *MESSAGE*. IN BLOOD.

BOYS.

BUDDABUDDABUDDAB

SMASH

YO! YOU GOT A TABLE FOR FIVE?

WHO THE—?

WHOOP

GUH!

HI-YAH!

GET UP AND *KILL* THOSE MOOKS, YOU IDIOTS!

YOU KNOW WHAT—WE'LL JUST FIND OUR *OWN* SEATS.

CRASH

THIS IS FOR MY *SOLDIERS!*

WAIT—

JENNIKA, *NO!*

HE AIN'T *WORTH* IT. REMEMBER WHAT MASTER SPLINTER SAID ABOUT KILLIN' WHEN YOU *DON'T NEED* TO.

LET'S JUST GET OUTTA HERE BEFORE THE *COPS* SHOW UP.

YEAH, GIRLIE— LISTEN TO THE *HOCKEY PUNK* AND RUN AWAY.

THE RAT DON'T WANT *NO* KILLIN'.

HE DIDN'T SAY NOTHIN' ABOUT *BUSTIN' HEADS* THOUGH.

NOW THAT'S WHAT I'M *TALKIN'* BOUT.

NNNGGG...

I COULD'VE *TAKEN* THEM, YOU KNOW.

I KNOW. WE JUST HAPPENED TO BE *PATROLLIN'* THE 'HOOD AND HEARD SHOTS. FIGURED WE'D CHECK IT OUT.

GOOD TIMIN', I GUESS.

YES...

...*VERY* GOOD.

"SO WHAT IS IT YOU *REALLY* WANT?"

TO LEARN MORE ABOUT MY *BROTHER*, THE RAT KING?

WHAT IS THERE TO KNOW—HE'S A SCHEMER LIKE THE *REST* OF THEM, FOREVER PLAYING THEIR *RIDICULOUS GAME*.

BUT IS THERE A WAY TO STOP HIM? *ANY* OF THEM?

IF THERE WERE, I'D *NEVER* SAY. WHATEVER DISAGREEMENTS I MAY HAVE WITH THEM—AND THERE ARE MANY—THEY REMAIN MY *FAMILY* AND I'M NO TRAITOR.

I'M A SURVIVOR! LIKE MY *HUNGRY FRIEND*, HERE!

SWAP

IT'S A DIRTY JOB, DUDE, BUT *SOMEONE'S* GOTTA DO IT.

DIRTY, INDEED. AND YET, IT IS WHAT *SERVES* ME BEST.

THERE WAS A TIME, WHEN I WAS YOUNGER, WHEN I TRIED TO LIVE *LIKE* MY SIBLINGS—JOINING THEM IN THEIR CONTEST TO RULE THE WORLD, USING MORTALS LIKE DISPOSABLE GAME PIECES...

...NEVER REALLY IN ANY *PERSONAL DANGER*, NEVER TRULY *CONCERNED* ABOUT INSIGNIFICANT DEFEATS OR MEANINGLESS VICTORIES.

AND AFTER A TIME, THAT'S WHAT IT *MADE* ME—SMALL AND WEAK. BECAUSE WHEN YOU RELY ON *OTHERS* TO WIN THE DAY FOR YOU, YOU ONLY LOSE *YOURSELF* IN THE END.

SO I QUIT THE GAME—LEFT IT *ALL* BEHIND AND CAME TO THIS HARSH LAND WHERE ONLY SURVIVAL MATTERS.

WHERE I KNOW EACH VICTORY BELONGS *SOLELY* TO ME.

YEAH, I *GET* WHAT YOU'RE SAYIN'... ABOUT BEIN' ALONE AND HANDLIN' YOUR OWN BUSINESS AND ALL THAT. BUT IT DON'T EXACTLY *HELP US* WITH YOUR FAMILY.

*THEY* AIN'T IN ANY HURRY TO *STOP MESSIN'* WITH PEOPLE WHO DON'T DESERVE IT.

AND WHY *WOULD* THEY BE? IT IS *WHO* THEY ARE, NO DIFFERENT THAN THIS DESOLATE PLACE IS WHO *I* AM.

TOAD'S RIDICULOUS PARTIES, AKA'S BENEVOLENT MEDDLING, KITSUNE'S INCESSANT DESIRE FOR THE DRAGON'S RETURN, RAT KING'S ANARCHY, AND SO ON.

IT'S WHAT MAKES THEM *STRONG*—WHAT MAKES THEM FEEL *TRULY ALIVE*. TO BE ANYTHING ELSE...

...WOULD BE TO *DIE*.

YOU KEEP TALKING ABOUT DYING, BUT YOU'RE ALL *IMMORTAL*.

YES. BUT EVEN FOR THE LIVING, THERE ARE *MANY WAYS* TO BE DEAD.

THANK YOU, MANMOTH. WE *APPRECIATE* YOUR TAKING THE TIME TO TALK WITH US, BUT WE'VE GOTTA LEAVE NOW.

BUT... DON'T YOU THINK WE NEED *MORE INFORMATION* BEFO—

WE'VE *GOT* WHAT WE NEED, DON. LET'S GO.

VERY WELL, MUTANTS. I AM NOT NORMALLY FOND OF VISITORS, BUT I ADMIT YOU'VE GIVEN ME AMPLE ENTERTAINMENT THIS NIGHT, *ESPECIALLY* MICHELANGELO TEZUKA ACTION HAMATO.

DON'T FORGET THE "*GENIUS*" PART, DUDE.

OH, PLEASE.

IF IT IS THE RAT KING YOU SEEK, THEN IT IS THE *FIFTH CAVE* YOU NEED ENTER. THAT WILL TAKE YOU *DIRECTLY* TO WHATEVER PLACE HE IS CURRENTLY TERRORIZING WITH HIS CHAOS.

GOOD HUNTING.

*CLAN HAMATO* THANKS YOU AGAIN, MANMOTH.

IT'S BEEN AN *HONOR*.

TOTALLY.

YOU... THE ONE CALLED *RAPHAEL*.

HOLD.

I SEE *MYSELF* IN YOU, MUTANT. LIKE ME, YOU ARE *DIFFERENT* THAN YOUR SIBLINGS.

YOU DO YOUR BEST TO *CONCEAL* IT, BUT THE UNEASE IS THERE... THE DEEP NEED TO BE *ALONE*.

KNOW THIS—

—YOU WILL BE AT WAR WITH THE WORLD UNTIL YOU *ADMIT* THIS TRUTH TO YOURSELF.

WHATEVER, MAN. I'M OUTTA HERE.

MY BROTHERS *NEED* ME.

WE MUST BE GETTING *CLOSE* TO RAT KING ALREADY. THE TEMPERATURE'S INCREASING.

YEAH. TIME TO GET *BACK* TO MY BEAUTIFUL GREEN SELF.

WHAT'D MANMOTH *TELL* YOU, RAPH?

DON'T MATTER.

I JUST WANNA KNOW WHAT HE SAID THAT GOT *YOU* SO HOT TO BUG OUTTA THERE, LEO.

IT WASN'T SO MUCH *WHAT* HE SAID, BUT WHAT HE *DIDN'T* SAY.

I THINK I KNOW *HOW* TO BEAT THE...

...RAT KING.

*AH, THERE* YOU ARE. YOU'VE ARRIVED JUST IN TIME TO *JOIN* THE OTHER CHILDREN...

...FOR A *MIDNIGHT SWIM.*

art by KEVIN EASTMAN
colors by TOMI VARGA

art by DAVID PETERSEN

MACRO-SERIES:
DONATELLO

WHERE YA *GOIN'*, TWERP?

KA

UFF!

I'M... I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE, YOU *FREAKS.*

IT'D BE SO EASY FOR YOU TO *BEAT ME TO DEATH.*

THOUGH I HAVE TO ADMIT, MY ODDS OF WALKING AWAY ARE PRETTY SLIM—EVEN IF I WANTED TO.

THE TWO OF YOU... TURNING ON ME LIKE THIS...

MOST OF THE TIME.

IF I HADN'T BEEN SHARPENING MY REFLEXES.

IF HAROLD AND I HADN'T UP-ARMORED METALHEAD BEFORE THIS ASSIGNMENT—

—AND PROGRAMMED IT TO DEFAULT TO BATTLE MODE IF THINGS GOT HAIRY.

IF I WASN'T READY FOR YOU. WITH NEW SKILLS. NEW TOOLS. A BACKUP PLAN.

IF I HADN'T DONE EVERYTHING I COULD TO PREPARE FOR THIS MOMENT.

I'M SURE I'D ALREADY BE DEAD BY NOW.

NWOOO!

NWOOO?

NWOOO!
NWOOO!
NWOOO!
NWOOO!

NWOOO!
NWOOO!
NWOOO!

EXTERNAL STIMULI BLEEDING INTO MY SIMULATION?

I REALLY **HAVE** BEEN TAXING MY PROCESSING POWER.

BUT THERE'S NO TIME TO FOCUS ON THAT NOW.

LOOKS LIKE AN OLD **FRIEND** IS UP TO NO GOOD.

ALERT

"THE ENEMY IS COMING."

ENEMIES, I SHOULD SAY. A FEW OF THEM WE KNOW WELL. OTHERS ARE STILL AN ENIGMA. AND SOME ARE COMPLETELY UNKNOWN.

I SEE YOU STILL LOVE THE SOUND OF YOUR OWN VOICE.

AND THAT YOU STILL CAN'T BE *TRUSTED*.

GOODBYE, DONATELLO.

WAIT, WHAT? HAROLD, WHY WOULD YOU—

BECAUSE YOU BROUGHT ME HERE UNDER *FALSE PRETENSES*.

YOU SAID YOU NEEDED MY HELP TO SAFELY DISMANTLE ALL THE OLD METALHEAD TECHNOLOGY—THE PARTS LEFT BEHIND WHEN YOU LET THAT *KILLER ROBOT* GO FREE.

THAT'S WHY I CAME. THAT'S THE *ONLY* REASON I CAME.

NOT TO HELP YOU PLAY *MAD SCIENTIST*.

WAIT— *YOU'RE* CALLING *ME* A MAD—

—NEVER MIND. NOT THE POINT.

AND I *AM* DISMANTLING METALHEAD TECH.

BY *REPURPOSING* IT TO CREATE AN INTERFACE BETWEEN MY ORGANIC BRAIN AND THIS ELECTRONIC ONE.

AN INTERFACE THAT WILL ALLOW ME TO *PREDICT THE FUTURE*—

WHICH IS DEFINITELY NOT SOMETHING A MAD SCIENTIST WOULD *EVER* DO.

—AND ALLOW ME TO BE MORE PREPARED FOR FUTURE THREATS.

AND DO YOUR BROTHERS APPROVE? OR IS THERE A REASON YOU CALLED ME HERE ON A NIGHT THEY'RE ALL OUT DOING... WHATEVER YOU PEOPLE DO?

I CALLED YOU HERE BECAUSE IT'S *NOT WORKING*. BECAUSE I... BECAUSE I'M NOT SMART ENOUGH TO FIGURE IT OUT.

I WON'T DISAGREE.

WE USED TO BE FRIENDS. OR... THE CLOSEST THING YOU HAVE TO FRIENDS.

WHAT HAPPENED?

YOU DESTROYED MY LIFE, WRECKED MY WORK, AND NEARLY GOT MY EX-WIFE KILLED.

OR WAS THAT A *RHETORICAL* QUESTION? I'VE NEVER CARED FOR THOSE.

I... I'M SORRY, HAROLD. I DON'T KNOW IF I'VE EVER SAID THAT.

AND YOU'RE RIGHT. I WRECKED YOUR LIFE.

MY FAMILY... WE'VE WRECKED A *LOT* OF LIVES. INCLUDING OUR OWN.

BUT THAT'S WHY THIS PROJECT IS SO IMPORTANT TO ME.

I KEEP DWELLING ON THE PAST—REPLAYING OLD BATTLES, THINKING OF OTHER OUTCOMES, OTHER PATHS WE COULD HAVE TAKEN.

IF I HAD UNDERSTOOD WHAT WAS GOING ON—IF I'D HAD THE PROCESSING POWER TO CONSIDER ALL THE VARIABLES—TO ANTICIPATE THE THREATS—TO DEVELOP NEW STRATEGIES—THEN MAYBE I COULD HAVE *CHANGED THE OUTCOME.*

AND WRECKED A FEW LESS LIVES IN THE PROCESS.

I CAN'T CHANGE THE PAST. BUT MAYBE I *CAN* CHANGE THE FUTURE.

PLEASE... HAROLD... HELP ME MAKE A BETTER FUTURE.

FOR *EVERYONE.*

*MEH.*

WHATEVER PROBLEMS ARISE, I'LL SOLVE THEM. ASSUMING THEY AFFECT ME.

THAT'S WHAT I DO, DONATELLO. SOLVE *INDIVIDUAL PROBLEMS*. NOT WASTE TIME ON SPECULATION AND STRATEGIZING.

YOU'RE UNDERESTIMATING THE THREATS, HAROLD. AND OVERESTIMATING YOURSELF.

PERHAPS.

WE'LL FIND OUT.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

I'M TAKING MY TECHNOLOGY WITH ME.

YOU EXPECT ME TO LEAVE IT WITH *YOU?* AFTER WHAT YOU JUST *TOLD* ME? DON'T BE OBSTRUSE.

HOW ABOUT THIS—GIVE ME *ONE WEEK* ON THIS PROJECT. THEN IF YOU STILL WANT TO TAKE THIS TECHNOLOGY, I'LL HELP YOU PACK IT UP MY—

NO.

FIVE DAYS. THREE DAYS. *TWO!*

*TONIGHT!*

"SO, YOU LET HIM KEEP IT?"

I HAD TO, LIBBY. HE MADE ME FEEL LIKE I WAS KICKING A PUPPY! OR FLIPPING A TURTLE ONTO ITS SHELL.

HMM.

THAT WAS A VERY LOADED "*HMM.*" EXPLAIN YOURSELF!

IT'S JUST... I LOVE YOU, BUT YOU'RE NOT A KIND MAN, HAROLD.

YOU WOULDN'T HAVE LEFT HIM YOUR TECH UNLESS YOU THOUGHT HE WAS... PERHAPS...

MAYBE A LITTLE BIT *RIGHT.*

OF COURSE NOT. HE'S DEALING WITH TECHNOLOGY HE CAN'T EVEN BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND. THE METALHEAD TECH IS FILLED WITH AUTONOMOUS FUNCTIONS AND SUBROUTINES. DEFENSE MEASURES AND HOMING BEA...

OH...

WHAT? WHAT IS IT?

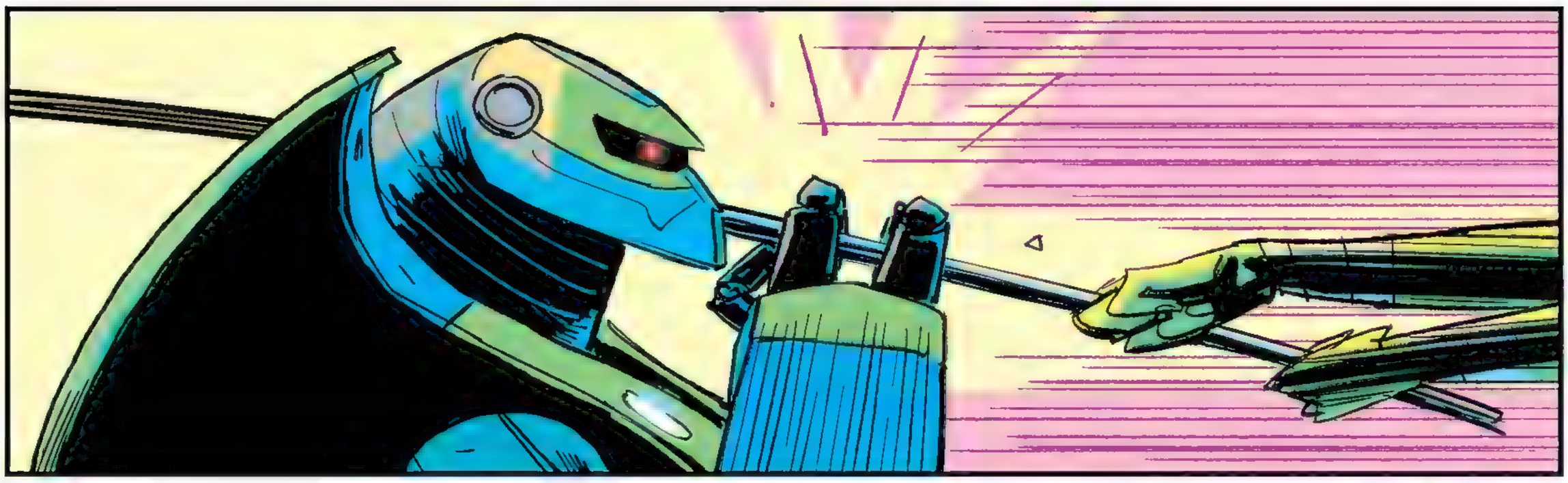
OH, NO...

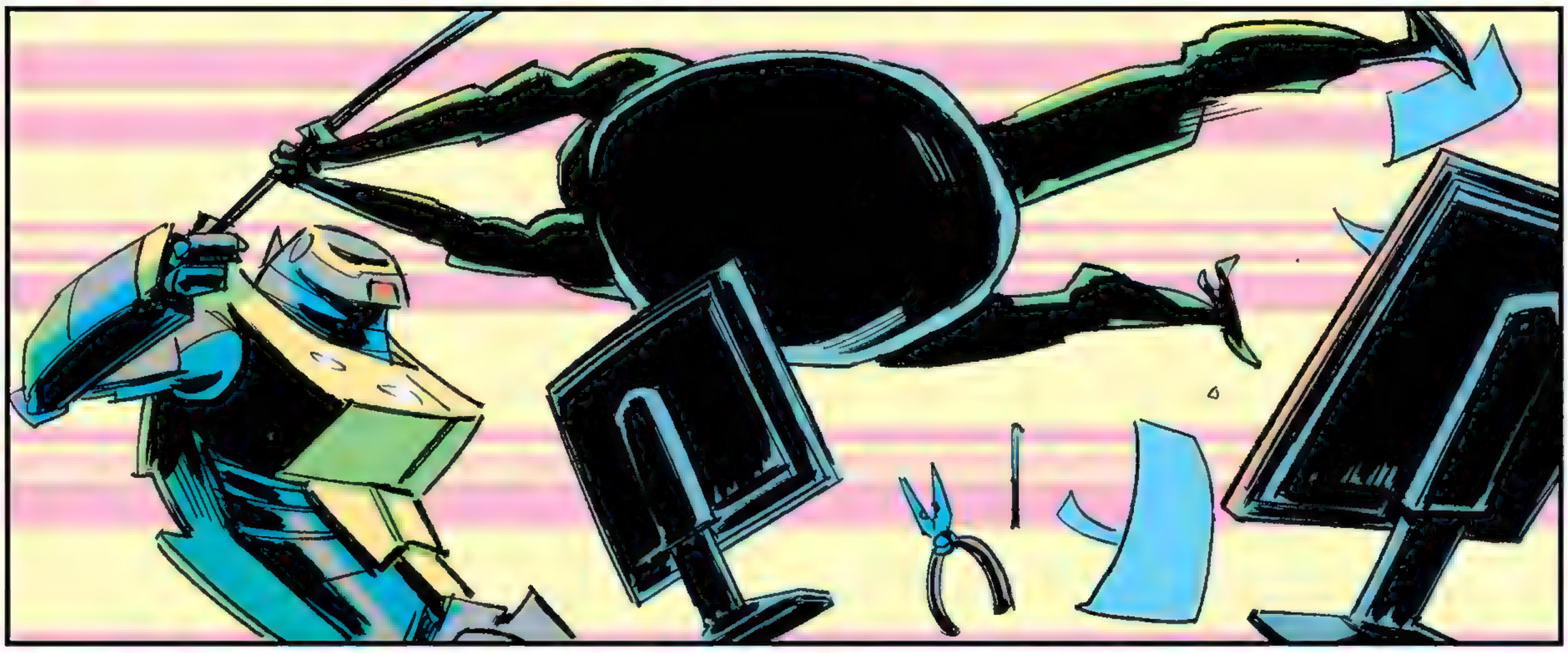
TESLA

HAROLD, IS THAT YOU? BECAUSE IF YOU CHANGED YOUR MIND, IT COULD HAVE WAITED UNTIL—

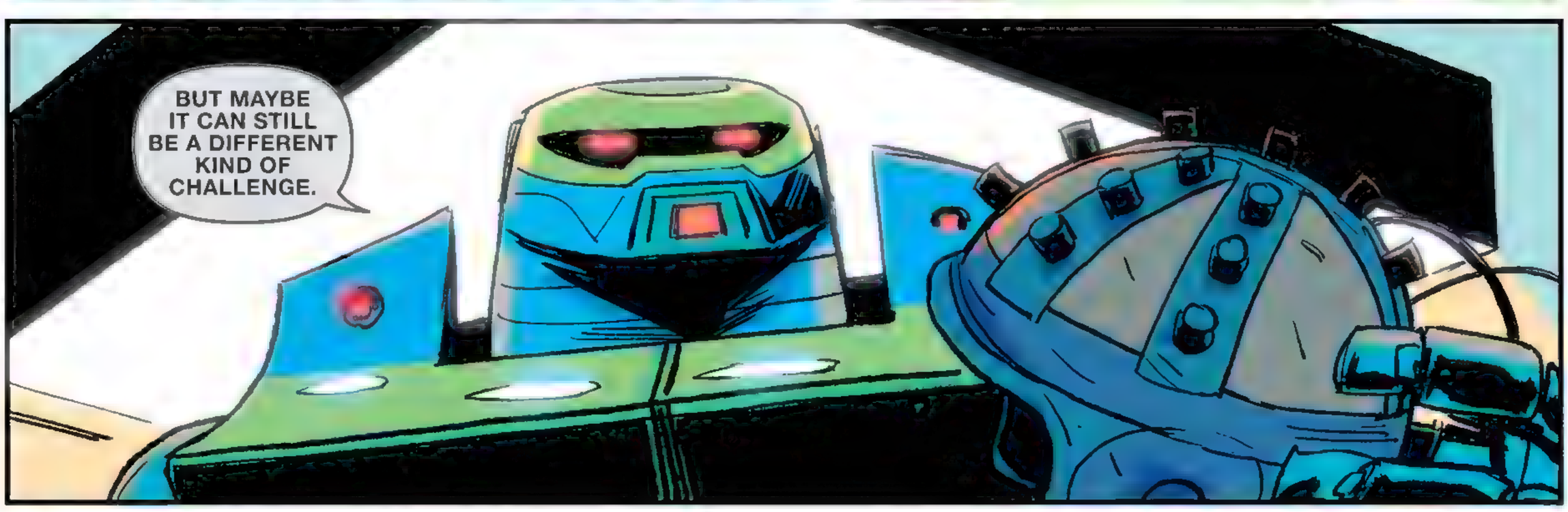
THIS WON'T WORK.

METALHEAD!





I HAD HOPED THIS WOULD BE A CHALLENGE.
I'M IN NEED OF ONE.


BUT MAYBE IT CAN STILL BE A DIFFERENT KIND OF CHALLENGE.

SO STOP FIGHTING. OR I'LL **KILL** YOU.

YOU'LL KILL ME ANYWAY.

YOU ALWAYS WERE THE **SMART** ONE.

BUT THIS TIME YOU'RE WRONG. WE CAN—

IF I HAD PATIENCE, IT WOULD BE WEARING VERY THIN.

YEAH, WELL, I FEEL JUST TERRIBLE ABOUT THAT.

THIS WAS CLEARLY BUILT FOR A MUCH WEAKER OPPONENT. ANOTHER DISAPPOINTMENT.

I CAN'T ANTICIPATE EVERY VARIABLE.

BUT THAT CAGE SHOULD SLOW YOU DOWN LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO *DESTROY* MY RESEARCH, BEFORE YOU CAN—

CRASH

I DON'T **CARE** ABOUT YOUR RESEARCH.

YOU ACTIVATED THE OLD METALHEAD TECHNOLOGY AND TRIGGERED A HOMING BEACON. I WASN'T ABOUT TO LET YOU CREATE ANOTHER ME.

THAT'S—

—CLEARLY NOT WHAT'S **HAPPENING**, YES.

NOW **STOP FIGHTING.**

AND TELL ME ABOUT THIS INTERFACE YOU'RE BUILDING.

VVVV

WH... THIS WHAT?

ZPOW

I'VE PASSED UP **EIGHTY-SEVEN** OPPORTUNITIES TO KILL YOU IN THE LAST THREE MINUTES.

DON'T TOY WITH ME.

YOU WANT TO **SEE THE FUTURE.**

I-I DON'T—

THE ORGANIC-ELECTRONIC INTERFACE. THAT'S WHAT THIS... **POORLY BUILT** PIECE OF MACHINERY IS SUPPOSED TO BE.

NOT *SEE* THE FUTURE.

JUST... *PREDICT* POSSIBLE—

IF THE PREDICTIONS ARE ACCURATE ENOUGH, AREN'T THEY ONE AND THE SAME?

I...

I DON'T KNOW.

BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER. I CAN'T GET IT TO WORK.

YES. AMONG SEVERAL OTHER PROBLEMS, YOU HAVE THE NEURAL ACCELERATION RATE CALCULATED WRONG.

YOUR MATH IS OFF.

WHAT? NO, IT ISN'T.

THEN SHOW ME YOUR WORK.

PROVE TO ME THAT IT IS NOT IN ERROR.

NO, I'M NOT GOING TO "SHOW ME YOUR WORK." OR SHOW YOU MY—YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN!

BECAUSE YOU'RE AFRAID I'M RIGHT.

BECAUSE I HAVE NOTHING TO PROVE!

FINE.

FINE!

FINE.

FINE!

...

FINE.

SECOND LINE.

SO IN CONCLUSION... MY MATH IS DEFINITELY, 100 PERCENT *NOT*—

...

OH.

AND YOU COULD... YOU COULD HELP ME FIX THIS?

AND THE MANY OTHER PROBLEMS, YES.

BUT WHY SHOULD I BELIEVE YOU? OR TRUST YOU? OR—

BECAUSE I HAVE EXPLORED THE BOUNDARIES OF MY VAST INTELLECT. AND REACHED THE EDGE. I NEED A NEW CHALLENGE.

SOMETHING I WOULD THINK YOU UNDERSTAND.

SO... "WE'RE THE SAME, YOU AND I?" IS THAT WHAT YOU'RE SAYING?

I WOULD **NEVER** SAY THAT. BUT YOU WANT TO SEE THE FUTURE. I CAN HELP. AND MY **MOTIVATION** IS CLEAR.

SO LET'S GET STARTED.

THAT'S... THAT'S BRILLIANT.

THAT WILL IMPROVE OUR EFFICIENCY BY—

YOU WOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF IT AS WELL, IF GIVEN MY PROCESSING POWER.

AND THE INITIAL CONCEPTUAL WORK WAS... SAFELY WITHIN THE RANGE OF **ADEQUATE.**

THAT'S THE NICEST THING ANYONE'S EVER SAID TO ME.

YOU SHOULD LET ME—

YOUR FINGERS AREN'T DESIGNED FOR MANUAL DEXTERITY.

BUT I'M STILL LESS PRONE TO ERROR THAN YOU.

AND IF I MAY MAKE A SUGGESTION FOR YOUR NEXT MECHANICAL DOPPLEGANGER?

FOUR FINGERS AND AN OPPOSABLE THUMB. THERE'S A REASON APES RULE THIS WORLD, FOR NOW.

BUT HAROLD WANTED TO PROVE HE COULD **MIMIC** YOUR FORM. TO ASSERT **DOMINANCE** OVER YOU.

EMOTION DAMAGES EVERYTHING.

I THINK IT'S SIMPLER THAN THAT. IT WAS A LACK OF FORESIGHT.

THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I'M TRYING TO PREVENT WITH THIS. SO THAT—

SO THAT YOU WON'T ABANDON YOUR BROTHERS TO DIE, AGAIN.

"AS THE DONATELLO YOU MET IN THE FUTURE DID."

THAT'S NOT MY FUTURE. I'M NOT GOING TO *LET* THAT BE–

WHICH IS WHY YOU'RE CREATING THIS MACHINE.

YOU CAN'T HIDE YOUR TRUE MOTIVATIONS FROM ME, DONATELLO.

I KNOW HOW OFTEN YOU RUN **ALTERNATE SCENARIOS** THROUGH YOUR HEAD. REPLAYING THE PAST. REWRITING THE FUTURE. TRYING TO UNDERSTAND... WELL...

*EVERYTHING.*

YES.

I DO THE SAME THING, NOW. THEY'RE MUCH MORE ACCURATE, GIVEN MY SUPERIOR INTELLECT.

BUT WHEN MY BRAIN IS AT REST, AND —

YOU IMAGINE. YOU *DREAM.*

I WOULDN'T CALL IT THAT.

I ALLOW MY MAINFRAME TO RUN VARIOUS SCENARIOS AND EXAMINE THE OUTCOME.

SEARCHING FOR PATTERNS THAT WILL PROVE VALUABLE IN THE FUTURE.

WHAT KIND OF SCENARIOS?

YOU ALREADY KNOW.

FINDING RAPHAEL YEARS EARLIER THAN YOU DID. PREVENTING LEONARDO FROM BECOMING ORUKO SAKI'S *CHUNIN*.

GIVING OLD HOB THE SUPPORT HE NEEDED TO CREATE A MUTANT ARMY. DESTROYING THE TECHNODROME.

FENDING OFF BEBOP AND ROCKSTEADY'S ATTACK.

YES. THAT, TOO.

I... IN MY HEAD, EVERY SUCCESSFUL OUTCOME INVOLVES METALHEAD AND ME FIGHTING THEM SIDE BY SIDE. *TOGETHER* UNTIL THE VERY END.

IS IT THE SAME WAY FOR YOU?

WE'RE READY TO TEST THE INTERFACE.

RS
+
BB

Rock Steady
Bebop

IS IT WORKING?

GHAAA!

IT'S WORKING.

BUT I'M GOING TO TURN IT OFF BEFORE IT DOES PERMANENT—

NO.

YES.

SMASH

HAROLD.

NO NEED TO THANK ME, DONATELLO. IT CAN WAIT UNTIL WE SUBDUE THIS—

HAROLD! DO YOU HAVE ANY *IDEA* WHAT YOU'VE DONE?

I... I DON'T UNDERSTAND. I CAME HERE TO HELP.

WHEN I REALIZED METALHEAD'S HOMING BEACON WOULD ATTRACT THE ATTENTION OF—

YOUR HELP IS UNWELCOME, HUMAN.

METALHEAD, WHAT ARE YOU–

GETTING RID OF A **THREAT.** ISN'T THAT WHY WE'RE HERE?

PING

DONNIE...

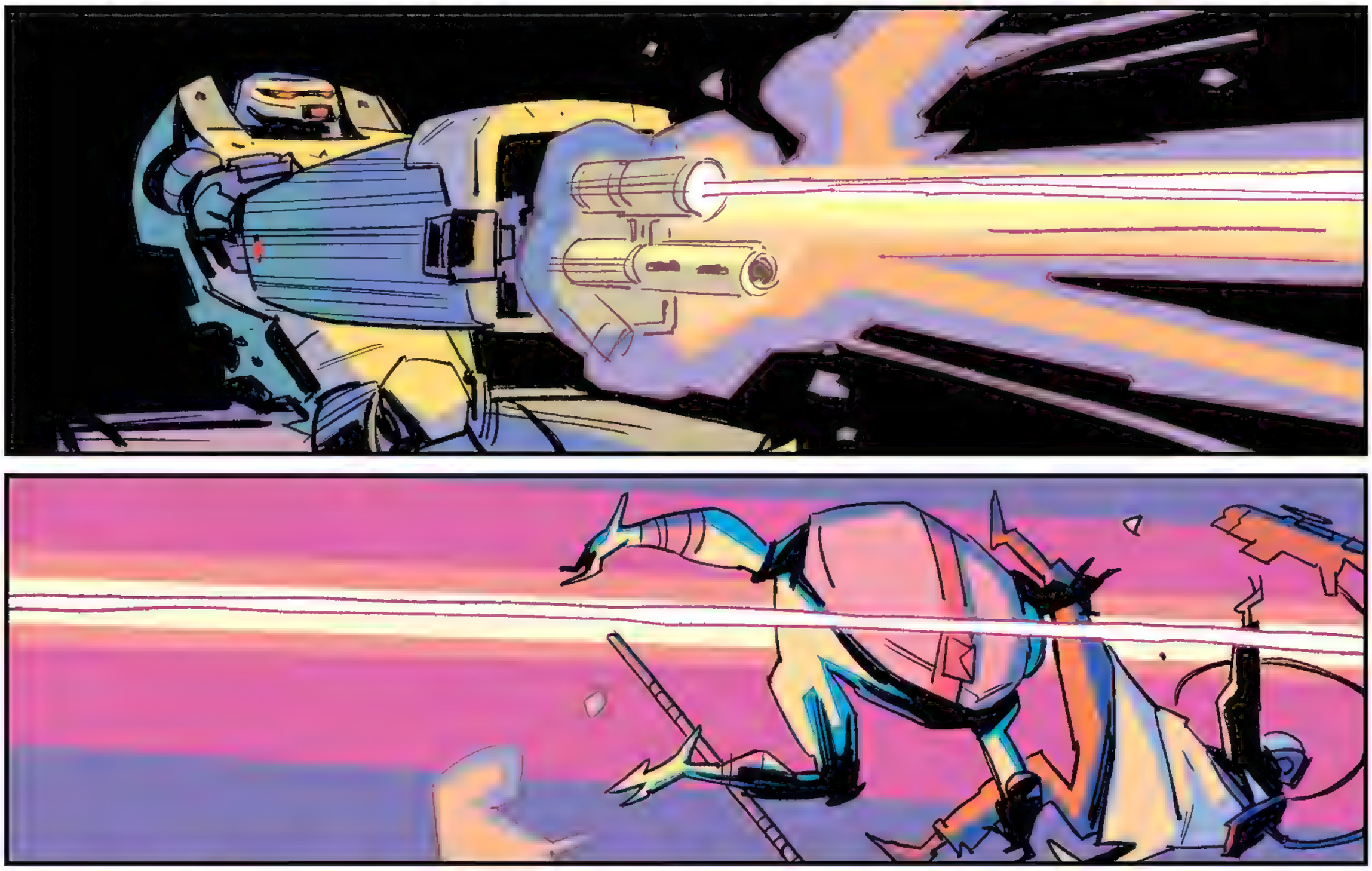
GET BACK.

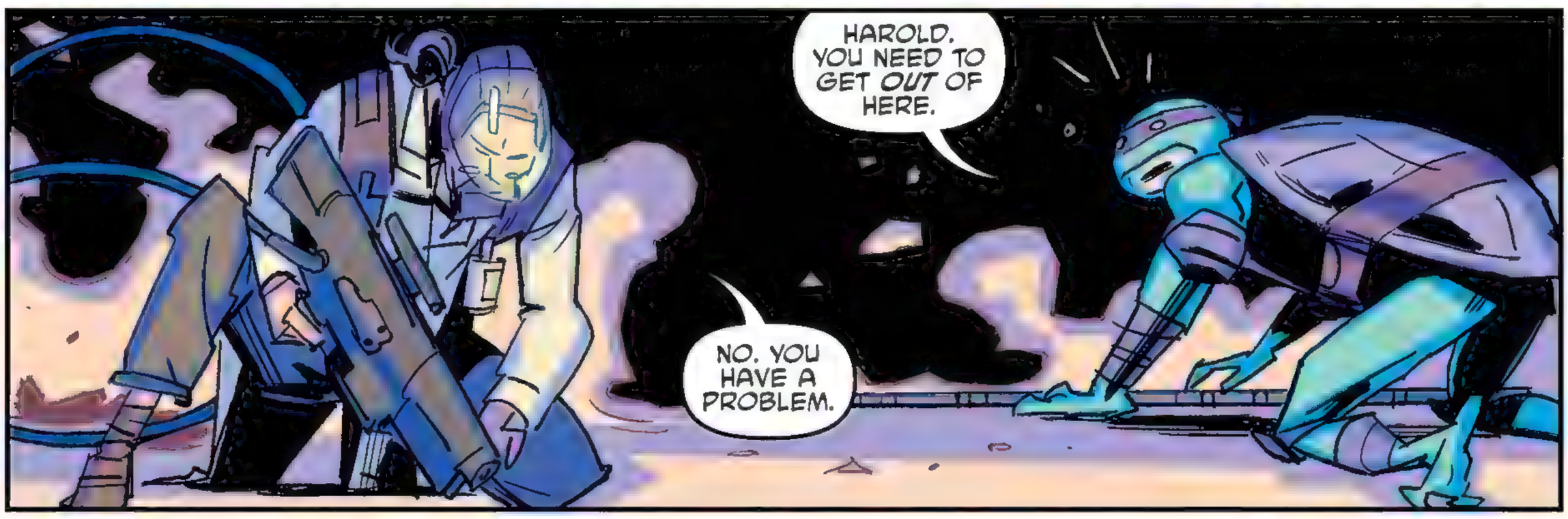
I—

—I COULDN'T LEAP CLEAR. I TRIED, BUT—

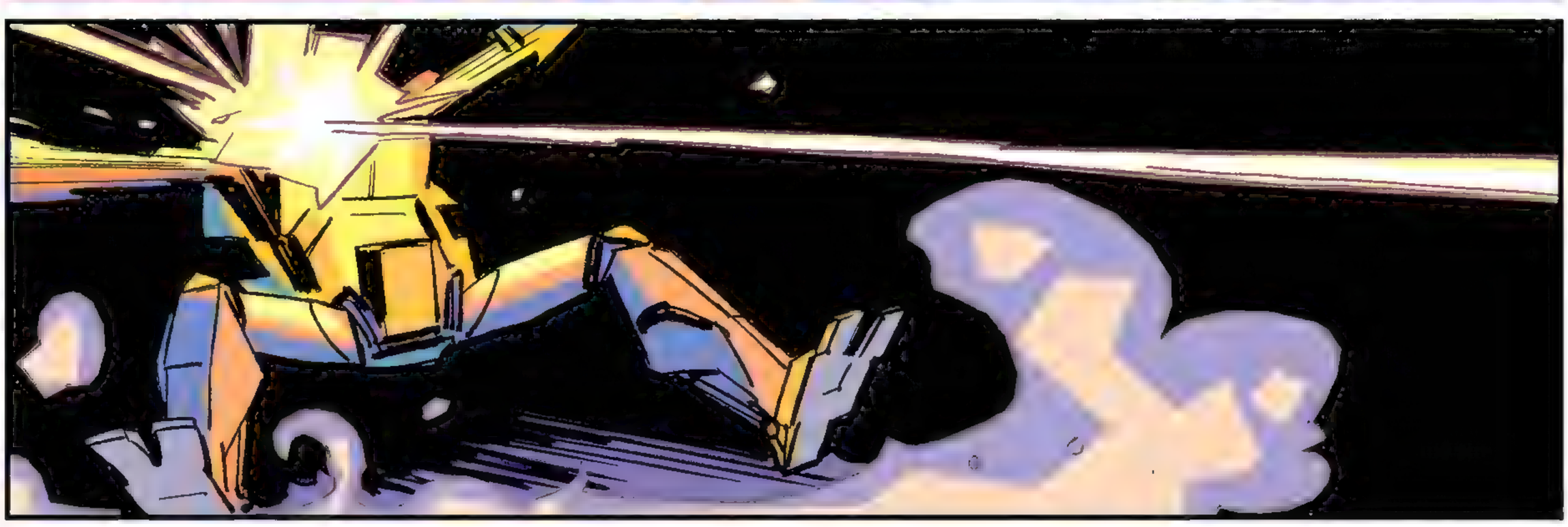
ZZZT

—NO. I'LL FIGURE IT OUT LATER.




HAROLD. YOU NEED TO GET *OUT* OF HERE.
NO. YOU HAVE A PROBLEM.

I HAVE THE SOLUTION.



I DON'T UNDERSTAND. I SHOULDN'T BE THIS **SLOW.** IT'S AS IF—

AS IF A RADIATION FIELD IS TARGETING YOUR MOTOR FUNCTIONS AND DAMPENING YOUR PROCESSING SPEED?

I TOLD YOU THIS ROOM IS FULL OF DEFENSE SYSTEMS.

SOME FAST... SOME A LITTLE SLOWER.

WHAT DID YOU—

I TURNED IT ON WHILE YOU WERE IN THE CAGE, AND IT'S BEEN FIRING UP EVER SINCE.

NOT POWERFUL ENOUGH TO SLOW DOWN NORMAL MOVEMENT. BUT WHEN YOU TOOK *ACTION*...

I ASKED WHY YOU WERE COOPERATING WITH ME.

BUT YOU NEVER ASKED ME WHY I WAS COOPERATING WITH *YOU*.

WHEN YOU TRIED TO *BETRAY* ME...

YOU... YOU SABOTAGED ME?

AS IF YOU WEREN'T PLANNING TO DOUBLE-CROSS *ME*.

YOU... YOU *WERE* PLANNING TO DOUBLE-CROSS ME... WEREN'T YOU?

DONATELLO! DON'T—

IT DOESN'T MATTER ANYMORE. NOW I KNOW WHERE WE STAND.

I WANT YOU TO SPEND THESE LAST MOMENTS ENVISIONING ALL THE WAYS THIS COULD HAVE GONE **DIFFERENTLY.**

WHY... WHY DIDN'T I BRING ANY CLOSE-COMBAT WEAPONS?

...

OH, TO HELL WITH IT.

GHA!

YOU MISSED.

I KNOW. MY... MY *AIM* ISN'T VERY PRECISE.

BUT IF YOU *KILL* DONATELLO, THEN MY LOUSY AIM DOESN'T MATTER. I CAN OPEN FIRE, AND SOME OF MY SHOTS ARE BOUND TO HIT YOU.

HAROLD... JUST *RUN.*

I BUILT THAT BODY. I *KNOW* THE ANSWER. DO YOU?

AND *ONCE* I OPEN FIRE, HOW MANY MORE OF THESE BLASTS DO YOU THINK YOU CAN TAKE?

THAT LEFT ROW OF CANISTERS ON YOUR VEST. THROW ONE OF THEM AT ME.

WHAT?

...OH. I—

**DO IT.** OR HE DIES, AND WE SEE **JUST HOW MANY** BLASTS I CAN TAKE.

I'M SORRY, METALHEAD. I—

OF COURSE YOU ARE. I COULD HAVE HELPED YOU **UNDERSTAND,** DONATELLO.

I COULD HAVE HELPED YOU UNDERSTAND **EVERYTHING.**

THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEANT.

I'M SORRY I TOOK AWAY YOUR OPPORTUNITY TO WORK WITH SOMEONE WHO... WHO UNDERSTANDS ***YOU.*** WHO CAN ***EMPATHIZE*** WITH YOU.

I TOOK THAT AWAY FROM ***BOTH*** OF US.

UNDERSTANDING... EMPATHY...

WE TRULY ARE **NOT** THE SAME.

IS HE GONE?

HE'S GONE.

WELL, GOOD RIDDANCE. OF COURSE, IF YOU HADN'T BROUGHT HIM HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE—

HAROLD, COULD WE NOT—

AND BEFORE YOU ASK, NO, I WILL NOT APOLOGIZE FOR SHOOTING YOU.

I EVALUATED THE SITUATION AND REACHED THE CONCLUSION THAT FIRING AT METALHEAD PROVIDED A BEST CHANCE OF SURVIVAL, EVEN AT THE RISK OF—

NO, I-I UNDERSTAND, HAROLD. BUT—

I *SAW* THE PROBLEM, I *EVALUATED* THE PROBLEM, AND I SOLVED THE PROBLEM. THAT'S WHAT I DO. AND IF YOU—

IT WAS NEVER *ABOUT* THE *INTERFACE!*

I MEAN... THAT TECH WOULD HAVE BEEN GREAT.

BUT MORE THAN THAT, IT WAS ABOUT GETTING YOU BACK. GETTING YOU TO HELP ME, THE ONLY WAY I KNEW HOW.

BY... BY GIVING YOU A PROJECT TO WORK ON, INSTEAD OF... INSTEAD OF ASKING. AND BEING IGNORED.

I'VE BEEN THINKING, DONATELLO... AND MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT.

MAYBE I DO UNDERESTIMATE THE THREATS.

AND OVERESTIMATE MYSELF.

MAYBE?

SORRY. IT'S... IT'S BEEN A LONG NIGHT.

AND MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, TOO. I SHOULD FOCUS MORE ON WHAT IS HAPPENING *TODAY*.

AND LESS ON WHAT *MIGHT* HAPPEN TOMORROW.

SO... WHAT HAPPENS *NEXT?*

WELL...

I COULD USE SOME HELP CLEANING UP THIS LAB.

I THINK I CAN DO THAT.

AND *THEN* WE'LL FIGURE OUT WHAT HAPPENS NEXT.

**END.**

DISCOVER THE SECRET ORIGINS OF THE TRICERATONS: HOW THEY BEGAN ON EARTH, WHAT THAT MEANS FOR THEIR RETURN, AND HOW THEY SUCCESSFULLY REBELLED AGAINST THEIR UTROM CAPTORS! AFTER MILLENNIA AWAY FROM HOME, THE TRICERATONS ARE AT LAST FREE TO RETURN. THEY COME IN PEACE, BUT HOW WILL THE WORLD REACT TO A TRICERATON "INVASION" IN THE HEART OF NEW YORK CITY? ABOUT HOW YOU WOULD EXPECT, ESPECIALLY WHEN THE EARTH PROTECTION FORCE GETS INVOLVED. AS THE THREE-PRONGED ATTACK BEGINS IN EARNEST, IT'S UP TO THE TURTLES TO STOP THE CONFLICT BEFORE IT ESCALATES INTO ALL-OUT WAR! MEANWHILE, VARIOUS GROUPS JOCKEY FOR CONTROL IN NEW YORK, EACH WITH THEIR OWN AGENDAS AND GOALS. BUT THERE IS ONE WHO DOESN'T CARE ABOUT POWER OR VICTORY, ONLY CHAOS... THE RAT KING!

VOLUME 11 COLLECTS ***TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES UNIVERSE*** ISSUES #16–19 AND #21-23, ISSUES #76–84 OF THE ONGOING ***TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES*** SERIES, AND ***MACRO-SERIES: DONATELLO.***

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art by DAVE WACHTER

ISSUE #84

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU *UP* TO, RAT KING?.

OH, I'D SAY *140 FEET*, GIVE OR A TAKE A FEW—I WAS NEVER VERY ADEPT AT YOUR AMERICAN MEASURING SYSTEMS.

TALK ABOUT CHAOTIC.

QUIT FOOLING AROUND, RAT KING—YOU KNOW *EXACTLY* WHAT RAPH MEANS.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH ALL THESE KIDS?

WELL, I THOUGHT IT WAS QUITE *OBVIOUS*. I'M THROWING A LITTLE POOL PARTY FOR ALL THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

THOUGH, IN *THIS* CASE, THE POOL IS A RATHER LARGE AND TREACHEROUS RIVER.

BUT YOU DON'T HEAR ANY OF THESE LITTLE CHERUBS COMPLAINING, *DO* YOU?

WHAT? YOU BELIEVED *TOAD BARON* TO BE THE ONLY ONE IN MY FAMILY FOND OF MERRYMAKING?

ON THE CONTRARY, I'M AS FESTIVE AS THEY COME. I SIMPLY PREFER MY PARTIES TO BE OF THE *SURPRISE* VARIETY. SPONTANEITY IS THE SPICE OF LIFE, AFTER ALL.

AND SPEAKING OF BROTHER TOAD, YOU FOUR *REEK* OF A VERY RECENT VISIT TO HIS DELIGHTFUL DEN. THE SLIPPERY STENCH OF OVERINDULGENCE IS UNMISTAKABLE.

AND IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN, THE ACRID SCENT OF OVERCOOKED MULE DEER AS WELL. *BROTHER MANMOTH'S* WRETCHED STAPLE.

IT'S NO WONDER YOU WERE TARDY TO MY CELEBRATION.

IT SEEMS YOU MUTANTS HAVE BEEN QUITE BUSY ON THE *PANTHEON PARTY CIRCUIT.*

YEAH. AND WE'RE ABOUT TO GET BUSY CLOSIN' *YOURS* DOWN.

LET THE KID GO, RAT KING.

OH? HIM?

AS YOU WISH.

*CRAP!*

*MIKEY!*

WAY *AHEAD* OF YOU, MASTER BRO!

SHWIPP

*SNAGGED 'IM!*

WHOOOA!
MIKE!
GOT YOU!
ERF! "LET THE KID GO," RAPH? SERIOUSLY?
DIDN'T YOU SEE... *UNF*... *DARK KNIGHT*, DUDE?
WHATEVER. JUST HELP ME PULL HIM UP.
HELP *YOU*?!
I'M IMPRESSED. EXCELLENT REFLEXES.
UNFORTUNATELY FOR YOU, HOWEVER, YOU ONLY POSSESS *ONE ROPE* TO WORK WITH...
...WHILE I HAVE *MANY* PLAYTHINGS TO CHOOSE FROM.
THOSE "PLAYTHINGS" ARE HUMANS, RAT KING. *CHILDREN*.
AND WE'RE NOT GONNA LET YOU HURT *ANY* OF THEM, SO BACK OFF. YOU'RE DONE HERE.
DONE? WHY, I'VE ONLY JUST *NOW* STARTED.
BUT FAR BE IT FROM ME TO KEEP ALL THE FUN TO MYSELF. I'M ALWAYS HAPPY TO *SHARE* MY TOYS.
CHILDREN?

PLAY TIME.

DAMMIT.

YEAH. SOMETHING TELLS ME WE'RE NOT GONNA BE ABLE TO NERVE-PINCH OUR WAY OUT OF *THIS* ONE.

"SO... *WHAT'S* THE PLAN?"

A PARTIAL DOWN PAYMENT FOR OUR EXTERMINATION SERVICES, OR DO WE DEMAND A *FULL* PAYMENT UP FRONT FROM CITY HALL?

RIDDING NEW YORK OF THE TRICERATONS WOULD CERTAINLY SEEM TO ALLOW US *THAT* MANDATE. THESE ARE ONLY RATS, AFTER ALL.

YOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT, DR. STOCKMAN, BUT I DON'T THINK WE SHOULD GO *EITHER* OF THOSE ROUTES.

I THINK WE SHOULD DO THIS FOR *FREE*.

FREE?

YOU KNOW, MISS O'NEIL, I FOUND YOUR SUGGESTION TO UTILIZE MY *MOUSERS* TO TACKLE THE CITY'S SUDDEN RODENT INFESTATION TO BE SURPRISINGLY CLEVER.

BUT WANTING TO DO SO *PRO BONO* TURNS YOUR NEWFOUND SHREWDNESS INTO STUPIDITY. YOU DISAPPOINT ME.

FIRST OF ALL, DISAPPOINTING YOU IS THE *LEAST* OF MY CONCERNS.

SECOND OF ALL, IT'S NOT A STUPID IDEA, IF YOU'LL JUST *HEAR* ME OUT.

FINE. SPEAK.

LOOK—THESE *MOUSERS* HAVE JUST BEEN SITTING IN THIS LAB GATHERING DUST, SO IT'S NOT LIKE ACTIVATING THEM IS PUTTING ANY KIND OF STRAIN ON TCRI'S OVERHEAD.

THINK OF IT AS A PUBLIC PROOF OF CONCEPT.

ANOTHER DEMONSTRATION TO THE CITY—THE WHOLE WORLD, REALLY—WHAT AMAZING THINGS THIS COMPANY, WITH *YOU* AT ITS HEAD, IS CAPABLE OF.

NEW YORK IS IN SHAMBLES RIGHT NOW, DR. STOCKMAN, AND *DESPERATELY* IN NEED OF LEADERS.

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE...

"...TO *LEAD* THE WAY."

WE CAN'T *HURT* THESE KIDS, DON... NO MATTER WHAT.

I *KNOW*. BUT... THEY'RE NOT MAKING IT EASY.

IT'S NOT THEM...

"...IT'S THE *RAT KING*."

MY, MY... SUCH ROUGH-HOUSING.

BUT CHILDREN *WILL* BE CHILDREN, I SUPPOSE.

YOU GOT HIM *SECURE*, MIKE?

YEAH. HE'LL BE *SAFE* NOW.

GOOD.

CAN'T SAY THE SAME THING FOR *RAT BOY*, THOUGH.

*AH*, DID YOU THINK I'D *FORGOTTEN* ABOUT YOU TWO?

WHAT KIND OF PARTY HOST WOULD THAT MAKE ME, *HM*?

NO...

"...I'VE SAVED *SPECIAL* PLAYMATES FOR YOU."

*GAH!* RAPH! THEY'RE ALL OVER ME!

JOIN THE CLUB!

NOW WE HAVE A *PROPER* CELEBRATION.

"EVERYONE PARTICIPATING.

"NOBODY LEFT OUT."

*AN ALL-INCLUSIVE FESTIVAL OF CHAOS!*

HE'S NOT GONNA STOP UNTIL WE'RE... *UFF*... ALL *DEAD*.

HE'S NUTS.

YEAH. MAYBE.

BUT I'VE GOT AN *IDEA*.

HEY! WAIT! YOU'RE *LEAVING* ME?!

RAPH, WHERE'S LEO GOING?

WHAT AM I—HIS SECRETARY?

WHAT'S THIS?

HOW AM *I* SUPPOSED TO KNOW?

"A *DIVERGENT STRATEGY* AMIDST SUCH EXQUISITE BEDLAM?"

"HOW DELICIOUSLY *UNEXPECTED.*"

SHUMMMM

"THERE THEY GO—"

—NOW WE'LL FIND OUT IF THIS IS *GONNA* WORK.

OH, YE OF LITTLE FAITH.

LOOK. *THERE.*

"KILL NUMBER ONE."

WOW. THAT WAS FAST.

AND EXTREMELY DISGUSTING.

DON'T GET SQUEAMISH ON ME NOW, MISS O'NEIL. THIS WAS *YOUR* PLAN.

NO—YOU'RE RIGHT, DR. STOCKMAN. THIS IS *EXACTLY* WHAT WE WERE SHOOTING FOR.

GOTTA ADMIT, I'M IMPRESSED WITH HOW *QUICKLY* IT'S HAPPENING.

*MM...* IT'S A SIMPLE PROCESS, REALLY. MY *FLYBORGS* AND *MOUSERS* ARE DESIGNED TO WORK IN TANDEM.

BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP

"THE *FLYBORGS* UTILIZE *ECHOLOCATION SONAR* TO DETECT PRE-PROGRAMMED TARGET TYPES.

"ONCE THE TARGET IS LOCATED, THE FLYBORG *MARKS* IT WITH A LASER AND THE MOUSER *LOCKS* IN.

CHOP!!

"THEN THE *MOUSER ELIMINATES* THE TARGET WHILE THE FLYBORG *SEEKS* OUT ANOTHER."

ORIGINALLY INTENDED TO HUNT I.E.D.S AND LANDMINES. INSPIRED BY A *TOM CLANCY* NOVEL I WAS READING AT THE TIME.

CLANCY, *HUH?*

FUNNY, I FIGURED YOU AS *MORE* OF A TECHNICAL MANUAL THAN TECHNO-THRILLER KIND OF GUY, DOCTOR.

YES, WELL, THERE ARE *MANY* THINGS YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT ME, MISS O'NEIL.

ANYWAY, MY MACHINES ARE FUNCTIONING *AS* DESIGNED. NO SURPRISE THERE.

WHICH MEANS IT'S JUST A MATTER OF TIME...

"...UNTIL WE FIND OUT IF THE *OTHER* PART OF YOUR PLAN IS WORTH A DAMN."

*AH*, TAKING A BREAK FROM THE PARTY PROPER TO JOIN ME IN THE *V.I.P. LOUNGE*, *HM*?

WHAT A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

AND *JUST* IN TIME FOR THE BOTTLE SERVICE.

*BLOOD* RED WINE.

GOOD FOR THE HEART— *BETTER* FOR THE SOUL.

NO THANKS.

SUIT YOURSELF.

CHEERS.

GUYS, LOOK!

I THINK I KNOW WHAT LEO'S UP TO—

—HE'S TAKING ON RAT KING IN THE *ASTRAL PLANE!*

WHICH MEANS *NOTHIN'S* PROTECTIN' THAT PANTHEON PSYCHO'S SCRAWNY BODY.

MIKEY, I NEED A HOLE.

ROGER, DUDE.

ONE *RAT HOLE*, COMING UP!

*NICE!*

SHOULDN'T HAVE GONE INTO *LALA LAND* WITH LEO, CHUMP.

TIME TO PUT YOU TO SLEEP FOR REA—

—HRRGK!

FOR SOMEONE WHO'S BEEN AROUND SINCE ANCIENT TIMES, THIS ALL SEEMS PRETTY *MODERN*, RAT KING.

YES, WELL, ONE *ADAPTS*, DOESN'T ONE?

IN A CHAOS-FILLED WORLD, THE *ONLY* THING CONSTANT IS CHANGE.

MY *FATHER* TOLD US SOMETHING LIKE THAT ONCE.

INDEED—AND *HE* WOULD KNOW. I'VE SEEN *HIS* CHANGE RECENTLY.

QUITE A REMARKABLE FALL FROM GRACE... OR AN ASTOUNDING RISE TO POWER, DEPENDING ON *WHOM* YOU ASK.

MAYBE.

BUT I DIDN'T COME HERE TO *TALK* ABOUT HIM.

I CAME HERE TO *STOP* YOU.

*HM*. SUCH CONFIDENCE. SUCH BREVITY.

I ALWAYS *KNEW* YOU WERE MORE KNIGHT THAN PAWN, YOUNG MUTANT.

BUT BEFORE YOU... *AHEM*... *STOP* ME, MAY I SHOW YOU SOMETHING?

IT'S MY *FAVORITE* PROGRAM. THE ACTION IS ALWAYS TOP-NOTCH... ALWAYS EXCITING.

STARRING *ME*, OF COURSE. AND BEST OF ALL, I *ALWAYS* WIN.

I'M IMMORTAL.

AND THAT...

*HOW?*

YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD DEFEAT ME BY DIVIDING MY ATTENTION, BUT YOU FORGOT *ONE* THING.

...DOES NOT HAPPEN BY ACCIDENT!

YOU WISH TO *STOP* ME?

TO SAVE THOSE *PATHETIC URCHINS* ON THE BRIDGE?

AND FOR *WHAT?*

WHAP

UNF!

TO *RETURN* THEM TO LIVES OF ABANDONMENT AND PAIN?

LOST AND ALONE?

NO...

...IT IS BETTER FOR THEM TO *DIE* TODAY, IN GRAND, GLORIOUS, FRENZIED FASHION.

THIS WORLD WILL SOON HAVE NOTHING LEFT FOR *THEIR* KIND.

NOR WILL IT FOR *YOURS.*

ERF... YEAH?

FWAM

HRN!

WE'LL *SEE* ABOUT THAT.

RAHH!

IT APPEARS I'M NOT THE *ONLY ONE* WHO'S ADAPTED TO NEW THINGS.

SPENT SOME TIME TRAINING IN THE *THIN PLACES* RECENTLY, HAVE YOU?

NOT JUST ME—

"—MY *BROTHERS*, TOO."

HANG ON, RAPH! *I'M COMING!*

*HE'S... HRGK...* THE ONE HANGIN' ON.

*NOT ANYMORE!*

CRACK

WHUP

GUESS ZOMBIE KING AIN'T *DONE* YET.

NEITHER ARE THE ZOMBIE KIDS.

OR THESE STUPID RATS!

GUYS, I HOPE LEO'S DOING *BETTER* THAN US...

"... 'CAUSE WE COULD *REALLY* USE SOME HELP!"

"SO, YOU'VE DEVELOPED *NEW TECHNIQUES* IN YOUR REPERTOIRE—"

—COMMENDABLE. BUT SADLY *FUTILE.*

YOU SEE, WHERE YOU'VE HAD *MERE MONTHS* TO HONE YOUR SKILLS.

I HAVE HAD *MILLENNIA!*

CHWNG

"YOUR ATTEMPT TO INJECT *ORDER* INTO MY CHAOS WILL FAIL."

DISORDER WILL *RULE* THIS DAY.

SLAM

"AND *I* RULE DISORDER.

"WAIT—"

—WHAT'S THIS?

SCHWIP

HIYAH!

HUH?

WHA—

KRAK

ARE THOSE STOCKMAN'S *MOUSERS?*

YEAH. HE AND APRIL MUST'VE SENT THEM.

AND THEY JUST HIT THE *JACKPOT.*

DETERMINED LITTLE MONSTROSITIES, *AREN'T* YOU?

YOU HAVE GOTTEN THE *BETTER* OF ME TODAY, MUTANTS. YOU HAVE *PROVEN* YOURSELVES CLEVER AND WORTHY ADVERSARIES.

WELL PLAYED, INDEED.

I SUGGEST YOU *REVEL* IN YOUR VICTORY WHILE YOU CAN, HOWEVER...

...FOR ADVERSARIES WE WILL *FOREVER* REMAIN!

HOLY! HE JUMPED!

WAIT— HE AIN'T THERE.

IT'S LIKE HE *DISAPPEARED* INTO THIN AIR.

OR INTO THE *THIN PLACES*.

WELL, WHEREVER HE IS, HE'S GONE. I'LL TAKE *THAT* FOR NOW.

NO KIDDIN'. BUT... I CAN'T BELIEVE THOSE MOUSERS *SCARED* HIM OFF LIKE THAT.

I *TOLD* YOU THEY WERE AWESOME, RAPH!

I DON'T THINK IT WAS WHAT THE *MOUSERS* WERE DOING SO MUCH AS IT WAS THE FACT THEY WERE *HERE* AT ALL.

IT'S *SOMETHING* I PICKED UP WHEN WE WERE WITH TOAD BARON AND MANMOTH. EVEN THOUGH THEY *SAY* THEY'RE NOT PART OF THEIR FAMILY'S GAME, IN THEIR OWN WAY, *THEY'RE* PLAYING, TOO.

THING IS, THEY'RE *ALL* USED TO BEING IN CHARGE. THEY DON'T EXPECT THEIR "PAWNS" TO *COMPETE* WITH THEM.

LIKE WHEN I TOTALLY *SNARED* MANMOTH?

EXACTLY. WHEN YOU TURNED THE GAME *AROUND* ON HIM, YOU MADE HIM VULNERABLE, AND FOR A LITTLE WHILE, *WE* HAD THE ADVANTAGE. IT WAS THE *SAME* WITH THE *MOUSERS* AND RAT KING.

SO, BASICALLY FIGHTING FIRE WITH FIRE. OR IN THE CASE OF THE *RAT KING*, A MONKEY WRENCH WITH A MONKEY WRENCH.

GREAT. NOW WE KINDA, *SORTA* KNOW HOW TO GO TOE-TO-TOE WITH THE PANTHEON. PERFECT.

BUT THE HECK ARE WE SUPPOSED TO DO WITH THESE *DANG KIDS?*

DUDES...

...I THINK I *KNOW.*"

EPILOGUE.

...IT APPEARS THE RECENT RAT INFESTATION PLAGUING THE CITY HAS BEEN ELIMINATED BY A *FAMILIAR* FACE.

*DR. BAXTER STOCKMAN* OF THE TECHNO COSMIC RESEARCH INSTITUTE, AND NEW YORK'S SAVIOR DURING THE RECENT TERRORIST ATTACKS, HAS CLAIMED *RESPONSIBILITY* FOR THE CITYWIDE RODENT EXTERMINATION.

MASTER SPLINTER, PLEASE FORGIVE ME FOR INTERRUPTING...

...BUT *CLAN HAMATO* IS AT THE FRONT GATE, REQUESTING YOUR PRESENCE.

THEY SAY IT'S URGENT.

MY SONS?

GREETINGS, CLAN HAMATO. THIS IS *UNEXPECTED*.

YEAH, *UM*, FATHER... WE'RE TOTALLY *SORRY* FOR SHOWING UP OUTTA THE BLUE LIKE THIS BUT...

...BUT WE *REALLY* NEED YOUR HELP.

ENDING THE RAT INVASION WASN'T DR. STOCKMAN'S *ONLY* SURPRISE ANNOUNCEMENT FROM HIS TCRI OFFICES TODAY:

MY FELLOW NEW YORKERS, I PROMISE TO KEEP THIS SUCCINCT AND TO THE POINT.

I HAVE CLEANSED THIS CITY OF A DANGEROUS TERRORIST THREAT, AND I HAVE CLEANSED THIS CITY OF A RODENT EPIDEMIC. AND *NOW* I CHOOSE TO CLEANSE CITY HALL ITSELF.

MY NAME IS *DOCTOR BAXTER STOCKMAN*.

AND I WANT TO BE THE NEXT *MAYOR* OF NEW YORK CITY.

art by KEVIN EASTMAN
colors by TOMI VARGA